THE BOOKMAN

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, ORIGINAL EASY BOSS

BY IRVIN S. COBB

It is so very easy to speak your mind about people you do not like. The only limit to your dispraise is the law of criminal libel. It is not so easy to write about a person of whom genuinely you are fond. If you say all that you think, folks are apt to call you a gusher. If, in an effort to avoid such criticism, you go to the other extreme and show over-much reticence regarding the good points of him who is your subject, the reader is as likely to accuse you of being lacking in appreciation and enthusiasm. As between being labeled a gusher and labeled a chilled and reserved biographist I prefer the former rôle. I would rather be a geyser than a glacier—when it comes to my friends.

Howsomever, in sitting down to indite a little piece about George Horace Lorimer, I find myself less circumscribed than I might be were I taking many another man for my text. Considering the qualities and quantities, the mental displacement and the gross personal tonnage of the topic, there is no need for me to be fulsome. On the other hand I have no intention of being calmly and coldly statistical. A plain statement of the facts as I know them will suffice, I take it, to do ample justice to my theme. From my pen or any other man's he needs no mercy. Nor is it necessary for me to go deeply into rhetorical forms of speech nor yet to adorn my periods with superlatives. Anyhow, there is nothing adjectival about the make-up of this man Lorimer. He is one of the big, outstanding, human nouns of his day and time.

I have known him for seven years, about. I have been working for him for a slightly longer period. I have liked him—liked him unstintedly and without reservations of any sort—ever since I knew him. I expect to go on liking him to the end of the chapter because I know he won't change in any of the traits which I find, in him, admirable. He is not the kind who ever will change. He stays put.

You won't find very much about Lorimer in any of the standard reference works on English-speaking celebrities and for a very good reason, too, the reason being that Lorimer himself furnished the data. To

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him Who's Who never meant Who's Ballyhoo and never will. One gathers that he was born; that he grew up; that he went to school; that he went to work; that he married; that he wrote divers writings; that he held divers jobs and that the last job he held—namely editor of "The Saturday Evening Post"—he continues yet to hold. That, substantially, is all.

In telling about himself he exhibited the same gifts of conciseness and tasteful restraint in the choice of language which mark his correspondence, both professional and personal. On various subjects I suppose I have had hundreds of letters from him. I do not remember any letter from him that embodied more than two hundred words, including address, date and signature. Usually a Lorimer letter runs to about four typewritten lines. Yet I never had one from him which left me in any doubt whatsoever as to what he meant. Indeed, in all his intercourse with his fellow man Lorimer has this somewhat rare faculty: when he begins to speak he knows exactly what he is going to say and when he has said it he is through and he stops. I never knew him to say no when he meant yes. I never knew him to say yes when he meant no. I never knew him to say, "Well, possibly so", under any circumstances.

If Lorimer stands out preeminently as the most powerful, the most successful and the most capable magazine editor of his generation, or perhaps of any generation, it is not because of what he has said about himself but because of what he has done by himself. In general company he is never the one to take the conversational lead; yet, coming away afterward, you are more likely to remember the few things Lorimer said than the many things someone else may have said. If there were a hundred men in a crowd he would be the first and not the hundredth in whom the casual stranger would be interested. He no more can help standing out from the run of men about him than Pike's Peak can help being a conspicuous feature of the landscape in its vicinity.

This is partly due, I would say, to the unconscious but constant radiation of ability and power from the man; and partly due to his possession of that indefinable something which sometimes is called magnetism and sometimes is called personality; but most of all it is due to the fact that in appearance, in manner, in habit of life, in his energy and his optimism, in his knack of instantaneous appraisal and definite judgment regarding any proposition whatsoever; in his shortcomings and his virtues, in his present record of achievement and in his promise of future performances, Lorimer more nearly approximates the popular conception—and incidentally the proper one—of the typical American than any man I have known. It is quite in accord with his breeding, his training and his environment that this last should be true of him. He was born in the South, of a commingling of Anglo-Saxon strains; he got his earlier experience in the Middle West; he was educated in the East and he first came into national prominence as a resident of the Keystone State of the Union.

He has the mental and the temperamental gaits which would have made him conspicuous as an executive in almost any line of business endeavor. I am sure he would have been a great president of a railway

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system or a great manager of a life insurance company or a great organizer of commercial efficiency. Indeed, as a very young man he was in a fair way to become one of the biggest men in the packing industries, only he chose to quit his offices at the Armour plant out in Chicago to take up newspaper reporting at perhaps one-tenth of the annual income he had been enjoying.

I am quite confident that in politics, had his fancy inclined to politics, he could, within reason, have gone as far as he liked. I like to think what a galvanizing and a humanizing influence he would be—were he the holder, say, of a cabinet portfolio—upon some slow-moving, moribund presidential administration. He would have made a good actor although about him there is nothing of the theatricalism, the striving for dramatics, which you will find in a good many actors. By the same token he would have made a noteworthy public speaker. Had he gone either upon the stage or the platform he would have been following after hereditary impulses, seeing that his father, the late Reverend George C. Lorimer, was in his early youth a distinguished Scotch actor and in maturity ranked with the most eloquent and powerful of American clergymen.

Lorimer could have been one of the most eminent satirical humorists this country ever produced; as a matter of fact, he is just exactly that, although some folks are apt to forget this in the contemplation of his present prominence as an editor. His "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" brought to the attention of the world a new kind of American humor, which masked itself, as all true humor must, behind the screens of a shrewd wisdom and a deep, sincere philosophy. These same "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son", rich as they were in slang and the colloquialisms of the Corn Belt vernacular, have been translated into more languages and circulated more generally in all parts of the globe than any other book of American authorship since "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

He might have been any one of these things. He chose to be the most brilliant figure on the editorial side of the magazine field. I deem it a fitting circumstance that he should have carried to enormous enlargement the weekly publication which Benjamin Franklin created. Franklin was a true American humorist; so is Lorimer. The Poor Richard of Franklin's "Almanac" was a worthy progenitor of the Old Gorgon Graham of Lorimer's "Merchant's Letters". Franklin as truly represented the trends and slants of American thought in his day as Lorimer has presented them in this day. There, though, the analogy ends. Franklin never made a financial success of the periodical he had established. In truth it was never a success, financially or circulation-wise, until George Horace Lorimer became its responsible head considerably more than a century and a half after it was founded.

There is a romance and a big one—too big a one to be told in the space allotted me here—of the conditions under which Lorimer became the editor of the "Post" and of how chance—for that really was what it was—gave him his opportunity to try out certain revolutionary magazine ideas, which had been forming in his mind from the time he broke into the writing profession and

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which had taken definite shape inside his head during a short apprentice period when he served as an assistant editor on the paper of which now, rather suddenly, he had become the chief with power to do what he might please in its pages. It is stretching no point to say that the day Lorimer took over the editorship of "The Saturday Evening Post" marked a new day in American periodical literature. For one thing it was directly due to him, as much by what he wrote as by what he caused others to write, that the romance of American business life was translated into the printed word. As truly as Columbus discovered America, so Lorimer discovered the fictional possibilities, for tragedy, for comedy and for drama in our stores and our shops and our stockrooms. He was to prove that a so-called popular magazine could be bright without being yellow; that it could be instructive without being pedantic; that it could be effective without being preachy or teachy; that it could be good-humored without being silly; that it could be entertaining without being smutty; that it could be distinctive without being freakish; that it could command attention without a constant blowing of its own clarionet, and that it could be carried to a high average of excellence without being made top-heavy by a sense of its own self-importance or light-headed by its own success. Lorimer has always believed—and his works offer abundant proof of the faith which is in him—that it is easier to kill off an evil thing by ridiculing it wittily than by scolding at it shrilly.

Every institution, be it great or small, is a physical reflection of the personality of some individual. "The Saturday Evening Post" is a reflection of the personality of its editor. If you like the "Post" you probably would like Lorimer. If you do not like the "Post" the chances are you would not care for Lorimer. It expresses him the more surely because he is in sole control of its columns as final dictator. He passes not only upon its literary contents but upon its advertising contents as well. Here is one magazine that is edited from its editorial room and not from its counting room. It is a property of the Curtis Publishing Company, but no man can say that because he has bought space of the Curtis Publishing Company, he has a voice in guiding the policy or in shaping the course of the property.

It was Cyrus H. K. Curtis, one of the most brilliant and one of the most self-effacing figures in American publishing, who discerned in the young man Lorimer the makings of an editor. Having made him an editor, Mr. Curtis displayed another phase of executive genius by thereafter letting Lorimer alone to work out his own editorial destinies and with them the destinies of the periodical. One result is that the "Post", through these recent years of its growth to greatness, has had but one boss—an easy boss as any one of those who work under him and who come directly in contact with him will tell you—but nevertheless a boss, absolute, supreme and with powers unlimited. Another result is a circulation of two million weekly or a little the rise of that figure.

Before now there have been great editors and near-great editors of magazines who loved to dress the part—who in business hours were to be found enshrined in sanctums like endowed chapels, steeping their

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solemn souls in an atmosphere of rarefied intellectual calm, surrounded by an almost ecclesiastical air of aloofness and grandeur. To reach their presence one must filter through the sieving hands of from three to a dozen underlings—indeed, one had to know the password or a prominent advertiser to get into their outer offices at all.

Lorimer isn't built this way. About him there is none of the pose of the high priest; he never plays the rôle of the Grand Llama of literature. Either he is too big a man to have small affectations or he hasn't time to spare for cultivating them properly; or it may be that he has so much natural poise he finds no need for the exercise of an acquired and studied dignity. He is as plain as an old shoe, in fact, as plain as a pair of old shoes. Anybody can get in to see him without ceremonial fuss and feathers either, but nobody can stay with him very long unless that somebody has something to say, and the knack of saying it straight-away.

You go to call on Lorimer; you, a stranger. An office boy takes your card and in a minute or two, usually, your turn comes. You walk along a hallway and through an open door into an office slightly smaller than the state of Rhode Island. Behind a big, square desk at the far end of the room sits a man of medium size—a compactly built, rather sinewy looking man with a long, strong, angular jaw, a small, keen, blue eye and a squarish think-box of a head thatched with brown hair which is beginning to turn gray above the lean temples. He has shapely, slender fingers—the fingers of an artist and a creator. He has deep, witty lines around his mouth, and a kindly twinkle in the blue eye. If you have an idea to present he listens patiently enough but very often before you are done with the job of outlining it, he breaks in with a short, laconic comment and then realization comes to you that the thing you have been mulling over for weeks was merely half an idea, and that this man who probably never thought of it until five minutes ago has, in fifty words, supplied you with the remaining half and made it a structure complete and adequate. At taking mental short cuts I have yet to see his equal anywhere. He never thinks around a subject—he thinks through it and comes out on the other side with the sum total in his hand, all neatly wrapped up and ready for delivery.

Having an enormous capacity for work, he never appears to be in a hurry and I have never known him to be flurried. He reads every line the "Post" prints but he doesn't change many of the said lines. The story or the serial or the article you have submitted either suits him as it stands, or it doesn't suit him. If it suits him he accepts it out of hand and you get your check next Tuesday. If it doesn't suit him he sends it back, without asking you to rewrite it or recast it. He is fond of saying that he is not running a correspondence school in literature for amateurs and yet I know of no editor who has printed the works of so many young and previously unknown writers as Lorimer has, and know of no editor who is more warmly enthusiastic over a good piece of work than he is. He will accept a good yarn by a new writer just as quickly as he will decline a bad one by an old and famous writer, and that is tarnation quick. So far as I am aware he has but one test for a manuscript: if he likes it

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he buys it. But since he never yet bought one that was suggestive in its tone or that savored of the salacious, I suppose you might say that there was another test too—the test of common decency. I just said he had an enormous capacity for work and I think of a thing which proves it. The "Post" which is the biggest weekly magazine in the world—the biggest in size, in circulation and in general influence—has a smaller editorial staff than any active weekly magazine in this country has.

Lorimer has no frills and but few fads. He likes double-breasted sack coats, large brunette cigars, his friends, chocolate bonbons, his family, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, three cups of coffee for breakfast, and rhododendrons on his front lawn. He collects Oriental rugs and dinner checks. More dinner checks have passed through his hands than through the hands of any living man. He believes in human beings, "The Saturday Evening Post" and large tips for waiters. He dislikes poor cooking, posers, and persons who try to slip across clandestine free ads in the guise of literary contributions. He might have been a pork-packing baron but chose to take up writing for a trade. When by virtue of three or four books he had become the most widely-read and the most widely-quoted humorous writer in the country, he quit writing to take over the management of an elderly and indisposed magazine and to build it up into a world-beating success. He has shown that a great business man can be a great writer and that a great writer can be a great editor. He is still a great business man and some day he may choose to show the world that he still is a great writer. There is plenty of time—he being yet on the sunny side of his fifty-first birthday.

The almost uncanny soundness of his literary judgment is demonstrated, firstly, by the fact that more people on this planet read his magazine—and like it—than read any other magazine, and secondly, by the fact that he buys nearly everything I write. Need I say more?

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THE AMAZING STORY OF THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

I.—The Extent and Character of Publications

It is a far cry from these days, when governmental expenditures are measured in billions of dollars, to the afternoon a little more than a century ago, when our congressional forefathers seriously debated whether they should expend $10,000 of the public funds for printing a message from President Jefferson. The discussion, which ended with the solemn record of a yea and nay vote resulted affirmatively. Even then the spell of the printing-press was upon Congress. Today the printed word is so large a factor in our governmental affairs that the national coat-of-arms should be a printing-press rampant and a bulky volume properly impaled. Thus would be visualized the wise remark of a long-forgotten statesman on the floor of Congress, that the information conveyed through public printing is the basic element of the law-making power. "Public printing", observed this philosopher, "underlies your armies; it underlies your navies, and every other arm of national service." Never were these words truer than at the present time.

Uncle Sam's publishing house, officially known as the Government Printing Office, is the greatest establishment of its kind in the world, private or public. There is nothing to compare with it anywhere. Only three other nations—France, Austria and Holland — undertake governmental publication, Great Britain still relying upon private enterprise. Our own institution has not reached its present vast proportions with undue suddenness. It is not a Jonah's gourd, for it has been a century or more in the making. Its beginnings were small enough, going back to the days of Washington's presidency, when "firewood, stationery and printing" were oddly grouped together in an authorization for the expenditure of $10,000.

It was not until 1818, however, when the cost of public printing had reached the then appalling magnitude of $65,000 a year, that Congress realized that the problem of federal printing required solution. In that year some one boldly suggested that a national printing office ought to be established. The idea was far ahead of the times. As late as 1840 a measure which proposed a federal printing office was reported adversely in the Senate on the ground that a government press never should be permitted, even though it was financially advantageous, because its creation would embody "a theory abhorrent alike to the genius of our free institutions and the principles of democracy". Because of this sentiment, and because ideas then filtered slowly through the public mind, as they do now, nearly a quarter of a century elapsed before the recommendation was carried into effect.

In the meantime, Congress undertook many experiments. First, it endeavored to get along with official

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printers for the Senate and House of Representatives, duly elected by ballot. The men thus chosen were, with one exception, not printers, but recognized political partisans. Consequently, when the Whigs were in the majority, Gales and Seaton were the fortunate purveyors, to be displaced by Blair and Rives when the Democrats were in control. The position carried both money and prestige, and Congress sometimes devoted entire days to the settlement of the momentous question. Indeed, bitter feeling was frequently manifested, for one of the debates actually resulted in a challenge to a duel from Senator King, of Alabama, to Henry Clay. Happily the difficulty was amicably adjusted.

Perhaps it was this almost tragic incident which led Congress to decide that the profit of printing should not be a matter of political favor, but that the contract should be awarded to the lowest bidder, with the additional precaution that the bids should be opened in the presence of the Vice-President and the Speaker of the House. This plan remained in force six years and was then abandoned, being unsatisfactory to the government and ruinous to the contractors. In 1852 the office of Superintendent of Printing was created, Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond being among the unsuccessful candidates. Congress then bought its own paper and paid the printers according to a fixed scale. As the latter was most generous, the public printing soon developed into an expensive luxury.

With the outbreak of the Civil War the demands of the government had increased to such an extent that no single plant in Washington was capable of handling all the printing required. A multiplicity of printers produced a heterogeneous description of documents and reports, all differing in form and appearance, and in addition there was a vexatious delay in delivery. Congress cut the Gordian knot by purchasing the printing office of Cornelius Wendell, situated at the corner of North Capitol and H Streets—a four-story building which is still standing and is the original Government Printing Office. For the structure and its contents, which included twenty-six presses and twenty tons of type, Congress paid $135,000. Today the Government Printing Office —including a new building that cost $2,500,000—has a floor space of thirteen acres, with nearly 150 presses, 246 type-setting machines, by far the largest battery of composing machines in the world; a complete bindery equipment and an electrotype foundry capable of turning out 2,000 electrotypes each day. There are nearly 1,500,000 plates stored in one vault. The metal-melting room, where the type set on the machines is recast into ingots, handles approximately twelve tons of metal daily. Within the building printing ink and carbon-paper are manufactured; and sixteen elevators, a refrigerating plant and an emergency hospital are installed. In the latter institution nearly four thousand cases were treated last year. Altogether, the modest plant of fifty years ago now represents an investment of considerably over $10,000,000.

To thoroughly appreciate the extent to which Uncle Sam occupies the publication field one must think in terms of millions—not merely millions of dollars but millions of books and pamphlets. Throughout the twenty-four hours of the day and night more than five thousand employees manipulate the hundreds of type-setting machines, run presses which print tons upon tons of white paper and bind moun-

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tainous piles of books. There is more type set in a year in the Government Printing Office—more than two billion "ems"—than is required for the entire output of Scribner's, Harper's, Doran's, Putnam's, Appleton's and Macmillan's, or any other half-dozen book publishing houses combined. Over $2,000,000 are spent for paper alone. Thousands of rolls and packets of gold leaf, nearly all of 22-karat quality, and some costing as high as $7.60 a roll, are used for lettering. The annual pay-roll of the office is over $4,500,000. The quantity of electrotyping and stereotyping aggregates over 15,000,000 square inches. Or, if there be curiosity as to the book and pamphlet production, let these figures speak coldly for themselves:

Publications wire-stitched.....48,647,371
Publications paper covered.... 9,633,524
Books rounded and backed... 2,600,938

It is almost a strain upon the imagination to realize the existence of a plant which can turn out nearly three million books a year, but, after all, even the gigantic totals just quoted do not adequately picture the extent of federal printing. The Government Printing Office, merely as a routine procedure, prints and delivers four million postal cards each day and hundreds of millions of postal money-order blanks each year, the latter on presses which print, perforate, collate and number in one operation. With its practically unlimited capacity the office can receive, set in type, proof-read, stereotype, print, bind and deliver a book of over two thousand pages within twenty-four hours.

It was fortunate for the government that this great plant stood ready and equipped when war against Germany was declared. There was an enormous amount of work to be done and the speed and accuracy with which it was accomplished is a monument to the efficiency of the printing office organization. For instance, when the selective draft law was enacted, the War Department immediately required—and received—registration cards to the number of 25,000,000, while as many questionnaires, in a pamphlet of several pages, were promptly printed and delivered. Editions of various military manuals were issued in quantities of 100,000. When it became necessary to advertise the Liberty Loan, the printing office delivered one million posters in three days, although two colors were used. An order for Boy Scout posters, in several colors, reached four million copies and the entire work was completed in a few days. The production in connection with the War Savings Stamps also ran up into the millions.

All these demands were met without apparently disturbing for a single moment the orderly routine of business. Once in a while, when the paper-mills asked for an hour of breathing time or the storage space became exhausted, there might have been a temporary halt; but, on the whole, the staggering pile of work was dispatched with speed, industry and patriotic enthusiasm. It seems absurd that the man at the head of this great organization, Cornelius Ford, should receive a salary of only $5,500 a year.

Even in normal times the volume of governmental printing is almost beyond conception. It can be divided into two classes—legislative or congressional, and executive or departmental. The former consists of all the printing authorized by Congress—the daily issue of the Congressional Record, with documents, bills and reports, which, in turn, may be quite lengthy. The report of a Secretary of War once extended over twenty-nine

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ponderous volumes and it is rarely that any report of a cabinet officer and his subordinates can be condensed into one, two or even three volumes. The reports of investigating commissions are always bulky. It required forty-nine volumes to present the work of the Monetary Commission and nineteen volumes to set forth all that had been learned regarding child labor. There were nine volumes of the tariff hearings in the Sixtieth Congress, while the more recent paper and pulp inquiry was followed by the publication of six volumes. The cost of congressional printing last year was a little over $2,000,000.

The departmental grist consists of matter which is not submitted to Congress and covers a wide range. Some idea of the quantity of material produced by the government may be gathered from the fact that the number of its publications for two years required a catalogue of 1,830 pages, quarto size. The cost of printing this catalogue was $7,000.

Even a cursory glance at this presentation leads to bewilderment. There is an embarrassment of riches. The procession of titles, almost interminable, gives emphasis to the following quotation from an official pamphlet:

> A general price list, giving in one volume the titles and prices of all the United States public documents that are offered for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, is not practicable. It would fill a book somewhere near the size of Webster's Dictionary.

While the official self-restraint disclosed in this paragraph seems worthy of all commendation, one wonders how it came to be exercised and how this modern printing Moloch was content to substitute merely sixty-eight separate catalogues for a volume of dictionary size. Each one of these relates to a different subject, with many of them covering scores of pages and specifying thousands of titles. The subjects take a wide range and include astronomy, birds and wild animals, Indians, weather, American history and biography, roads, chemistry, insects, fishes, laws, army and navy, engineering and surveying, organized militia, mines and mining, forestry, foreign affairs, labor, geography and exploration, foods and cooking, political science, finance, education—these being only one-third of the topics upon which the government has issued volumes.

Take, for instance, the subject of education. Its catalogue covers fifty-one closely printed pages. The list comprises a library in itself, for the items which specify the number of pages—and in scores of publications this detail is omitted—represent 74,909 pages of printed matter. Multiply these figures by the thousands of copies of each book or pamphlet issued and the result is monumental, to say nothing of applying the same process to the other sixty-seven catalogues. The thoroughness with which the government has covered the educational field is impressive. From the first title, "Abnormal Man", a book of 445 pages, obtainable either in paper or cardboard cover, to the last book in the list, pertaining to an educational survey of Wyoming, there is afforded a most extensive range of reading.

The motion-picture lover can learn how his favorite recreation has been seriously treated as an aid to education. The student of educational affairs in Great Britain, France, Japan, Germany, Mexico, Denmark, or any other country can be surfeited with facts and figures. If the question of mental fatigue in the schools is disturbing him, discussions of the subject by American and English educators

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are provided between cloth-bound covers. A contribution on mediæval archæology by Camille Enlart finds a place in the collection (cloth, 75 cents), while the "Letters of Rabbi Akibah; or Jewish Primer as it was Used in Public Schools 2,000 Years Ago", can be purchased at the same price. Citizenship and civics, coeducation, colleges and universities, kindergartens, gardens, rural schools, secondary education, children, schoolhouses, teachers, art and industry, and similar topics have inspired innumerable books and pamphlets. Apparently not one detail has been overlooked, for among the graver matters of education are interspersed a bulletin on pine-needle basketry and a history of the Chautauqua movement.

In purely philanthropic spirit the government reprinted as a public document the catalogues of the American Library Association, listing 5,000 and 8,000 volumes respectively, so as to lighten the task of selecting books for a popular library. In fact, the catholicity of publication, even under the single head of education, is convincing evidence that the government cannot be successfully accused of parsimony in the communication of knowledge. The catalogue demonstrates that the government can and does publish material with which no private publisher could afford to deal.

No business firm would undertake to issue an illustrated book of 912 pages on the condition and improvement of the public schools of the District of Columbia; or 329 pages, illustrated, cataloguing the John Boyd Thacher collection of incunabula; or a memorial volume of George Brown Goode, extending over 500 pages and illustrated with 110 portraits; or a cloth-bound book of 120 pages depicting the legislative career of Justin S. Morrill. The government may, however, be perfectly justified in devoting public funds to these purposes. Certainly no agency but the government would print each year, as a complimentary proposition, the proceedings of the conventions of the American Instructors for the Deaf, nor gather together, to the extent of over 8,000 pages, the details of higher education in twenty-six states. The American people are undoubtedly grateful to their all-wise and well-ordered government for all these things, as well as for treatises on educational pathology and the influence of Benjamin Franklin upon American education.

Anyone with a genuine love for books will find these governmental catalogues most fascinating. It is true that it is a day's journey to travel through them page by page and it is equally true that a majority of the titles appeal only to the specialist. Nevertheless, the range of subjects is so wide and their treatment so comprehensive that one is compelled to admire the industry and learning which resulted in such a mammoth collection and to rejoice in the national wealth which made possible its presentation in printed form.

The astronomical mind can be satiated with data on eclipses of the sun, theories regarding the atmosphere and people of the planet Mars, or observations of the clouds on Venus. Publications regarding the weather, listed in a catalogue of twenty-seven pages, include books and treatises on wind, rain, snow, clouds, floods, earthquakes and meteorology. The collection of works on forestry is almost as extensive and deals with tree planting, wood tests and lumber industries with great detail. The chemist can select from over a hundred titles of especial interest to his profession, while the bug-hunter

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will find under the head of "Insects" a mass of material relating to ants, bees, moths, weevils, flies, gnats, canker-worms, chiggers and parasites of all kinds. Fishes are discussed in several hundred publications; and classified under "Geography and Geology" there is a mass of literature on natural wonders, scenery and fossils.

The student interested in American history and biography will discover in the government publications a mine of information, while documents and debates relating to political science, elections, prohibition, woman suffrage, political parties and the initiative, referendum and recall, form a library of no small dimensions. The culture of fruits, vegetables, grain, grass and seeds is dealt with in exhaustive fashion. The housewife can secure from the government almost any quantity of printed matter on foods and cooking, while the number of publications on diseases, drugs and sanitation would keep any physician busy reading for a year. Even engineers and surveyors have not been neglected, for the titles of books which would appeal to them indicate that government writers have found much to say and print on coasts, rivers and harbors, tides, compasses and terrestrial magnetism.

The more serious phases of government are naturally productive of unlimited authorship. The extent of publications on commerce and manufactures necessitates a catalogue of forty-eight pages. There are no less than twenty-two titles relating to paper, including a book of 458 pages which presents details of the paper and stationery trade throughout the world. American trade and international commerce receive serious consideration. The same may be said of finance, tariff and taxation, immigration and labor. Under the latter head there are issues upon child labor, cost of living, food control, employers' liability, insurance, wages, women wage-earners and strikes. All of these subjects are of vital importance, as are the cognate topics of convict labor, collective bargaining, arbitration and hours of labor.

In fact, an examination of these lists of publications affords convincing evidence of governmental concern in supplying the American people with mental pabulum. Perhaps the government errs on the side of excessive quantity without insistent regard for highest quality, but this, after all, is a matter of judgment. Perhaps, under the pressing necessity of conservation, there will in the future be more careful selection and consequent restriction.

At present, however, Congress and all of the departments print voluminously. Again the figures run into the millions. Even independent organizations, like the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Public Health Bureau, indulge in the printing of two or three million copies of their publications, while the Post-office Department last year distributed over five million copies of a pamphlet describing the postal-savings system. The Treasury Department is also a large user of the printing-press and among other things perpetuated in a million copies a speech delivered by Secretary McAdoo at Des Moines.

In the matter of printing, however, the Department of Agriculture, like Abou-ben-Adhem, leads all the rest. It announces with pride that during the last fiscal year it issued and distributed over 97,000,000 copies of publications, "breaking all records in publication achievements". While the great bulk of its literary output consists of

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leaflets and bulletins, it has issued two popular books. One of these best-sellers is better known as "the horse book" than by its official title, "Diseases of the Horse". This book has passed through six editions and over a million copies have been printed. Another publication in great demand and, therefore, issued by the ton, is the Year Book. The edition for 1917 is an imposing volume of 853 large pages, bound in purple cloth. It is profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, maps and diagrams. The contents consist of separate pamphlets on subjects connected with farming, contributed either by the staff of the Department of Agriculture or by other experts. The first edition is 500,000 copies, a figure made mandatory by law.

Because a majority of the people of the United States live on farms or in rural communities, the Department of Agriculture has an extensive clientele. This fact explains the enormous distribution of a series of government publications grouped under the title of "Farmers' Bulletins". The brain of an ordinary man would be compelled to undergo severe cogitation in order to evolve a thousand subjects upon which treatises of interest to the farmer and the farmer's wife could be written. The task has apparently been an easy one for the writers upon agricultural topics. The list of titles in a recent catalogue has reached No. 991 and there is no reason to believe that the field has been exhausted.

These bulletins, supplied through "robust appropriations for printing", are concise, illustrated when pictures would be helpful, and deal with every phase of home and farm life. The literary product costs little or nothing, for it is supplied either by authors who are regularly upon the payroll or by contributors who feel sufficiently repaid by seeing their effusions in print. The list of titles is well worth entire reproduction, but even a few of them will afford an idea of their general character and are herewith given: Use of Fruit as Food; Sweet Potatoes; Economical Use of Meat in the Home; Use of Paint on the Farm; Raising Guinea Pigs; How to Grow an Acre of Corn; Food for Young Children; Duck Raising; Fleas and their Control; How to Select a Sound Horse; Human Food from an Acre; Roses for the Home.

The temptation to write these titles indefinitely is almost irresistible. They are so homely, so related to the every-day things connected with the house and farm, so varied in their range, that they appeal even to the man who knows nothing of the country except the passing glimpses which a railroad journey or a trolley ride affords. Their popularity is attested by the fact that last year over 21,000,000 were printed, "The Small Vegetable Garden" being issued to the extent of 1,000,000 copies and twenty-five other titles averaging over 200,000 each. In the same category are the food conservation leaflets, like "Let the Fireless Cooker Help You Conquer", and "Save Seed for Victory", the editions amounting to nearly 30,000,000. "Five Little Pigs", a delightful publication on cream-colored paper, printed in red and black and adorned with original wash drawings, was modestly represented with a printing of only 100,000.

These bulletins and leaflets exhibit the government in its most kindly—not to say paternal—attitude of imparting information. If it be said that they seem based on the assumption that the mind of the farmer is like an empty receptacle waiting to be filled, it can also be truthfully as-

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serted that the number who know everything on every subject is certainly limited. The editors of the Farmers' Bulletins evidently work upon the principle that somewhere there is somebody to whom some particular information will be of value. They realize that the rural citizen who has successfully learned how to care for and repair his farm implements may be lacking in knowledge how to store sweet potatoes, and vice versa. They plan, therefore, to anticipate and meet every need. They distribute their accumulated store of advice and direction through the medium of millions of pages of printed matter, with the result that in thousands of homes these bulletins are welcome visitors. It would not be exaggeration to say that for thorough reading they vie with the family Bible.

The government does not content itself with issuing bulletins by the million or ordinary books by the hundred thousand, but occasionally produces an édition de luxe. The volumes which present a history of the United States capitol are striking examples and marvels of the typographical art. The pages of hand-made, deckle-edged paper are nearly twenty inches square and the type is hand-set, large and beautiful. The numerous illustrations are executed with artistic skill. Two volumes of this history were issued, but the edition was necessarily small, owing to the great cost involved. These two volumes are worth $100 in the open market today, although when first issued they were given away. Some of the volumes issued in memory of deceased presidents are also most elaborate. Even some of the smaller publications, lacking especial value or significance, give evidence in their type and illustrations of being produced without serious regard for labor and cost involved.

As a publisher of periodicals the government is entitled to rank in the first class. Its output in this direction consists of dailies, like the Official Bulletin, with a circulation of 117,000, and the Commerce Report; of weeklies, like the Public Health Report, the Employment Service Bulletin, the Panama Canal Record, the Journal of Agricultural Research and the Patent Office Gazette; of monthlies, like the Pan-American Bulletin, the Immigration Bulletin, the Experiment Station Record, the Reclamation Record, and the Weather Review; and quarterlies, like the Naval Medical Bulletin. Altogether there are forty-five titles in the list of government periodicals. The Journal of Agricultural Research is as dignified in its appearance as "The Yale Review" and almost as bulky. The cost of this weekly illustrated magazine to subscribers is $3.00 a year, but out of a circulation of 2,500 copies there are exactly 252 which represent paid subscriptions.

For the Weekly News Letter of the Department of Agriculture an edition of 130,000 is printed, while the Monthly Crop Report requires the issuance of 180,000 copies. The department also sends out 200,000 lists of publications each month, the mailing-list being composed of everybody who asks to be supplied. All of these periodicals necessitate the employment of editorial staffs. There is not a department of the government which does not include in its personnel a corps of editors who are constantly engaged in supplying copy for the omnivorous presses. In fact, many of the departments have editorial divisions connected with subordinate bureaus, until the list of editors-in-chief, editors and subeditors is almost as long as the moral law.

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Unquestionably much of the work done by these official editors is important and the matter which they send to the printing office for publication has a distinct value. Agriculture, public health, commerce, finance, are vital matters in our democracy and the wisdom of utilizing the governmental printing-press for imparting information must be accepted. For instance, "The National Park Portfolio", issued by the Department of the Interior and comprising many pages of exquisite photographic views reproduced on costly calendered paper, undoubtedly accomplished its object of stimulating the patriotic idea of seeing America first.

At the same time, Uncle Sam's publication system is marked by an evident lack of supervision and coordination. Each branch of the government prints what it pleases, and within the limits of generous appropriation bills, as much as it pleases. Congress, in the meanwhile, goes ahead with its own printing according to its own free will, annually using 3,000,000 pounds of paper for the Congressional Record alone. Official reports and reprints of speeches furnish a plenteous grist.

It would be impossible to conclude a review of Uncle Sam's publishing activities without reference to the freedom—to state it mildly—with which the speeches delivered, or alleged to have been delivered, in Congress are printed and circulated. More than one senator and representative, without compunction as to the cost or scarcity of white paper, has ordered a million copies of his utterance, together with an equal number of large manila envelopes, bearing the printed facsimile of his autograph which is his open sesame to the mails. Many congressmen keep in touch with their thousands of constituents through the circulation of these printed documents.

Not long ago President Wilson delivered an address in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, dealing with important phases of the war. It was inserted in the Congressional Record and forthwith became a public document, to be printed at a minimum cost and to be distributed free through the mails. One million copies were ordered. No one may question the propriety of giving the widest possible publicity to this great utterance; but certainly there ought to be some restriction on the prevalent custom of printing the millions of copies of purely partisan declarations which are circulated as public documents during a political campaign. It is no exaggeration to say that the white paper used in furnishing campaign material during a presidential contest would extend around the world.

Underlying the governmental prodigality of printing is the idea of diffusing knowledge. The purpose is praiseworthy, but, like charity, it covers a multitude of sins.

II.—Distributing the Output

The magnitude of federal printing imposes upon the government the proportionately gigantic task of distribution. It is unfortunate that the ultimate ideal of disposing of all printed matter in a complete and legitimate manner has not yet been reached.

There are two methods of getting the printed material into the hands of the people—free distribution and sale. The former includes nearly ninety per cent of the output. In the first place, each senator and representative, as well as each department or bureau, is entitled to a certain quota of all governmental publications. Each is allowed to receive without cost, for instance, 12,500 copies of Farmers'

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Bulletins, or a total requisition of nearly 7,000,000 for this purpose alone. Four hundred and seventy thousand copies of the Year Book are assigned for free distribution by the same persons. With a very large proportion of the product of the Government Printing Office thus dumped, so to speak, into the lap of the national legislator, he is confronted with the problem of disposing of his burden.

His first and natural course is to unload upon his constituents, often with more generosity than good judgment. It is just as likely as not that a treatise on Egyptian hieroglyphics will go to some worthy ignoramus, while a compilation of banking statistics will find its way into the study of an unreceptive clergyman. The senator or representative who carefully and patiently examines his book-list, assigning the hundreds of volumes according to the individual requirements of persons with whom he is personally acquainted, is undoubtedly a public benefactor; but he is also the exception and not the rule. Most of them are like the New York City congressman who continually deluges the voters of his district with Farmers' Bulletins, although one might search in vain for a flower-pot or a window-box in the apartment houses where his constituents live.

The acceptance of the congressional quota is not compulsory. If, therefore, the books are not used, they remain to the credit of the senator or representative for a certain period and are then thrown back upon the Public Printer, who eventually sells them for waste paper at a cent a pound. Unfortunately, this is the fate of literally thousands of volumes. "It seems almost wicked to do this", was the plaintive comment of a Superintendent of Documents, as he officially reported the impending condemnation of nearly 150,000 books. Twenty years ago—and conditions are today unchanged, except for the worse—another official reported as follows:

> Taking one Congress with another, the number of unbound volumes sent to the Capitol falls little short of 100,000 for each Congress, and there is a constant increase. There is, as everybody knows, an enormous waste in this unbound work. A few copies are sent out to be bound in special bindings to the order of members of Congress, and some are preserved in the document room, but an enormous quantity is sold to the junk dealer to get rid of it.

It is not necessary, however, to rehearse ancient history. The last report of the Public Printer, dated December 3, 1917, contains this paragraph:

> By authority of the Joint Committee on Printing, 585,059 obsolete publications were condemned and sold. In a further effort to reduce this useless surplus, an inventory covering 81,232 old or duplicate publications was prepared in January, 1917, and the usual course was followed in notifying members of Congress to select what they wanted from this list, but not over one-third of the members took advantage of this privilege; such copies as were selected are being forwarded, and those that remain will be condemned and sold as waste paper.

One reason for this deplorable situation, which is shown by this record to have existed with incalculable loss for more than twenty years, is that a substantial proportion of the matter which is published has no popular appeal, being purely technical in its nature; and another reason is that the law arbitrarily fixes the minimum number of copies to be printed of each publication, this figure being quite generous. The matter in the book may have a most restricted interest, but the law-abiding printer must follow the letter of the statute. One illustration is typical. Under the law, whenever a senator or a representative dies and

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eulogies are delivered in his memory, there must be printed and bound no less than 8,000 volumes containing the obituary addresses. Fifty copies, "bound in full morocco, with gilt edges", to quote the law, are presented to the family of the deceased. Senators and representatives from the same state as their former colleague receive 1,950 for distribution; and the remaining 6,000 are duly apportioned among the other senators and representatives. As a matter of fact, there is little or no demand for these memorials of departed greatness; and if ten national legislators die within a year—and this is below the average—it means that from 60,000 to 70,000 bound volumes are destined to fall into the unfeeling embrace of the junk dealer. The law is arbitrary. The 8,000 volumes must be printed and bound, willy-nilly; and until the law is amended or repealed, the process of printing, binding, condemnation and sale will pursue its untrammeled way.

With the view of realizing some return upon the time and labor invested in the books which the government produces, and in the hope that perhaps some of the otherwise discarded volumes might be halted on their way to the paper-mill, Congress established the office of the Superintendent of Documents, where left-over and other publications could be deposited and, if possible, sold. It offered most generous terms to the would-be purchaser, asking merely enough to actually pay for the cost of printing and binding. There is no charge for the time and labor expended in setting up the book, although composition is always a principal item of expense.

The overhead charges which a private publishing firm must take into consideration or else go into bankruptcy, such as interest on capital invested and outlay for rent, light, heat and power, are not figured by Uncle Sam. He does not conduct a printing office where the receipts must necessarily bear any relation to the expenses. On the contrary, his publication office rests securely upon a well-filled national treasury, more inexhaustible than the widow's cruse of oil. It is for this reason that Wharton's "Digest of International Law", a series of three quarto volumes bound in full calf, can be bought in its entirety for $10.00, while the Nautical Almanac, a publication of several hundred pages of intricate rule and figure work, is procurable for fifteen cents. All the prices are ridiculously low.

Notwithstanding this tempting inducement, the effort to dispose of governmental issues at private sale has only been partially satisfactory. In ten years the receipts have only increased from $55,000 to a little over $200,000. It is against human nature to pay for anything which may be had for nothing; besides which the government prints and prints, constantly piling up its stock, without providing adequate means for acquainting the public with the character of the goods it has provided. No publishing firm would, for an instant, print and bind hundreds of thousands of volumes without providing for their distribution and sale. These fundamental business principles are entirely ignored by the government. It manufactures books without limit and then relies upon individually distributed price-lists as the only method of advertising its wares. The consequence is that during the fiscal year 1916 the number of copies of condemned publications aggregated 2,592,278, although in 1917 this total had been reduced to 587,548. The amount of waste paper

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THE MAGNITUDE OF GOVERNMENTAL PRINTING

(From data furnished by J. L. Alverson, Chief Clerk of the Government Printing Office, and Merritt O. Chance, Postmaster, Washington, D. C., and from annual reports of Cornelius Ford, Public Printer, and J. O. Brinker, Superintendent of Documents.)

THE PLANT

Space occupied by Government Printing Office (acres) 13½
Number of employees 5,000
(*NOTE: The annual pay-roll is nearly* $5,000,000.)
Number of type-setting machines 246
(*NOTE: This is the largest number of type-setting machines assembled together in the world.*)
Number of presses 145
Electric motors in use 700
Total value of machine equipment $2,600,000
Electrotypes and stereotypes in storage 1,500,000
Amount of type-metal cast into ingots each day (tons) 12½
(*NOTE: The value of the metal handled daily is approximately* $35,000.)

THE OUTPUT

Paper stock used in a year (pounds) 50,000,000
(*NOTE: The New York "Times" prints 368,000 papers each day. Fifty million pounds of paper would represent its daily circulation for nearly eight months.*)
Type-pages set in a year 1,800,000
(*NOTE: This number of type-pages is greater than the annual output of all the book-publishing houses in the United States.*)
Publications wire-stitched last year 49,647,371
Books bound last year 2,600,938
(*NOTE: This annual output of bound books, if placed end to end, would cover a distance of 400 miles. The government prints and binds each year more books than are contained in the Library of Congress, the largest library in the United States.*)
Documents annually sent out by Superintendent of Documents 45,000,000
Blanks, schedules, postal cards, money-order forms, envelopes and similar work printed in one year 5,000,000,000
Speeches annually printed for members of Congress 25,000,000
(*NOTE: As the population of the United States* is 100,000,000, *this output would provide one speech for every four persons, man, woman and child.*)
Paper annually used for Congressional Record (pounds) 3,000,000
Number of bound copies of Congressional Record issued for second session, 63rd Congesss 116,470

CONDEMNED AND UNDISTRIBUTED

Publications condemned during fiscal year 1916 2,592,278
Publications condemned during fiscal year 1917 587,548
Amount of paper sold as waste, 1917 (pounds) 9,500,000
(*NOTE: These figures represent nearly one-tenth of the paper stock purchased. The bulk of books, pamphlets, and paper disposed of as waste, is sold to junk dealers at one cent a pound.*)
Publications undistributed, June 30, 1917 14,423,213

COST

Total annual cost of governmental printing $12,000,000

DISTRIBUTION

The average daily quantity of franked governmental mail received each day by the Washington City Post Office is 150 tons. It is largely printed matter.
(*NOTE: This quantity is equivalent to* 9,600,000 *half-ounce letters on which postage would amount to* $288,000 *or* $86,000,000 *a year.*)

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sold last year, according to the report of the Public Printer, was over 9,500,000 pounds.

The cash income, although still so low as to be ruinous if the enterprise were a private one, would be still less if it were not for the energy and interest of the Superintendent of Documents. One example of his ingenuity is an attractive pamphlet entitled "The Government Book Store". It contains the absolutely accurate assertion that the book store "is a big one". Two large buildings, one seven stories in height, contain vast areas stacked with government publications, all printed, bound and gold-lettered. A casual examination of their titles explains why they remain unsold. "British India, with Notes on Ceylon", encased in red cloth; "Abstract of Census of Manufactures", quite bulky and decorously bound in black; "Index Analysis of Federal Statutes", a large quarto volume—these are some of the books which literally cover acres and acres of floor space. Even publications which are not so forbidding in their abstractness do not find speedy disposition. The supply is always greater than the demand. There were on hand in the storage rooms of the Superintendent of Documents on June 30, 1917, no less than 14,423,213 copies of undistributed government documents.

Only an expert mathematician could calculate the money value of the time, labor and material required to produce this quantity of unused printed matter. In very large degree its ultimate fate is assured. As there will be no cessation of production, the demand for additional floor space will become more and more pressing. If any of the volumes can be sold, Uncle Sam will be so much the gainer; if not, the figure of the junk dealer always looms hopefully in the distance. Thousands of the books now so carefully stored away will never see daylight until they are carted away in a truck.

Accumulation continues despite the fact that the office of the Superintendent of Documents has a mailing-list of nearly 1,000,000 names. The Department of Commerce has over 25,000 regular correspondents to whom are sent the lists of the department's publications, while the number to whom other departments forward material totals hundreds of thousands. This aggregate does not, of course, include the persons who receive official documents through the courtesy of senators and representatives. Through a multitude of channels the government seeks an outlet for its production, but nevertheless flood-tide seems always to prevail. One of these outlets deserves mention, because its theory is so commendable and its actual operation so thoroughly unsatisfactory. Under existing law each senator and representative is allowed to designate a library which shall receive a copy of each book or pamphlet issued by the government. The law is imperative in its provision compelling the sending of everything to the favored institution. The result is that a very large number of the libraries are the unwilling recipients of a mass of printed matter which they do not want. In many cases the material, upon reaching its destination, is mailed back again and after occupying storage space is destroyed. The libraries of moderate dimensions—and these are in the majority—have neither the shelving space to accommodate the government output nor the force necessary for arranging and cataloguing. Even when the publications are not returned, they are stacked in hopeless fashion, so that it is easy to appreciate why one seeker after information was

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forced to travel a thousand miles to Washington for data which was in his home library but which was as hard to find as the proverbial needle in a haystack. There was a touch of grim humor in the letter of the head of a normal school library who wrote that while he found no value in the matter which the government sent to him, he refrained from forbidding its further shipment "because somebody wiser than I may make it useful in the future".

The wholesale and indiscriminate character of this library distribution is also made apparent by the fact that a designated depository may be on the list today and off tomorrow. The representative just elected, who selects the library in his home town as the recipient of governmental publications, may be succeeded two years hence by a more popular candidate, who, in turn, will confer the privilege upon the community in which he lives. In addition to this, it frequently happens in states which are re-districted every ten years, that two libraries are thrown into the same congressional district, with the result that one is chosen and the other left. Consequently, the list of over 500 depositories is constantly changing, and the idea of establishing places where a complete and consecutive record of government publications would be permanently obtainable—which was the admirable inspiration of the library distribution system—becomes an iridescent dream.

These conditions are not set forth with any claim to discovery. On the contrary, they have been realized for many years. Long ago the American Library Association, with the cooperation of government officials, undertook to secure legislation which would, at least, amend arbitrary law to the extent of allowing each library to select the material which it deemed most useful to its readers. A measure proposing this reform has been pending in vain before succeeding congresses during the past six years.

Profound appreciation of the great good accomplished by governmental publishing must necessarily be tempered by some regrets.

Thus far two phases of governmental activity in the publication field have been considered—first, the character and extent of the material produced; and, second, the methods whereby printed information is brought to the attention of the people. Two other features demand serious attention. The first is that the amount expended for printing is increasing by leaps and bounds. Beginning with an expenditure of $20,322 in 1800, the annual cost of public printing did not exceed $500,000 until half a century later. In 1900 it had risen to nearly $5,000,000 and in 1918—less than two decades later—it was, approximately, $12,000,000. A certain percentage of this rapid growth must be charged to advancing cost of labor and supplies, but it also represents an enormous consumption of paper and ink. Upon the government rests the responsibility of determining whether great results have been achieved with absolute fidelity to efficiency, economy and the elimination of waste.

The government not only prints with impressive liberality but forwards every book, document or bulletin free of postage to the recipient. The cost of freely transporting thousands of tons of literature over mail routes which include every post-office in the United States is enormous. The space which the material occupies is

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to be measured not in terms of cubic feet but in the capacity of entire cars. The statement is made by the postmaster of Washington that the amount of free governmental matter mailed at his office averages one hundred and fifty tons each day. It is true that this represents a certain proportion of official correspondence, but the bulk is printed matter. It would seem both feasible and proper, therefore, to apply the pruning-knife to some of the spreading branches of Uncle Sam's printing industry. Conscientious officials have already made sincere efforts in this direction, but they are powerless in the absence of legislation which Congress has failed to enact upon their recommendation. A review of these endeavors, with suggestions as to what ought to be done in the way of remedial action, must be reserved for a future number of THE BOOKMAN.

SERVITORS

BY SARA TEASDALE

I shall not let a sorrow die
Until I find the heart of it,
Nor let a wordless joy go by
Until it talks with me a bit;
And the ache my body knows
Shall teach me more than to another,
I shall look deep at mire and rose
Until each one becomes my brother.

Of my spirit and my flesh
I shall net myself a mesh,
Drawing the web both close and fine
To snare all things therein, until
They yield their secret to my will;
And if a proud high heart is mine,
Good luck and ill luck both will be
Equal servitors to me.

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TO THE YOUNG WRITERS OF AMERICA

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

The gaily camouflaged liner listed slightly to the breeze blowing offshore. The sea glistened. In the immense clarid blue heaven not a cloud appeared; only over the masthead the sun hung like a flask of light.

Suddenly the passengers on the upper deck raised their hands and looking up I beheld a single bright butterfly fluttering toward us. For a moment it careened, hovering, one scarlet spot against the blue, then settled upon the sunny rail. I approached it cautiously and at once knew it for a species with which I was not acquainted. The flattened wings—yet wavering almost imperceptibly in the breeze—were of an amber-crimson, girdered with black markings. The hardy color, the clear configuration of the grids fascinated me. . . . I watched it in silence.

At that moment a young voice cried, "There's America!" We doffed our hats. On the horizon lay what appeared to be a line of white cliffs.

"Cliffs?" "No, sonny, buildings."

Then turning from the butterfly to the buildings and from the buildings to the butterfly again, I knew that something unknown, a beauty yet inexperienced, was floating toward me; and taking a volume of modern English poetry from my pocket I read on and on until I grew assured that I also, wafted from the Old World to the marvelous New, brought with me some quality of beauty as yet perhaps unknown to those who awaited me beyond the horizon.

In the past, Britain and America have not seen eye to eye upon many international questions. Now, united in the noblest of causes, we give and take with frankness. This frankness of appreciation begins to extend to every form of activity. Before the war this mutual timidity (and even in some cases dislike) existed as much in literature as in other spheres of mental activity. It existed, but it was beginning to die. Now it is definitely dead.

The young writers of Britain, young writers who are universally acknowledged to have done well in the war, to have become the spokesmen of the anonymous ardent young thousands who fight and die in France, Macedonia, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia and upon the high seas, gaze expectantly toward the New World, whose sons are engaged in the same terrible adventure. In the name of our dead—Julian Grenfell, Rupert Brooke, Charles Sorley, Edward Thomas and Alan Mackintoch—we salute the spirits of Alan Seeger and of Joyce Kilmer. In the name of our many living writers, especially the fighting poets—Robert Graves, Siegfried Sassoon, Ford Madox Hueffer, Frederick Manning, F. S. Flint, W. J. Turner—we turn to your living writers and demand of them some means of knowing their work better.

Before the war much that is best in the current literature of both countries did not succeed in winging the vast seas that separate us. Several

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distinct reasons have contributed to this. It is not for me to say why some proportion of our best writing has not reached you: rather I will suggest a few reasons why some of your best has not reached us. Roughly speaking only three sorts of literature have come over to us: "best sellers" (we have them, too!)—sentimental, erotico-religious, tedious stuff; novels of commercial heroics and the dust of the superfine. The first sort we make ourselves. You can find it on any railway book-stall wrapped in flaming covers which portray the singular situations in which an ever-virginal heroine may find herself during her voyage through a world of aristocratic villains, eastern dancers, athletic heroes and parsons with the air of "juvenile leads"! Yes, they are there, both yours and ours. The transpontine variety differs only in the richer juiciness of the sentiment and the less flagrant eroticism of the situations. . . .

The second sort—novels of commercial adventure—we could not altogether understand. Frank Norris had some success but on the whole, since these novels dealt with a spirit of commercial adventure somewhat foreign to our temperament and in combinations of trusts, banks, deals and "boosts" the counterparts of which are recognized only by few in our life, these books did not command popularity.

Lastly there were the superfine and here I am afraid I must be personal. A certain American poet, come to live among us, antagonized the majority of those who were longing to hear what the real American poets were doing. I will not advertise his name. He does not need my help. He is an adept.

Such were the main impediments. Despite them we managed to know something of your work and when we could get hold of the true matter it invariably enjoyed success. What is more, we were willing to give the unknown a big chance. We were the first to print the initiatory volumes of two of your best poets—Robert Frost's "A Boy's Will" (David Nutt, 1913), and T. S. Eliot's "Prufrock" (The Egoist Press). In addition we have been the first to publish volumes by other American poets of repute—Zoe Akins's "interpretations" (Grant Richards), Aldington's "Images" (Poetry Book Shop), Walter de la Mare's* "Songs of Childhood", John Gould Fletcher's "Fire and Wine" (Grant Richards), F. S. Flint's "In the Net of the Stars" (Elkin Mathews), and William Carlos Williams's "The Tempers" (Elkin Matthews).† That fact best demonstrates, I think, a real demand for America's poetry. It cannot be sufficiently regretted that (as far as I know) the wonderful work of Vachel Lindsay has not been published upon our side. I do not know whether Messrs. Macmillan have made any attempt to lay it before the British public. If they have done so, I have not met with it, and this despite the fact that I have made the very greatest efforts to keep abreast of all the best poetry published on the other side.

It will be observed that I have dealt chiefly with poetry. I regret that this should be so but it arises from the fact that whatever title I have to distinction arises from my connection with poetry. Though there has arisen a great wave of renewed interest in poetry, it does not yet command a

*I believe that I am correct in stating that my friend, Mr. de la Mare, is an American by birth.

†I have taken these additional facts from the bibliography of "The New Poetry" edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Henderson, and I presume these are correct. The matter of Frost and Eliot was already known to me.

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greater audience than prose. If then there is such interest in American poetry, what proportions may not the interest in American prose now attain? I foresee the time when the work of such men as Hergesheimer will command in England as large a public as it does here. But Hergesheimer is a novelist. What of your short-story writers, by far the best short-story writers in the world? In Britain we have numerous magazines simply crying out for good short-stories. Our short-stories in popular magazines are, as a whole, execrable. In America, the land where there is hardly time for the business man and woman to read a long novel, you have built up a new form: the storyette. It is a work of great compression. The writer has in your picturesque phrase "to get away with it" in half an hour's reading.

The short-story is by far the most difficult art form in the world of letters. That art form you have mastered. Display, then, to us this mastership. The short-stories by authors of European nationality—such as Maupassant, Strindberg and Tchekhov (the greatest short-story writer the world has ever seen) command a good public in Britain. In addition, we have short-story writers of our own—Conrad, Cunningham, Graham, Galsworthy, D. H. Lawrence, and others. But on the whole these reach only the "Intelligencia". We want more writers of short-stories about the people and for the people—such pithy, pathetic and humorous stories as I find over here. Let us have the work for instance of such a man as Irvin Cobb. Recently I picked up an American magazine containing a description of a big hotel by this writer. I was amazed. Here was a writer whose prose style reminded me of the popular idiomatic style of the Elizabethan Decker and we did not know him! I showed the article to several literary friends, men and women well acquainted with all that is best in contemporary literature. All agreed that this writer was a famous fellow, a writer whom not only the literary but the vast bulk of readers could enjoy, and yet, "I'm sorry, Nichols, but we've never heard of him".

Let us see then more of the work of such men as Cobb. How is this exchange to come about? How are we to get to know the true American writers?

I suggest that on each side of the Atlantic a committee of young writers be set up and that every month a bundle of books be exchanged. Each group of young writers must be young people without financial connection with any publisher; that is, they must not be publishers' readers, and that sort of thing, yet they must be in touch with publishers. I suggest to publishers on both sides that they form a little combine to finance such an arrangement, paying to each member of these committees a small fee, but that the actual names of the members remain unknown and that the committee meet in secret. Thus, we shall avoid any pressure being put upon the committees by publishers and at the same time insure that publishers only publish the best work. The British Committee will examine the bundle submitted by the Americans and choose from it such books as they think fit. These books will be then submitted to British publishers for their consideration. The same will happen on this side.

There will be associated with each committee an expert or experts in the psychology of each nation, who will advise as to the degree of popularity

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the book is likely to achieve. In the event of any book securing a very great success I suggest that the publisher pay a small percentage toward the publishers' fund for maintaining these committees. The psychologist will of course also be paid, since on him depends to a large degree the success of the book—because (for instance) he will be able to point out that certain brands of American humor will not be understood by the British, just as certain dialect works of the British will not and cannot be understood by the Americans.

I suggest that these committees be committees of true artists, of young, eager, open artists—such men as really love letters and welcome good new work. For in the long run only what is really good will tell.

Such are my views. Such are the suggestions that, with all timidity, I put forward. Were it possible, I would try to form these committees myself. Owing to the pressure of my present work, this is not possible. But I have thought fit to make these suggestions in the hope that they may meet the eye of others who in this present time wish for nothing more than a better understanding between the two nations. I have spoken frankly. I have not minced matters. I hope I shall not be misunderstood.

In Britain we have a very old, and, I think, a very wonderful tradition of authorship. We have produced some of the greatest literature in the world. We have living now many fine writers —poets, novelists and biographers. In this country you have a certain amount of tradition. Edgar Allan Poe brought a sense of prose form to English letters it had hardly known before. Walt Whitman has a European influence. Hawthorne has taught us the full properties of subtlety and cadence inherent in English. But beyond the immense value of the tradition you have energy. From the great intermixture of races which you have welded into one uprises the voice of the American, and in this English-speaking voice the properties of all those nations plus something new, that is entirely your own, becomes vocal.

Of your poets, those which are most American—Whitman, Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Frost and Vachel Lindsay command the greatest success among those of us who love letters. We wish to hear more. Once we know you we can appreciate. We are not quick, but what we have we hold with a real tenacity. This English tongue is not dead. In England we have a New Renaissance; in this country I see signs of another coming to rapid birth. What may we not do together —neither sacrificing one jot of the national characteristics but both using the same tongue—that language which is perhaps the most capable of variety, of cadence in the world?

Let the butterfly—so strange and so beautiful—which settled close to me upon the liner as I approached the New World, be not a mere happy accident. Let it be a symbol of the coming of American beauty to us as the green book of poems I took from my pocket is the symbol of the British beauty that I am about to endeavor to bring to you.

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GETTING TOGETHER

A Reply to Mr. Nichols

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

America and England need just the kind of literary *entente cordiale* which Mr. Nichols suggests. A getting together in all branches of intellectual as well as political endeavor is necessary if the two countries are to realize that close contact which the war has brought about. For my own part, having just returned, as I write this, from a pilgrimage to Britain, I was amazed, in several talks with writers in London, to find a curious ignorance of the younger group of American poets.

Scarcely one of the names I mentioned to Mr. Nichols, for instance, was known to him. He was totally unfamiliar with the work of Edith Thomas; and men like Hagedorn, Henderson, Aiken, Benét, Ficke, Johns, Neihardt, Oppenheim, Sandburg, Sterling, Torrence, Untermeyer and Wheelock were likewise unknown to him. He had heard, as I recall it, only of our Theodosia Garrison and Amy Lowell. The other rooms in our thrilling treasure-house—those which contained the pastels of such women as Miss Teasdale, Mrs. Conkling, Miss Rittenhouse and Miss Widdemer—were as tightly closed to him as Bluebeard's closet. Yet we knew almost by heart Sassoon, Gibson, Drinkwater, Stephens, Hueffer, Mr. Nichols himself, and the rest of all that splendid host which has come after Noyes and Masefield.

What is the reason for this strange ignorance on the part of the British reader, the British lover of letters? I think it is due to a national characteristic—a willingness to become acquainted with us, but an innate shyness about coming forward and making the first advances. Introduce Frost and Masters, and a cordial reception follows; but we must make the first advances here, even as we must make them in our social life. We, because we are the younger civilization, must do the wooing; and once the literary ice has been broken we will find a warmth of affection for the sterling stuff we have to offer.

For our new poetry, like our new short-stories, which Mr. Nichols praises so unstintingly, will stand the acid test, because of its youthful vigor and beauty. A song of New York will be appreciated by any Londoner; though we know we can never, for the life of us, give Fifth Avenue, so coldly named, the romantic flavor of Piccadilly. Yet the stern granite and agate of Manhattan are as beautiful as the smoky greyness of the English capital, and the hills of Connecticut are as lovely as the Devonshire downs—in quite another way. The hansom has gone from London and Liverpool, as, unhappily, it has gone from New York, Chicago and San Francisco; but the song of the universal taxicab can be translated into any tongue. Only, we need no translation where England is concerned.

All the simpler, then, to make our poetry understood on the other side of the water; and surely if O. Henry, Miss Hurst, Miss Ferber and Mr. Cobb are comprehended by the British, why should our poets fail to

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be appreciated? For a meadow-lark is a meadow-lark everywhere, while Emma McChesney and Judge Priest are, when all is said, provincial types.

We need a little more of the spreading of the gospel of beauty. I read a wonderful poem in the October "English Review" by Muriel Stuart. I had never before heard her name; yet she has published, I straightway discovered, at least one volume of verse, and is well known in England, almost corresponding in reputation there to Miss Widdemer here. When a new planet swims into our ken, let us, after our happy American habit, advertise the fact that a fresh glory is in the heavens; and let the British do likewise.

Mr. Nichols's idea for the diffusion of the news is an excellent one. It has the added virtue of being practical. Now it merely remains for one or two enterprising publishers in both his country and mine to put it into effect. Who will do it?

We should also have an exchange of professors in our universities. Alfred Noyes, because he is a magnetic reader and lecturer, has always left behind him throughout the United States a trail of interest in English poetry. If he, with his broad culture, is popular here, I am sure that Vachel Lindsay with his deep voice and stirring personality would be equally popular in Great Britain.

PRUSSIANIZING AMERICAN SCHOOLS

BY GUSTAVUS OHLINGER

The leaders of the German movement in America have always contended that history text-books used in the public schools were replete with falsifications; that they showed most astounding omissions; that they intentionally slighted heroes of German descent and overlooked the part the German element had played in the development of the country. They criticized, too, the omission of German history from the school curricula. "Only with a background of German political history, and above all, of the history of German Kultur, can a proper understanding of American history be obtained; only through the knowledge of the history of Germany can there be awakened in the German-American youth the well justified pride in their descent", so the Alliance declared at one of its conventions. Year by year, as national consciousness was intensified, they took deeper umbrage at these supposed affronts to their worth and insisted that the entire instruction in history called loudly for thoroughgoing reform.

This feeling gave rise to the formation throughout the country of German historical societies—a definitely related phase of the German movement. The German-American Historical Society, a national organization, was incorporated in 1901, and began to affiliate with itself existing societies. Their purpose was the investigation, collection and publication of material relating to the history and culture of Germans in America, and to provide that due

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recognition be given to their efforts and achievements. The National Alliance encouraged the work, and urged its members to form affiliated historical societies in every county and city. "It is absolutely necessary", it decided, "to have a history of the United States written which will convincingly show the part Germans have had in the development of the country as compared with the other elements of the population, in order to give the American people a proper conception of the subject. The Alliance should undertake to have such a work published, and should see to it that it is used as a basis for the teaching of American history in our public schools." Professor Goebel, in his book, "Germanism in North America", published by the Pan-German League, urged that an outline treatise of German-American history be prepared and its introduction in the public schools undertaken.

To effect the desired reforms a delegation from the Alliance appeared before a committee of the American Historical Association in 1909—it was felt that this committee had an important influence on the text-books used and the courses of instruction. But the representations of the Alliance were unavailing.

Other plans for meeting the situation had therefore to be devised. In those districts where Germans were in the majority, the text-books could be controlled through the election of the members of the school board. But this would not accomplish the result principally desired—the enlightenment of Americans in those districts where the Americans were numerically stronger.

The school committee therefore hit upon an original plan. "To reach an American one must get at his pocketbook", the chairman reported. The Alliance could best accomplish its purposes by allying itself with some energetic publishing house that had put out a book most nearly approaching the German point of view. The Alliance could endorse such a book, and through its numerous branches advertise it, bring it to the attention of school boards, and secure its adoption. Requests for the insertion of other desirable matter could then be made of the publishers from time to time. Such a course was actually pursued in the case of "Bourne and Benton's School History of the United States", induced, no doubt, by these gratifying paragraphs:

> They (the Germans) came in such numbers that they almost succeeded in making Wisconsin a German state. Some parts of the West became a New Germany, just as Pennsylvania had been in the eighteenth century. To-day a large majority of the people of Wisconsin are German immigrants or their descendants.
>
> *Some Special Debts to the Germans.*—The Germans were better taught than most of the native Americans, because a new system of schools had been established in Germany. The skilled workingmen and the farmers were well trained. As citizens they helped to make better schools in the United States. Furthermore, American students began to go to Germany for higher education. In still other ways they deeply influenced American life. They had a taste and love for music and painting and sculpture that few Americans had at that time. Wherever they went they became the teachers of these arts. In a multitude of ways—by singing societies, gymnastic organizations, open-air celebrations, fairs and frolics and festivals—they added to the wholesome pleasures of life.

The book was endorsed by a number of state alliances and an active propaganda was undertaken in its behalf.

At the same time a covert threat

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was exercised upon all publishers of text-books through the request that they submit copies of their publications. They were made to appreciate the financial loss they would incur if they ignored Germanism in their presentation of history. Professor Samuel B. Harding, of the University of Indiana, relates an interesting incident in this connection. Early in 1915, he prepared a chapter on the present war for use in a text-book. He read it before the historical society of the university. Within two weeks there were forwarded to him by his publishers letters which they had received demanding that the chapter be omitted from the book, and practically threatening a boycott, not merely of that particular book, but of the firm as well. A letter from the educational committee of one of the state alliances threatened to bring the matter before the annual convention of the National German-American Alliance at its session in August, 1915.

The most insidious of all forms of German propaganda was that conducted through text-books used in the public schools, and the fact that much of this propaganda was produced unconsciously and innocently by American-born scholars is convincing evidence of our shortcomings in not insisting upon education in political and institutional history. A native American teacher in a Chicago high school produced a reading book for beginners in German. In it he contrasts the spirit of modern Germany with that of America in this wise:

> In our country where every youth in his first year in school learns that he may be president some day—where parents permit their children to look down upon their modest callings, where the higher professions are overcrowded, manual labor despised, the farms deserted, we often find in the serving class a weak, discontented class of people. In sharp contrast to them were the people who served us in Germany. They knew what they had to do and did it without feeling that it injured their dignity.

The author then goes on to tell of the punctilious attention given by the hotel porter, the chambermaid, and the baggage-hustler at the station—and all for a few pfennigs! The service of the chambermaid especially appealed to him. One could throw one's soiled linen on the bed or on the floor, ring the bell and she would attend to it all. In twenty-four hours it would be back, and no distinction would be made between Sundays and week-days! How the author longed to kidnap one of these neat German girls and take her to America! At night one would find the bed curtains drawn, the covers laid down and the nightgown ready. But as conditions in his own country flash upon his mind, the author's conscience smites him:

> In my heart I thought how foolish she would be if she came to America. How much she would lose! And what would be the gain? More money—and of what use would that be to her?
>
> This system suits me (exclaims the writer finally in ecstacy, after recounting the comforts of life in Germany). And the prices! Compare them with what would be demanded in New York. A bum wanted a dollar for carrying three small handbags three blocks for us to the station!

And he recounts how they refused his proffer, and how a little nearer to the station another individual offered to perform the service for fifty cents. This also was refused, and then, within a block and a half of their destination, another man offered to carry the baggage for twenty-five cents. He carried it a short distance and then turned it over to a boy to whom he gave a nickel for completing the task, keeping twenty

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cents for himself. And this incident the author gives as typical of America—a country where those who perform the actual labor are not the ones to receive the compensation.

The glorification of the Kaiser is the purpose of another reader entitled "Wilhelm der Siegreiche", or "William the Victorious". Note this specimen of adulation:

Such was his first thought when the trumpet blast of victory first fell upon his ears. Many rulers have shown themselves to be great in misfortune, but only a few of them, like Emperor Wilhelm, great while lucky. True to his convictions, he could pray to the Highest War Lord, who leads the army of stars, because He had manifested Himself to him through many expressions and tokens. And as a Christian and a hero paying heed to these tokens, the Emperor had acquired a keen ear for God's words, a keen ear for hints which always made him follow the right path.

"Im Vaterland"—a book which the author, a publisher of text-books, confesses was "made in Germany"—provides for American schoolchildren a song, to be sung to the tune of "America", which runs in translation as follows:

Hail to thee in victory,
Leader of the fatherland!
Hail, Kaiser, to thee!
Feel in your brilliant throne,
The highest and greatest joy,
Darling of the people!
Hail, Kaiser, to thee.

Not horse and trooper,
Make secure the exalted height,
Where our prince stands!
The love of the Fatherland,
The love of the freeman,
Support the ruler's throne,
As a rock in the sea.

Glow, holy flame!
Glow, and never die,
For fatherland.
We all stand ready now,
Courageous for one man,
Gladly we'll fight and bleed,
For throne and empire!

Be, Kaiser, long here with your people,
Pride of humanity!
Feel on your throne
The greatest and highest joy!
Darling of thy people,
Hail, Kaiser, to thee!

"Writing and Speaking German"—a text-book prepared by a Cornell professor, and ostensibly merely a collection of exercises for translation—devotes an entirely disproportionate amount of space to the Kaiser. His childhood, his student days in the gymnasium at Cassel, and then in the University at Bonn, all are idealized. This selection, which the student is expected to translate into German, concludes:

Although the German Emperor is a soldier through and through, it would be a mistake to consider him a monarch anxious for war. On the contrary, he seeks with all his might to preserve the German people from the horror of war. The best proof of his peaceful disposition is the fact that Germany has had no war for forty years.

The universities are treated in the following manner:

The development of the German universities during the nineteenth century since the founding of the University of Berlin in October, 1810, just a hundred years ago, presents a splendid picture. The universities have had an inestimable influence on the German civilization and even upon the political history and the economic progress of the country. Their representation is international and they occupy the first place among the scientific institutions of the world. Students and professors from all countries go to Germany to attend the universities and bring the methods and ideals of the German universities back with them to their own lands. The instruction at the American universities is based largely on German investigation and a large part of the professors at many of our colleges have spent at least one semester in a German university.

Another exercise is an apology for German militarism:

On three sides Germany has open boundaries over which strong armies could easily march, if it were not ready

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for war at any time. No other great power of Europe is in such a dangerous position. A strong army is a necessity and now a powerful fleet seems to be just as necessary if Germany is to maintain its place among the great powers. Germany, however, desires quiet and peace and would not begin a war without reason. Indeed, the world has to thank Germany that peace has reigned so long in Europe. . . .

As we have seen, Germany is forced by its position in the middle of the powerful European states to have a great army. . . .

In order to maintain its position, Germany dare not give up its army, and it stands now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, as the first military power of Europe and, as we have already seen, the third sea power.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, Germany still maintains its leading place in the field of art and science. Its laboratories and hospitals serve the other nations as models, its universities and conservatories are world-famed and are attended by students from all parts of the world. But now we may no longer think of Germany as a land merely of thinkers and dreamers, a land of poets, composers and scholars. Germany is no longer one-sided. It has now become an industrial and political power and we may confidently expect in the future, progress in all fields of human activity.

The German arguments for colonial expansion are put forth as follows:

The great problem of Germany in the twentieth century is the founding of new colonies and the development of its trade with its new colonies and with foreign lands. The German territory has now become too small for the German people. The sixty-eight million Germans need more land than they now possess in Europe. Therefore the present colonial policy of Germany is not merely a game; it is a necessity.

And finally the author throws a sop to American sensibilities by proclaiming that "the German Constitution is in many respects similar to the Constitution of the United States".

Why, we may ask, the lugging of all this foreign matter into a textbook on German composition? It has no appropriate place in such a work. Can it be said that in view of the attitude taken by the National German-American Alliance on school text-books, and in deference to their plans for endorsing and securing the adoption of such books as met with their approval, it behooved a writer to insert such material, and a publisher to give it prominence? Of one thing, however, we may be certain—after a student has labored over these exercises, translated them into German and discussed them in class, his mind is so thoroughly saturated with ideas favorable to Germany that it is ready to react to the crudest form of propaganda.

The propaganda found its way even into an English speller. It is seldom indeed that space is found in such a work for pieces of composition. Nevertheless the books used in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades of the Chicago public schools gave space to two prose selections: one of a dozen lines describing the aptness of the natives of Central Australia in identifying the tracks of birds and animals and another which reads as follows:

THE KAISER IN THE MAKING

In the *gymnasium* at Cassel the German *Kaiser* spent three years of his boyhood, a *diligent* but not a *brilliant* pupil, ranking tenth among *seventeen candidates* for the *university*.

Many tales are told of this *period* of his life, and one of them, at least is *illuminating*.

A *professor*, it is said, wishing to curry favor with his royal pupil, informed him *overnight* of the chapter in Greek that was to be made the *subject* of the next day's lesson.

The young *prince* did what many boys would not have done. As soon as the classroom was *opened* on the following morning, he entered and wrote *conspicuously* on the blackboard the information that had been given him.

One may say, *unhesitatingly*, that a boy capable of such an action has the root of a fine character in him, possesses that

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chivalrous sense of fair play which is the nearest thing to *religion* that may be looked for at that age, hates *meanness* and *favoritism*, and will, *wherever possible*, expose them. There is in him a *fundamental* bent toward what is clean, manly and aboveboard.

One may well imagine the indignation that would have been aroused by any similar reference to King George or to Edward VII! But so completely had we been hypnotized by the prestidigitations of Kultur that these obtrusions in our school books were not even noticed until after war had aroused us from our trance!

But Germanism did not stop with the grade schools nor with the high schools. It included the institutions of higher learning. Here, too, its objects were twofold: first, to retain for Germanism the allegiance of those of German descent, and, second, to bring the rest of the population into submission to Kultur. A pamphlet published and circulated in 1916 by the German University League of New York—a league including in its membership not only native Germans, but native Americans, holding prominent positions in American universities—deplores the baneful influence of American institutions upon the youth of German descent:*

They went to Anglo-American schools and colleges, and they succumbed; not only intellectually, but much more seriously, racially. It is a very sorry sight to-day to find that many, unknown thousands of German descendants, and particularly those that had enjoyed greater privileges, *have been estranged to the German cause;* yes, there are many Germans that are not only indifferent but opposed to the German spirit of to-day, that do not understand and neither feel any longer the inspiration of the German idea in the world. They have learned to think Anglo-American.

*The italics in the quotations following are Mr. Ohlinger's.

Thereupon the writer exclaims:

There is room for a true German University!

Hundreds of Americans yearly go to German universities, and thousands more would welcome its opportunities; so the sympathy of Americans would be assured for such an undertaking, but what is most important, with it, an organ would be created that would give the German element an even chance to develop, to develop from a second-class citizen to a first-class one, perhaps, the first-class citizen of this great country.

But not enough, a university will never accomplish that alone; what is needed as much, if not first, is an educational system from bottom up—German schools, genuine German "gymnasien"—not compromises, but all of them genuinely German, with German as the principal language all the way through. A university cannot be what she ought to be unless she is fed by corresponding preparatory schools; and you cannot turn out German scientists without German "gymnasien" and kindred schools.

Professor Julius Goebel is more modest in his suggestions:

More than ever before our race, which has finally come to a self-conscious life, requires a central point, a common hearth of German Kultur from which light and warmth would radiate. For the accomplishment of this high aim, I see in my mind an institute for German Kultur, fashioned somewhat after the model of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. This could be the meeting place for prominent German-American and Imperial German scholars, on which the exchange of the cultural possessions of both peoples could take place in a fructifying manner. Here there should be cultivated, in addition to German-American history, the past cultural relations between Germany and America—German language and literature, German history, German ethnology, German history of Art and German philosophy. From this place the results of the investigation would be spread by letter and by word of mouth to the most distant circles of the nation. *For, although it would be the principal task of such an academy to bring on behalf of Kultur new life to our German-American race, still it would have to impart no less vigorously German Kultur to the Anglo-American portion of the population. In this manner only could the sound thought at the basis of the exchange professorships be made fruitful and be made to materialize.*

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The project for a university modeled along the lines of those in Germany, in which the German language, literature and culture would be given prominence, was brought forward at several conventions of the National German-American Alliance. While favorably discussed, the time did not seem ripe for the undertaking, and the Alliance therefore devoted itself to influencing existing institutions. The first step, of course, was to secure greater recognition for the German language. As an entrance requirement it should be placed on the same footing as Latin. This reform was actually brought about in 1913 in the University of Nebraska. Latin came to be required only of medical students. "The teaching of German", so the school committee of the National German-American Alliance reported, "is therefore making great headway in the high schools of the state at the expense of Latin."

In 1913, at its St. Louis convention, the National German-American Alliance organized a committee for the "establishment of relations with American universities for the promotion of German Kultur", and appointed on the committee members of the faculties of Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan. Questionnaires were sent to five hundred and forty-six colleges and universities in the United States for the purpose of ascertaining the number of students taking courses in German, the number of these that were of German descent, and what contributions to German-American history had been made by instructors or students in the German departments.

But the most ambitious part of the committee's program was a huge Bismarck celebration, staged at one of the leading state universities of the Middle West. Curiously enough, this strangely exotic affair was planned for the year 1914—the Bismarck centennial did not occur until 1915. However, the university outdid itself in honor of the German statesman. Never had the campus witnessed so imposing a demonstration in honor of any hero, foreign or domestic. The great university auditorium was loaned for the occasion—a thing that had never been done before—members of the faculty turned out *en masse*, the state schoolmasters, then in session, adjourned for the event. German societies from all the cities of the state attended, music was furnished by the university glee club, by members of the conservatory and by the assembled männerchors, a member of the National German-American Alliance acted as chairman, and the guest of the occasion, the cynosure of all eyes, was the Imperial German Consul-General from Chicago, who delivered an address on "Germany's Economic Development since 1871".

Before the end of the year the offices and staff of the consulate general in Chicago were being used to hire thugs and purchase dynamite to destroy by wholesale lives and property in the state which supported that university.

And when the hirelings of the Chicago consulate general were finally caught, and the facts disclosed in the course of a long trial in the district court, many who had joined in doing honor to Germany's representative bethought themselves of the strangely ironical fate that had decreed that the famous Bismarck celebration of 1914 should fall on All Fools' Day!

This incident does not apply sole-

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ly to the one university involved; on the contrary, it is illustrative of the ascendancy which Kultur had acquired in all our institutions of learning and in our entire educational system.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

Somebody has hinted darkly to Somebody Else that there are not going to be any Christmas presents this year; but we shall see what we shall see when Christmas morning comes. It is true that we must feed the hungry peoples—sinners and sinned-against alike—and rebuild what has been so ruthlessly torn down. On the other hand, we cannot forget that this is the most glorious Christmas the world has known since the first Christmas of all; and that no celebration can be too beautiful to usher in the peace of nations.

Certainly the publishers are anticipating no decrease in the demand for books. There is even greater busyness than usual in the tall new lodges where they ply their trade. One who enters, seeking information, catches tantalizing glimpses of bright cover-jackets and multicolored posters, and feels the burgeoning of Christmas—days before it begins to spread its flowering in the shop-windows down below.

A visit to the offices of the purveyors of good literature reveals the fact that at the present season there is no large preparation in the way of gift-books strictly so-called. There are not many of the old and solemn classics decked out in holiday garb, to weigh down the green branch of a Christmas tree, and then to lie unread upon a table throughout the year. Rather are there many books of rich rind and fresh inner sustenance, which are so various and so alluring that no taste in the slightest degree literary need go ungratified. These are distinctly times of unwonted mental stimulation, when the mere flummeries of the material life seem to have shrunk to less importance than ever before; when the things that are unseen begin to acquire a stronger reality than the things that are seen. To a thinking person—and who can now avoid the effort of thinking, indolent though he be?—a frilled collar or a brass ash-tray may possibly be an acceptable gift; but how much more so a book which gives him new insight into other men's lives, which enriches the treasures of his own spirit, or consoles him with the vividness of joy!

At the present time, then, though the gift-book *per se* appears to have but a small place upon the shelves, there is instead a plenteous choice of books suitable for gifts. They are in no sense lacking the outer attractions which hint of worth within. As to color and proportion, and the touch upon the fingers—loved of all book-lovers—they do not fail in charm; nor do they lack the beauty of that honest upstanding print which makes a clean figure before the world. And in pictures they abound.

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Fairy-tales and folk-lore have a particular appropriateness at Christmas, when we all return to the simplicities which we like to think prevailed in the childhood of the race. We give ourselves without reluctance to the imagination which overleaps our problems of meat and money, war and peace; and floats in the realms of magic and romance.

A noteworthy group of fairy and folk-lore books is being brought out for the holiday trade. These books are by no means juveniles, though one may be sure that the children will beg to be shown them, as a special treat on Sunday afternoons; and that the pages will be turned even then by careful grown-up hands. The bindings and the illustrations are too choice to be surrendered to smeary fingers; they are things to be cherished for years to come. Among the books of this sort is the "English Fairy Tales", retold by Flora Annie Steel, with pictures by Arthur Rackham. The language is of the simplest, as befits these tales of old time; not an unnecessary word cumbers the telling. Each story is a compact little unit, with its gnomes and goblins, its talking beasts and voluble pancakes astutely characterized. The pictures by Rackham are quaintly original and fanciful, as his work always is, with a delicate feeling for the faërie and grotesque. "Dream Boats, Portraits and Histories of Fauns, Fairies, and Fishes" is written and illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker. This whimsical artist has beforetime demonstrated his power to figure forth the oddnesses of faun and pixy; and here he has done no less than his best. Text and drawing tinkle with elfish laughter and scintillate with flitting wings.

An important contribution to folk-lore literature is an English translation of the ancient rogueries of Tyl Eulenspiegel, the legendary hero of Flanders. The present version of the "Owl-Glass" legends as they have long flourished in the Low Countries is by Charles de Coster, with an introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck, and the most delightful of woodcuts by M. Delstanche. The Rabelasian hilarities of Tyl are not only diverting in themselves but significant of the unquenchable vigor of the Flemish race. "Canadian Wonder Tales", by Cyrus Macmillan, with a foreword by Sir William Peterson of McGill University, is a volume which will be analyzed, no doubt, by folk-lore students; but equally will it give pleasure to the ordinary reader. These stories of porcupines and bears and caribou and warriors and beautiful maidens are authentic legends, still current among the Indians of Canada, and not altered in their new relating. The pictures are by George Sheringham, who has given to the colored plates a decorative quality at once unusual and satisfying. Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" are freshly bound, with a luxury of color- and pen-drawings by Harry Clarke. Lafcadio Hearn's "Japanese Fairy Tales" have also been prepared for this season's children of all ages.

Some of us are so prosaic that we cannot dwell for long in fairy-land, but prefer the solid ground and salt wet sea. For such of us there is no end of books, by means of which we may travel to the far corners of the earth, or discover new enchantment in the paths of every day. Travel by proxy seems almost compulsory at present; and after all it is not the least edifying of methods. The high cost of railroad and steamship

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tickets, the prohibitive price of lodgings, and the terrors of the tipping system combine to make us well content to do our journeying in books.

A volume which carries us into the green of the tropics, and yet delivers us from both landlord and crocodile is "In the Wilds of South America", by Leo E. Miller, of the American Museum of Natural History. It may sound a bit formidable, but emphatically it is not—except perhaps in the matter of avoirdupois; one wishes that it might be more easily held before the eyes, while one lies back among pillows, enjoying the freshness of its pages. This notable work, which is a model of what a good book of travels should be, represents six years of exploration in the northern half of South America, especially in Colombia, Venezuela, and Bolivia—regions as remote as Mars to most stay-at-home travelers. It gives to us the sweep of great rivers, the splash of waterfalls, the mystery of hot labyrinthine jungles, the wonder of brilliant birds and hitherto unknown races of animals and men. The author's style imparts a peculiar vivacity to the book. Another record of travels in South America is William Beebe's "Jungle Peace", in which the savage places of Guiana are made to buzz and blossom for the reader as for the naturalist-author. Mr. Beebe, it seems, after seeing service in France and returning with a broken wrist, fled to the jungle for refuge from the clamors of these latter days. Birds and beasts and Colonel Roosevelt enliven the pages of his book: one wonders whether he really found peace and quiet, after all!

"Camps and Trails in China" is still another tale of adventure in strange lands. The authors, Roy and Yvette Andrews, penetrated into Central Asia, where they camped above the clouds, hunted the blue tiger (whatever sort of creature that may be), and had the narrowest of escapes from rebels and plunderers and cutthroats. Incidentally, they made collections of flora and fauna for scientific purposes. Their thrilling experiences stir the envy of less eager spirits; yet what happiness to share the thrills and still be safe within home walls. A second Celestial volume, by Gulielma Alsop, is called "My Chinese Days". Coming back to our own land, we find that the "See America First" Series has had added to it "Colorado, the Queen Jewel of the Rockies", with the text by Mae Lacy Baggs. The illustrations are from photographs, with a sprinkling of colored plates. The book is valuable for its carefully collected details of geography and history, and it would be useful as a preliminary to a visit, for whatever purpose, to the State of Colorado. In the same series is "Florida, the Land of Enchantment", written, appropriately, by Mr. Winter. Another "glorified guide-book" is T. M. Longstreth's "The Catskills". The golden sky and purple mountains upon the cover afford a hint of what the very ably written text contains.

Three books about cities are included in our Christmas list. Who that has ever had a glimpse of little old New York, to say nothing of those super-fortunates who live within its wide embrace, would not be overjoyed to receive a copy of Mr. Maurice's "Fifth Avenue"? Here the very life of the great thoroughfare pulses before us: its history, its chief events, its gaieties and solemnities. A long procession of distinction files down the vista from Central

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Park to Washington Square: General Grant, and Edgar Allan Poe, flamboyant millionaires and leaders of the "four hundred", fire-eyed philanthropists and saunterers in cabarets, and others and still others, concluding gloriously with the heroes of Verdun. The book may be read through consecutively for its literary and human interest, or used as a basis for observing rambles. "The Romance of Old Philadelphia", by John T. Faris, recreates the scenes and personages of the earlier days in the city of Quaker charm. A book about many cities is "Historic Shrines of America", also by John T. Faris. It is a scholarly piece of work, with much of history and biography within it, and yet it is lively and readable, as well. As the title indicates, it tells of homes and haunts and public buildings associated in some striking way with the development of our nation.

To many readers, a story of real life gives a pleasure beyond that of fiction, and for such there is a seducing array of new biographies. Of these, one which can scarcely fail to become a classic of self-revelation is Mr. W. H. Hudson's "Far Away and Long Ago". There is witchery in the very title. This narrative is of a boy—"a common little boy", the author says, "just a little wild animal, running about on its hind legs, amazingly interested in the world in which it found itself". The deep impressions made upon the lad in his home land of Argentina are transferred to the reader, who finds his own heart beating faster with the strangeness of it all—the shifting vision of the pampas, clear open sky and lashing tempests of hail, serpents and bright birds, wild horses, negroes, Spaniards, and greedy adventurers who range at large over the plantations and plains. The tale is told with the art which is so much instinct that it appears mere effortless ease.

An autobiography which concerns itself with as different a life as can be imagined is Kathleen Howard's "Confessions of an Opera Singer". This has not, to be sure, the literary perfection of Mr. Hudson's work, but the spell of personality in it is very real. It tells, too, precisely the things which one wants to know about an opera singer studying and performing in Europe—where she got her money, and how she lived, and what she wore, and how much she earned, and who planned her costumes, and how she acquired her languages, and who her teachers were, and how she made her engagements, and what life meant to her, generally and specifically. All this and much more is frankly revealed by Miss Howard, with a colloquial style and a frequently humorous turn. But in reading "Out of the Shadow", by Rose Cohen, one finds himself with a lump in the throat; not because there is any attempt to play upon the emotions, but because the book is so infinitely sincere, and so saturated with honest courage. This is the self-told story of a Russian immigrant girl and how she made her way here in America. The life of the family (East Side Jewish people) was of the hardest and bitterest, with sorrow as a daily portion. "I wonder how it seems to be happy", says the little sister. Then, long after, money comes, and friends come, and love comes, too; and so the heart is out of its shadow and knows how it feels to be happy. Lilian Whiting, traveler, literary woman, and lover

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of the beautiful, has written a book of reminiscences called "The Golden Road", a delightfully rambling narrative which will be eagerly read by the author's admirers. "Over the Seas for Uncle Sam", by Elaine Sterne, is a succession of tales of valor as the author heard them from the officers and men in the American navy. Miss Sterne has related them in the first person, with the picturesque directness of the men from whom they came.

From autobiography to biography in the third person is an easy leap. "Shelley's Elopement", by Alexander Harvey, is for those who have a cynical taste for the sordid details in high romance. It is the dash of condiment in our Christmas feast of books. Here we see Shelley eating raisins while he discourses of philosophy and marriage; Jane Clairmont (whom "Bysshe" called his "dearest Claire") exclaiming, "La, now Ma, how you talk"; and the statuesque Mary flinging a wet dishcloth at Mrs. Godwin, who breaks her glasses in the fray. The publishers have done a fine bit of work in the craftsmanship of the book, where the poem of "Adonais" runs, a thread of gold, from margin to margin, and the print and paper are of a gratifying excellence.

Absolutely different in tone is Lytton Strachey's dignified but always clever collection of biographies called "Eminent Victorians". Two of the most vital are those which concern themselves with the tremendous energy of Florence Nightingale and the martyrdom of that great general, Gordon. The scholarly and rather acrid method will please the trained reader; and he will enjoy this new illumination cast upon the fading splendor of the Victorian Age. The man who transcribed the wisdom of Uncle Remus has long been known and loved; so that the biography of Joel Chandler Harris is assured of a welcome. It has been written with as much good judgment as affection, by his daughter-in-law, Julia Collier Harris. The biographies which have just been mentioned are all worth commending for their attractiveness and interest; but it is difficult to restrain the extravagance of praise for the two beautiful volumes of "The Private Life of Marie Antoinette", personal recollections of Madame Campan, First Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. To the sophisticated mind, the reading of these memoirs is a sprightly enough diversion, but the owner of the books would love them most for the flawless art of printer and binder, who have given the volumes such a permanent grace of paper, engraving, and tooling. Extremely handsome, too, are the six volumes of the "Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon", newly translated and edited by Francis Arkwright. They would form an imposing acquisition to any library, public or private.

The shelves of the publishers offer a true Christmas bewilderment to the seeker for a book of poetry or belles-lettres which he may give away. Here is a book with a wine-dark cover, which bears the words "Gitanjali and Fruit Gathering", by Rabindranath Tagore. The pictures are Oriental prints of exotic beauty. The pages hold the almost intolerable sweetness of East Indian poesy, which confuses or delights the Occidental reader, according to his temperament and his demand for a moral stimulus. And here is the very antithesis of "Gitanjali"—the "Ardours and Endurances" of the

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young English poet, Robert Nichols; full of the passionate action, the rending endeavors, the sickening griefs of the battle-line. It is lofty and lovely poetry, but stern in its deeper moods—not to be read by the faint-hearted. It should be given with meticulous selection, not with random generosity.

There is still more poetry: John Gould Fletcher's "Japanese Prints", brief bits of unrhymed verse, with the delicacy of cherry blossoms on rice paper; Judd Mortimer Lewis's "Christmas Days", full of children and cheer, home and humanity—a capital gift for the perennially young; Walter Prichard Eaton's exhilarating out-of-door verses, "Echoes and Realities"; the "Vita Nuova" of Rossetti taking new life from a gorgeousness of silver and vellum. Lola Ridge has made some poetic pictures of "The Ghetto", expressed in modern verse, with sincerity and freshness. James Joyce's "Chamber Music" is a slender book of lyrics sweetly turned. Of a dowager-plumpness beside it are two volumes which ought to make every household happy. These are Carolyn Wells Houghton's "Such Nonsense", an anthology of the best humorous verse; and the new edition of Burton Stevenson's "The Home Book of Verse", with its four thousand pages of pure poetry.

A book such as nearly everybody has been looking for is "Songs of Men", compiled by Robert Frothingham. It is a collection of verse for men, with a swinging range of the gamut of emotions; it sings of camping and seafaring, of mining and mountain-climbing, of cow-punching and horse-wrangling, of prospecting, pioneering, loving, and fighting. From the woodsman to the college professor, every man will read this small volume with keen delight. It is bound in orange-colored boards, of a size that will slip easily into a valise or an overcoat pocket.

"Walking-Stick Papers" is the name of a book of familiar essays by Robert Cortes Holliday. There is plenty of good talk in the world, but this is good talk with a tang to it, a very special flavor which it would be impossible to imitate. The book has all the ingredients of the best conversation—a large deal of fun-making, wit with a thrust of satire in it, friendly humor, not a little serious contemplation, and a touch of tenderness in unexpected places. A reprinted prose work shows Oscar Wilde at his best, in perfect restraint and superb smooth polish of phrase and word; this is "A House of Pomegranates", with a foreword by H. L. Mencken, and Beardsley-ish illustrations by the young Russian, Ben Kutcher. "The Blue Bird", also, appears in a new guise—an edition illustrated with photographs from the motion pictures of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; and beside it is "The Betrothal", a sequel to "The Blue Bird", translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Tyltyl and Mytyl appear again, with a great company of Ancestors; though we miss Sugar and Bread, as well as dear Dog and spiteful Cat.

A book which may be classified either as fiction or religion is "Abraham's Bosom", by Basil King. Of small size and attractively bound, it could safely be given to one of serious inclination. It is concerned, as many books are at present, with the Hereafter, and the view which it presents is consoling and even inspiring, since it insists upon the literalness of what we all more or less

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figuratively believe: that there is no death, and that all real life is spiritual. Three "picture books" of violently differing types complete our holiday list. One which would be a source of perpetual joy to its possessor is "Modern Art", an assembling of pictures by artists of the Allied nations. The wonderful colored plates are very modern indeed, but not too bizarre. Merely to turn the pages on a gloomy day would exhilarate the most jaded misanthrope. A pretty penny the book costs; but not too much if one wishes to give a really choice present to a discerning spirit. The scathing satires of Louis Raemaekers are collected in the new volume "America in the War"—"each cartoon faced with a page of comment by a distinguished American, the text forming an anthology of public opinion". These drawings will long retain their interest as a record of the outraged sentiment of a free nation. The third and last of our picture-books is E. Boyd Smith's "After they Came out of the Ark", being the merry adventures of Mr. Noah as the somewhat unwilling curator of the only original menagerie.

Having gone back to the Flood, we have found a good place to stop in our pursuit of Christmas books. We have discovered that all varieties and prices await the Christmas shopper; and that the only embarrassment he can suffer is an empty purse or an undecided mind—assuredly not any dearth of gift-books; that is to say, of books for gifts.

English Fairy Tales. By Flora Annie Steel. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. The Macmillan Co.

Dream Boats. By Dugald Stewart Walker. Illustrated by the author. Doubleday Page and Co.

Tyl Eulenspiegel. By Charles de Coster. With an Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. Woodcuts by M. Delstanche. Robert M. McBride and Co.

Canadian Wonder Tales. By Cyrus Macmillan. Foreword by Sir William Peterson. John Lane Co.

Fairy Tales. By Hans Andersen. Illustrated by Harry Clarke. Brentano's.

Japanese Fairy Tales. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boni and Liveright.

In the Wilds of South America. By Leo E. Miller. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Jungle Peace. By William Beebe. Henry Holt and Co.

Camps and Trails in China. By Roy Chapman Andrews and Yvette Borup Andrews. D. Appleton and Co.

My Chinese Days. By Gulielma Alsop. Little, Brown and Co.

Colorado, the Queen Jewel of the Rockies. By Mae Lacy Baggs. The Page Co.

Florida, the Land of Enchantment. By Nevin O. Winter. The Page Co.

The Catskills. By T. Morris Longstreth. The Century Co.

Fifth Avenue. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Illustrated by Allan G. Cram. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Romance of Old Philadelphia. By John T. Faris. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Historic Shrines of America. By John T. Faris. George H. Doran Company.

Far Away and Long Ago. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Confessions of an Opera Singer. By Kathleen Howard. Alfred A. Knopf.

Out of the Shadow. By Rose Cohen. George H. Doran Company.

The Golden Road. By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown and Co.

Over the Seas for Uncle Sam. By Elaine Sterne. Britton Pub. Co.

Shelly's Elopement. By Alexander Harvey. Alfred A. Knopf.

Eminent Victorians. By Lytton Strachey. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris. By Julia Collier Harris. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Private Life of Marie Antoinette. By Madame Campan. Memoir of Madame Campan. By F. Barrière. Revised by F. M. Graves. Introduction and notes by J. Holland Rose. Brentano's.

Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon. Translated and edited by Francis Arkwright. Brentano's.

Gitanjali and Fruit Gathering. By Rabindranath Tagore. Illustrated by Nandalal Bose, Surendranath Kar, and Others. The Macmillan Co.

Ardours and Endurances. By Robert Nichols. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Japanese Prints. By John Gould Fletcher. The Four Seas Company.

Christmas Days. By Judd Mortimer Lewis. The Robert J. Shores Corporation.

Echoes and Realities. By Walter Prichard Eaton. George H. Doran Company.

La Vita Nuova—The New Life of Dante. Translated by D. G. Rossetti. Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. Brentano's.

The Ghetto and Other Poems. By Lola Ridge. B. W. Huebsch.

Chamber Music. By James Joyce. B. W. Huebsch.

Such Nonsense. Compiled by Carolyn Wells. George H. Doran Company.

The Home Book of Verse. Compiled by Burton E. Stevenson. Henry Holt and Co.

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Songs of Men. Compiled by Robert Frothingham. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Walking-Stick Papers. By Robert Cortes Holliday. George H. Doran Company.

A House of Pomegranates. By Oscar Wilde. Foreword by H. L. Mencken. Illustrations by Ben Kutcher. Moffat, Yard and Co.

The Blue Bird. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Betrothal. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Abraham's Bosom. By Basil King. Harper and Bros.

Modern Art. Text by Charles Marriott and "Tis". Frederick A. Stokes Co.

America in the War. Cartoons by Louis Raemaekers. The Century Co.

After They Came Out of the Ark. By E. Boyd Smith. Illustrated by the author. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE UNDER THE REVOLUTION: PLAYS WITHIN A PLAY

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

It wasn't a promising prospect for a winter of calm consideration of the Russian Theatre, as I sat one morning in November, 1917, in the Yaroslavl station in Moscow on the bench which had been my couch the preceding night. Down by the Kremlin the big guns had been booming ever since my journey across Siberia had come to an end the previous afternoon. Out on the street in front of the station the rattle of small arms rose and fell with all the realism of a well-staged Western melodrama. Evidently I was to have my fill of drama *à la nature* and out of doors, if not within the confines of Aristotle and the four walls of a theatre.

Somewhat in the spirit of the defeated candidate who buys the cold grey newspapers the dawn of the morning after election, I had counted out my postage-stamp copecks at the station news-stand in payment for the latest copies of "The Theatrical Gazette" and "The Theatre and Art", weekly journalistic records respectively of the stages of Moscow and Petrograd. It didn't help much to turn the pages and figure out what plays I could have seen if the Bolsheviki hadn't been so prompt in starting their revolution. I could have heard Shaliapin sing in Petrograd. I could have seen "The Blue Bird" and "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Village Stepanchikovo", a play made from untranslated Dostoyevsky, at the Moscow Art Theatre. I could have seen Oscar Wilde's "Salome" in cubist dress at the Kamerny. I could have seen Mordkin dance at the Theatre of the Soviet of Workmen's Deputies. But the Soviet had decided to produce an impromptu pageant of its own in the streets of Moscow. And the Soviet brooks no competition!

I had only myself to blame if I was not satisfied with my lot. There was no evidence in distant America that the Russian theatre had survived three years of war and six months of half-revolution. It had not survived significantly in orderly England or in sobered France or even in neutral New York. With us and with the western Europeans, war revealed our theatre only too clearly as a luxury, a pastime and an industry. But I thought I knew the Russians and the fundamental demand of the Russian spirit for artistic expression. I knew from the testimony of Gordon Craig and others that Moscow and Petrograd

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had carried the modern theatre to its finest achievement. And I knew, too, that no achievement, however fundamental, could survive indefinitely the cataclysm of the social revolution which from the start hung ominously in the offing of the political revolution. If I wished to snatch a brand from the ashes, I must go and go at once. Yet, with all this faith, there were times on the long journey the wrong way round the world when I mistrusted my mission. After I had confided it to a few fellow travelers and had wilted under their dubious gaze, I decided to keep my own counsel and conserve my confidence.

Reassurance came after I had burned my bridges behind me. "The Russian theatres? Certainly they are running", said my cabin companion on the bob-tailed little Japanese craft that carried me from Tsuruga to Vladivostok. He was a Russian engineer, homeward bound. "You may be disappointed in them", he said, with the self-abasement of the Slav. "Stanislavsky has carried realism to its pole at the Art Theatre in Moscow, and Meyerhold has developed theatricality to the opposite extreme in Petrograd, and neither has created anything really new in the theatre." Still, to perfect the old was something, and, besides, what the theatre needs is not so much something new as a rediscovery of the old.

During a bloody week of violent civil strife and another week of nervous uncertainty after Kerensky's forces in the Kremlin had capitulated, the prospect of studying the Russian theatre was dark enough. There were other problems to solve, such as the question of a roof and sustenance, but each day I watched the pillar-boxes and the bulletin-boards on the doors of the Art Theatre for an announcement of reopening. Life began to resume the normal. The newspapers reappeared. One or two of the tram lines got repaired and started running. Here and there a telephone stirred from sleep. And the *izvoshchiks* slunk back into the city with their droshkies from their hiding-places in the country. Just two weeks after my arrival, the Kamerny ventured to unlock its doors, the curious and intriguing haunt of the futurists and kindred experimenters. And I started my Russian theatregoing with the cubist "Salome" I had read about that first morning in the station.

Mystery and silence still shrouded the Art Theatre. Should it persist or should it yield? Counsels were divided. Without it my survey would be as incomplete as a Russian meal without a samovar. Finally on Thanksgiving day I found the office inhabited and presented my letters of introduction to Stanislavsky, first artist of the theatre, and to Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, whose funds and facility in finding others made the Art Theatre a substantial institution even in its early days of struggle. Neither was in the building. But the season would be resumed the following Tuesday.

The repertory had just been completed. Would I care to come to "The Blue Bird" in the afternoon or to Tchekhov's "Three Sisters" in the evening? Both? I must be very American, indeed, to go to the theatre twice in the same day. The next evening I probably wouldn't care to see "The Village Stepanchikovo". It was obscure and very Russian. Perhaps later in the winter. Nor "The Lower Depths" of Gorky the following Sunday afternoon. Stanislavsky would not play his rôle of Satine. But he would, on toward the holidays. "The Cherry Orchard" of Tchekhov that evening, if

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I liked. He would be in the cast then. And so it went through another hour or two of the most gracious attention while I should have been scouting for the ghost of a Thanksgiving dinner in the hungry restaurants of Moscow. But the day had justified its name!

To sketch sharply the astonishing picture of the Russian theatre under the Revolution, I know of no better way than to tabulate the range of choice in the repertory of the Moscow theatres that first day after their enforced vacation: at the Art Theatre, "The Blue Bird" and "Three Sisters"; at the Great State Theatre, the home of the opera and the ballet, "Aïda"; at the Small State Theatre, the home of classic drama, Griboyedov's "Gore ot Uma", a title which defies translation but which I like to paraphrase as "The Sorrows of the Spirit". At the Kamerny was a passionate tragedy of the Persian hinterland, "The Azure Carpet", by Liubova Stolitsa; at Kommissarshevsky's Theatre, "The Comedy of Alexis" by Kuzmin and "Requiem" by Andreyev; at the Theatre of the Soviet of Workmen's Deputies, once the Zimina Opera, "La Bohême" and Taneyeff's "Orestes"; at the Theatre Korsha, Tolstoi's terrifying picture of the Russian peasant, "The Power of Darkness"; at the Moscow Dramatic Theatre, Merezhkovsky's "Paul I"; and at the super-variety of Balieff, Letutchaya Muish or The Bat, Gogol's "Ivan Ivanovitch and Ivan Nikiforovitch" among many other sketches and interludes.

This, it might be supposed, was a holiday repertory, a thank offering for the return of civil peace if not in honor of the proletarian victors. Not so—any day throughout the rest of the winter, except on the religious holidays when all the theatres and shops were closed, a similar range of choice was possible. Sometimes the titles were not so familiar to a foreigner, sometimes more so. For Shakespeare and Dickens and Wilde, as well as the better-known Russian playwrights, were freely represented. On through the great demonstrations for and against the government, on through the days of the German advance and the peace congress, the theatre held to its course—the most normal of all the Russian institutions, the only one to reflect any of the glory of the elder days. On it went, undisturbed, through pillage and murder and anarchy.

From November to March I never went home after a final curtain a single night in either Moscow or Petrograd without hearing firing across the city or just around the corner. Late in January, while the snow in Theatre Place two blocks away was stained scarlet with blood, I sat in the Art Theatre. The play was Gorky's "The Lower Depths". All the great ones, Stanislavsky and Katchaloff and the rest, were in the cast. The performance was the most terribly moving of my whole winter in the Russian theatre. Along with the other hundreds in that crowded playhouse my body was torn with hunger and my soul flayed with sickness and pity and despair. Yet there we sat, willingly, eagerly, plunging the knife of spiritual torture still deeper in the wound.

Sometimes I think that is the surest explanation why the Russian theatre has persisted through the days of anxiety and of the Terror. Out of their sorrows the Russians have builded all their art. And in the days of their profoundest gloom they return to it for the consolation which nothing else affords.

To the Russian the theatre is not

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a refuge for idle amusement. Even in the piping times before the war—and what a life it must have been in Moscow then!—the typical form of lighter mummery had the thrust of intellect and the stimulus of wit to lift it from animal inanity. Balieff at Letutchaya Muish poked his addled smile and then his pudgy body through the curtains between the numbers of his variety program, and for five or fifteen minutes sparred with anyone who dared risk the game in lightning flashes of give and take. Balieff still sparred last winter, although most of his imitators straggled on the edge and one by one closed their doors. Even he had to fight against insuperable odds. One cannot smile and play with words while the world is toppling. The theatre of mere amusement is indeed as unthinkable as it would be morally inexcusable under the Terror.

The Russian theatre did not persist, therefore, because it was a relief from life, an underground retreat where one could escape the agonies and the duties and the burdens of life. To the Russian the theatre is rather a microcosmos, a concentration and an explanation of life. If life cannot be explained, at least its inexplicability can be faced. And that way lies resignation and peace for a time.

And so it was that the sober stages —the Art Theatre, the Opera and the Ballet, the Small State Theatre with its classic repertory—survived the tribulations of the winter while the lighter and the experimental theatres found the struggle almost hopeless. Seats were sold out at the Art Theatre days in advance. Tickets to the masterpieces of Tchaikovsky and Glinka at the Great State Theatre brought prices under the canopy just before the curtain that would make speculators in Caruso coupons envious. Just ahead might lie the complete break-up of life and of this last remnant of the elder life. But while it lasted the Russian determined to drink deep of its spiritual draught.

How I gathered together day by day against forbidding odds the fragments of this strange panorama of plays within the vaster play of the Revolution would make an interesting and at times an amusing story. My own problem was to stick to my task, although the mad drama of the headlong course of human events beckoned me to drop my tools and sit spellbound, watching the three and thirty rings of its sardonic circus. Never, however, was this vaster spectacle quite out of my range of vision. The problem of food and shelter and comparative safety linked me intimately with its grim aspects. Always it crept unbidden into the foreground, coloring and heightening and illuminating the particular phase of the scene I had set myself to study.

For more distracting than this was the dilatory nature of the Russian. When he starts on a task there is no one in the world more intense than the Muscovite. He burns himself up at it. Nothing else exists for him until it is finished. Once it is done, though, he is not interested in preserving the record or in recalling it from the past. The doors of every theatre in Russia opened wide for me when my errand became known. Again and again I presented myself at the Art Theatre five minutes before the curtain. And although the house had been sold out for days, a seat was found for me. But when I asked for the facts, the records of the past, the prospects for the future, the photographs with which to illustrate my experiences, I was politely

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put off until tomorrow. And with the Russian as with the Mexican, tomorrow never becomes today. Perhaps it was this almost insuperable obstacle that led one of our American critics to declare that the task of gathering the record of the Russian theatre was a hopeless one. It was not hopeless, but was far from hopeful. No Russian had ever tried to surmount its difficulties. The calendar of my disappointments looms large in my journal. Day after day I dogged the trail of Tairoff and Forterre, Stanislavsky and Kommissarshevsky and Sumbatoff. I begged and I pleaded. One night at the Kamerny I feigned anger, and the ruse nearly succeeded. There was a hurried consultation, and Tairoff rushed up, caught me in his arms and smiled—and promised once more. Little by little I gathered in my data, sometimes, I think, without their realizing it. If it had been a lesser record, I should have given up in despair long before it was finished.

From November until February Moscow held me in its fascinating grip. Each week when I thought I had completed the repertory of the leading theatres, new plays were thrust into the schedules from inexhaustible storehouses. There were few new productions in the Russian theatres last winter. The cost was forbidding under the straightened circumstances. And so the best of the old was drawn forth to keep the programs full. At last in February I tore myself away for a desperate trip to Petrograd in the face of the German advance. The embassies were packed to leave. I was advised to take the next train out myself. "But I have just arrived", I protested. Meyerhold, the eager *régisseur* of the Alexandrinsky, and good grey Golovin, the artist who paints the scenery, saw my point, urged me to stay, and promised to keep me in hiding for two years if necessary in case the Germans should come!

With the exception of the Alexandrinsky and the Marinsky, the two state endowed homes of the drama and the opera, and one or two experimental theatres, the stages of the capital were never so important as those of Moscow. And even these had suffered from the strictures of revolution more seriously than the Moscow theatres, just as every phase of life in Petrograd was more bitter and desperate than in Moscow. Still, the spirit was the same. Witness, for instance, the list from which I had to choose the night in February before the embassies fled for the morasses of Finland or the salubrious peace of Vologda:

At the Marinsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "Snegurotchka". At the Alexandrinsky, one of the masterpieces of Ostrovsky, "The Thunderstorm". At the Mihailovsky, Euripides's "Hippolyte", with scenery by Bakst. At the Narodny Dom, the huge auditorium where opera is given at nominal prices, "Yevgeny Onyegin", the masterpiece of Tchaikovsky and Pushkin. In the Dramatic Hall of the Narodny Dom, "The Days of Our Life", one of the earlier plays of Andreyev. At the Workers' Theatre, another play by Andreyev, "Savva". At the Crooked Looking-Glass, Schnitzler's "The Merry-go-round". At the Musical Drama, "Carmen". At the Theatre Saburova, Maurice Donnay's "The Education of a Prince". At the Liteiny, Ibsen's "Ghosts". At the Theatre Nezlobina, Merezhkovsky's "Paul I". And at the Workshop Theatre, Maeterlinck's "The Miracle of St. Anthony".

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A remarkable repertory for the theatres of a city of order and peace. But for Petrograd! Players and audience alike, hungry and harassed by the Terror! And the Germans a few hours' railroad journey distant and still surging onward! It was incredible.

When I hark back to that picture and then look upon the state of our own theatre in wartime, safe and snug and trivial across the world from the firing-line, I am in no mood to make excuses for the Russian. There were soldiers aplenty, such as they were, in Petrograd those days. Neither actor nor audience was shirking a duty that he might otherwise have been performing. Many of the Russian actors and artists had served their time in uniform. The Russian state was on the rocks through the fault of—well, who shall say whose was the fault? At any rate, though Russia has lost her patrimony for a while, she has not lost her soul.

INTERLUDE

BY AMY LOWELL

When I have baked white cakes
And grated green almonds to spread
upon them;
When I have picked the green crowns
from the strawberries
And piled them, cone-pointed, in a
blue and yellow platter;
When I have smoothed the seam of
the linen I have been working;
What then?
Tomorrow it will be the same,
Cakes and strawberries,
And needles in and out of cloth.
If the sun is beautiful on bricks and
pewter,
How much more beautiful is the moon,
Slanting down the gauffered branches
of a plum-tree;
The moon,
Wavering across a bed of tulips;
The moon,
Still,
Upon your face.
You shine, Beloved,
You and the moon.
But which is the reflection?
The clock is striking eleven,
I think; when we have shut and barred
the door,
The night will be dark
Outside.

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THE CHILD IN THE WORLD

A Series of Brief National Interpretations of Juvenile Literature

ENGLAND

BY ALFRED NOYES

When Robert Louis Stevenson finally decided against "Penny Whistles" (with a sheaf of them on the cover) in favor of "A Child's Garden of Verses", as the title of his most famous book of poems, he was abandoning a characteristic piece of self-criticism for a very happy expression of the spirit of his native island, in its attitude toward children. Throughout all English-speaking lands (American as well as British) for several generations now, the child has been the crowning flower of the garden of life. Even in cities, where there are few other flowers, they have brought their April with them; and they have been the small sentries of many a bird-haunted place which "civilization" might have destroyed in their absence. The statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens is an exquisite witness to this sentiment in its proper setting. The little ship of the Stevenson memorial in San Francisco is an equally happy emblem of the same character. It is a ship, of course, but it is the kind of ship that the children sail on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, or would like to sail there—the ship of their dreams, the ship that carried Jim Hawkins and his pirates on the eternal quest of boyhood for hidden treasure. They are expressions of an affection for the heart of youth that, in this particular form, is hardly to be found outside the English-speaking world: the peculiar affection that led a great statesman, during his last illness, to read "Treasure Island" no less than three times, and drew that remarkable confession from so typical an Oxford scholar as Andrew Lang: "My three favorite books", he said, "are the 'Odyssey', Mark Twain's 'Huckleberry Finn', and Stevenson's 'Treasure Island'." How is the Prussian ever going to circumnavigate these quiet facts of our common joy?

The little statue of Peter Pan has heard the bombs dropping around him, it is true. He has seen the ambulances hurrying by, with the broken bodies of the children that used to visit him and ask for lessons in flying of another sort. He has heard guttural voices explaining that children are a necessary part of a strange scheme in which war is also "a biological necessity" for the erection of more statues to emperors and generals in central Europe; in a land that once had a reputation for sentimentalizing over children. Peter—like all healthy children—was always distrustful of sentimentalists. He knows now that nothing on earth, not the tiger, not the ape, can be so cruel and completely self-centered as the sentimentalist. What he thinks of the proposed Hun factories for the production of cannon-fodder, by means of native and foreign women, we can only guess, for he will never be able to tell us. We are too old to understand, even we who love him. But, in spite of all our own literary decadents of the last few years, there are even a few poets left who can say:

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"More than gold was in a ring, when you and I were young."

There is, in fact, a very distinct intellectual characteristic of the English-speaking world which, over and above the natural affection for childhood, has helped in the development of our very peculiar literature of childhood and divides it completely from the child literature of other nations. The English have a great love for stating their thoughts, their philosophy, their religion, in the very simplest terms. They distrust profoundly the weird metaphysical webs of the German intellect, the complicated abstractions, the ambiguous verbiage, the words that may mean anything or nothing, the obscurities that demand an impossible confidence on the part of the reader in the intellectual honesty of the author; and, in fact, make it so easy for the author to fool the reader.

This love of intense simplification is manifest in the talk of the English. (It has been a favorite field of foreign humor.) It is the thing that appeals in the jests from the British trenches; and, if you can ever get an Englishman to talk about his religion, it is likely to be in words of one or two syllables. He likes the tale of the child who asked how the world was made; and was told that "they just put it together, you know". Whereupon the child asked, "What did they stand on while they were doing it?" He likes that kind of thing because it really goes about as far into the mystery of the universe as even the greatest of German word-spinners can go; and because it is logical, and leads like all true logic to the inexpressible things that are beyond logic. This is the reason for the extraordinary popularity of the Lewis Carroll books at the English universities. During several decades, most undergraduates knew them by heart. Their quaint fallacies were used in debates at the Union. The dons quoted them in lectures; and a volume might be written about their influence on more recent literature, of a more serious kind. The work of Mr. Chesterton, for instance, develops directly from the methods of that Wonderland. "If you were to step ashore on a desert island and see a cannibal eating his grandmother. . . ." "You might as well say that an egg is a cup of coffee. . . ." And he has written at least one serious political essay on the text of the famous riddle: "Why does a mouse when it spins?—Because the higher the fewer". If I remember rightly, it was a terrific onslaught upon the House of Lords, and oligarchies in general.

In the case of "Treasure Island" which, by virtue of its style, may certainly be regarded as a universal work of art, as well as a book for boys, there is the same ground of appeal to adult readers; for, in that tale of the sea-cook, John Silver, with the face like a ham, and the eyes like glass beads, Stevenson becomes a prophet to us all of the wonder and bloom of the world. Even in the title he suggests to us exactly that combination of the fact and its glory which we get in the titles of more serious works like "The Earthly Paradise" of William Morris, or the "True Romance" of Mr. Kipling. "Treasure Island" becomes a fairy-like stage, set in the midst of the inscrutable sea, where the mystery of human nature, its gropings beyond the bonds of logic, and the eternal conflict between good and evil may be watched and examined by the mind of a schoolboy, yet pondered upon by adults. As Jim Hawkins himself said,

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he was wont, all through his life, to wonder how and why the buccaneer, Billy Bones, came to keep those seashells in the dead man's chest, and carry them about with him through all his wandering, haunted, guilty career.

There seems to be a deliberate attempt in "Treasure Island" to state some of the mysteries of human nature in their very simplest terms. It partakes of the nature of parody; parody, for instance, of the scenes between Pip and the convict in "Great Expectations" (which I believe are responsible for some of the pirate language in Stevenson).

The same simplification of serious themes is to be found in "A Child's Garden of Verses". It would not be reading too much into this classic of childhood, if we discovered in it the voice of Stevenson himself, the desire of the man fated to leave his art and much else that he loved in life, before the usual time, in the suppressed pathos of those lines:

> And does it not seem hard to you,
> When all the sky is clear and blue,
> And I should like so much to play,
> To have to go to bed by day?

Certainly, a thousand international problems might be reduced to the terms of his child's poem on foreign countries. Half of the misunderstandings of nations, and folly of statesmen, would be removed by the reduction of their language to those monosyllables, provided that they still retained their sense of humor:

> Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
> Little frosty Eskimo,
> Little Turk or Japanee,
> Oh! don't you wish that you were me?
>
> . . . .
>
> Such a life is very fine,
> But it's not so nice as mine:
> You must often, as you trod,
> Have wearied *not* to be abroad.
> You have curious things to eat;
> I am fed on proper meat.
>
> You must dwell beyond the foam,
> But I am safe and live at home. . . .

It is a remarkable fact, and yet not strange, that two of the most manly and vigorous writers in English literature, Stevenson and Kipling, were so ready to speak through the voices of children. Kipling, indeed, has carried the literature of childhood further than anyone else. The verses in the "Just So Stories" are, in his own more poignant vein, even more of a criticism of life than "A Child's Garden of Verses". The call of the distance, the essence of all romance, is in that wonderful fragment of melody:

> I've never sailed the Amazon,
> I've never reached Brazil;
> But the Don and Magdalena,
> They can go there when they will!
>
> Yes, weekly from Southampton,
> Great steamers, white and gold,
> Go rolling down to Rio
> (Roll down—roll down to Rio!)
> And I'd like to roll to Rio
> Some day before I'm old.

And in that last line you get precisely the same touch that Stevenson gave us in his "going to bed by day" —the sense of time passing, and (not to be too philosophical) the sense of true poetry, which is the setting of the temporal in relation to the eternal. Many a modern novel might be reduced, with advantage, to the simple critical terms, for instance, of those other verses in the same volume:

> I am the most wise Baviaan, saying in most wise tones,
> "Let us melt into the landscape—just us two by our lones.
> People have come—in a carriage—calling. But Mummy is there.
> Yes, I can go if you take me—Nurse says *she* don't care. . . .
> Here's your boots (I've brought 'em) and here's your cap and stick.
> And here's your pipe and tobacco. Oh, come along out of it, quick!"

In "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies", Kipling carries this method (for method it is, con-

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scious or unconscious) a stage further, for a really great critical purpose. It is hardly too much to say that a better understanding of England and English history might be obtained from the study of two stories like "A Priest in Spite of Himself" and "Marklake Witches" than by reading all the dry-as-dust text-books that have ever misinformed our English and American youth. But I have only space here to point out that in many of the incidental verses, Kipling adopts the method, sometimes the very cadences of the old nursery rhymes, to carry his thought. "Four and twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie", reappears here as a "Smugglers' Song":

Four and twenty ponies, trotting through the dark,
Brandy for the parson, baccy for the clerk. . . .

It reappears to a far more serious purpose in the splendid lyric called "Cold Iron", which compresses into some twenty ringing lines the only philosophy that can save our modern world:

"Crowns are for the valiant—sceptres for the bold!
Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to take and hold."
"Nay", said the Baron, kneeling in his hall,
"But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of man all.
Iron—out of Calvary—is master of man all."

It was this philosophy that gave him the courage to write that profoundly moving Christmas poem, after the death of his son on the Western front:

At the dawning of the day
Comes Mary Magdalen.
But the stone was rolled away,
And the body was not within—
Within—within—
"Ah, who shall answer my word",
The weeping mother prayed.
"They have taken away my Lord,
And I know not where He is laid."

For it ends on the great triumphant note, "I know for whom He died. It is well. It is well with the child"!

One of the strangest facts in recent literary history is that, in all the talk of revivals of poetry, most of the really great contemporary poems, the poems that count in literary history, have been ignored by the talkers. Not, of course, by the larger public. But editors might well consider the remarkable circumstance that this Christmas poem, one of the greatest lyrics of the last two hundred years, was published without any comment from the "little folk" of literature except to the effect that Kipling was "not so good as he used to be".

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where He is laid." But the child, set in the midst of our literature, may yet restore our knowledge, may yet heal us of the slow disease which was eating out the heart of our civilization before this war.

"Know you what it is to be a child?" said one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. "It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief. It is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear. It is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul: it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space. It is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
A heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

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"It is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it is to be commuted into death."

FRANCE

BY MARGUERITE CARRIERE

Childhood is the span between infancy and adolescence; there are two phases: the first from about the age of four to that of eight, the second from eight to fourteen. Character, mind and body are so plastic that impressions then received largely determine the point of view and attitude in after life. Hence, French parents watch jealously over their children during this formative period, seek to keep at a distance whatever might harm their moral development, carefully investigate, even among the poorer classes, their children's playmates, their children's books, and exercise this guardianship even to maturity. They are, above all, preoccupied that their children shall be *comme-il-faut,* and by their insistence upon good manners and consideration for others show themselves the heirs of an old civilization.

Reflecting this attitude of the family, the schools aim not alone to impart the rudiments of knowledge but above all to form character and instil moral principles.

The literature for the children of France embodies these profoundly moral tendencies. Even the ordinary text-books (which we cannot properly classify as children's literature), apart from their professed didactic aims, emphasize the moral viewpoint, preach love and respect of parents, teachers, aged persons, instil patriotism, inculcate hatred of vice such as alcoholism. We may say, in passing, that many of these books are so admirable, despite occasional overinsistence on ethical principles, because of their spirit, their method, and the universally valid knowledge they contain, that they may well be translated or adapted for use in American schools. Such publishers as Larousse, Hachette, Armand Colin, Delagrave, and others are doing a splendid work for France which could be of value also to America.

A possible definition of literature is that which we read because we wish to, not because we have to. Such reading for pleasure has in general a more decisive influence on building of character and emotional reactions than reading or studying for acquisition of concrete knowledge. Assuming this as a definition, the literature for children in France might be divided into the following categories:

(a) Fairy-tales: best known and generally read are "Contes de Perrault", "Les Plus Belles Histoires à lire ou à faire lire aux Enfants", by Maurice Bouchor, "Les Mille et une Nuits", "Contes Roses de ma Mère-Grand", by Charles Robert Dumas, "Abeille", by Anatole France.

The fairy-tale literature of France is apparently not extensive. In truth, however, the country is one immense storehouse of folk-lore, waiting to be put into a permanent literary form. All the provinces, and even villages, are full of their own traditions and legends, expressed in their own particular dialect. Men like Maurice Barrès, Anatole Le Braz and others have made a beginning of collecting these tales, and these but hint at the wealth of poetic fancy in France, which is far greater than the few printed works indicate.

Fairy-tales, while they develop the imagination, aim only to give pleasure to children and cultivate the taste for

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reading without any ulterior pedagogical motive.

(b) Children's stories: typical are those relating to the Mlle. Lily series, published by Hetzel, books of the Bibliothèque Rose, Bibliothèque Bleue, Bibliothèque Blanche, Bibliothèque des Familles, Collection "Plume et Crayon" (published by H. Laurens), and others. Armand Colin publishes a Bibliothèque pour la Jeunesse, including books for young girls and boys, by authors like Henri Ardel, Roger d'Ombre, Chantefleure, and des Gâchons. Larousse and Hachette have recently begun publishing cheap editions of popular works to sell at from two to ten cents each. Some well-known authors of children's books are: P. J. Stahl, Jean Macé, Mme. de Pressensé, de Ségur, de Girardin, Zénaïde, Fleuriot, Louis Morin ("Le Cabaret de Puits sans Vin").

Popular books of amusing stories and verse, particularly for very young children, are: "La Mère Michel et son Chat", "Marlborough s'en va t'en Guerre", "Cadet-Roussel", "Le Chien de Mer de Nivelle". Authors of mature books of note have also tried to write for the young: thus Lichtenberger, in his charming stories of such as "Trott", and "La Petite Sœur de Trott", but they usually have succeeded rather in delighting the older readers.

All these stories are full of episodes taken from children's lives, are easily understandable, and most interesting. They are faithful to life, and have even a strain of sadness, for they do not strive to picture an earthly paradise where all children are happy, but lead the young readers to realize that life has also its disappointments, and handicaps that may not be overcome. Brought up on such stories, children acquire an inner resource, and are better prepared to stand the shock of reverses later than those reared in an atmosphere of literary optimism. Many of these books might well be translated for the American child.

(c) Literary classics adapted for children: among the best known are the chant-fable of "Aucassin and Nicolette", "Fabliaux et Contes du Moyen Age" (published by H. Laurens), "Chanson de Roland", "Cycle d'Arthur de Bretagne", tales of Rabelais, fables of La Fontaine, "Gil Blas de Santillane", "Florian", "Fénélon", and others.

The schools lay great stress upon the study of French classics, and particular emphasis upon the psychological analysis of characters. By developing so early this analytical faculty the French child becomes able to realize inwardly much of the life he may have to lead at maturity, and does not feel the same necessity of actually experiencing in order to learn by experience, as the American youth.

(d) Tales of history: to few nations does the heroic appeal as intensely as to the French, and there is a vast literature on the great men and the great epochs of France. Dagobert, Charlemagne, Roland, Saint Louis, Jeanne d'Arc, Turenne, Napoleon, and other great figures have formed the subjects of countless stories, and publishing houses such as Delagrave, Garnier, and Hachette have issued illustrated books which have made the reading of history one of the most fascinating recreations.

Since the outbreak of the war, books like "Enfants d'hier et Héros d'aujourd'hui" and "Livres roses de la Guerre" have brought home to the French children a realization of the tremendous epoch in which they live.

How much might not be done to stimulate a love of history in Ameri-

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can children by giving them books like these! For today America, suddenly finding herself an arbiter of world destinies, is becoming intensely interested in all of world history.

(e) Books of adventure, travel, popular science: these form a class by themselves, distinct from children's stories, because they do not have the moral preoccupation. Like fairy-tales, they strongly appeal to the imagination, but they have an evident basis of fact and reality which is wanting in fairy-stories. To this class belong the works of Jules Verne, Lucien Biart, Fath ("Cataractes de l'Obi"), and the recent interesting books of Capitaine Danrit ("Robinsons sous-marins", "Robinson des Airs"), some of which deal with the Great War.

(f) Children's magazines: among the best known are "St. Nicholas", "Semaine de Suzette", "Mon Journal", "Journal de la Jeunesse".

Thursday is a school holiday in France, and these magazines nearly all appear on that day. They contain one continued story, short-stories, simple scientific articles, practical suggestions, games, puzzles, hints for drawing, manual training, sewing, cooking—in brief, everything that can possibly interest children in any way. They never forget moral instruction —usually by implication—and always stress the questions of propriety and good manners.

As we survey the literature for French children we are struck by one aspect, to which we have already alluded in speaking of the simplification of the classics—the dissecting of characters and of psychological situations. This is carried to such a point that it suggests a maturity of inner life which Americans are not accustomed to associate with children. Indeed, the complex psychological analyses and the elaborate introspection which we find in so much of French literature are merely expanded forms of what already appears in books for the young. The human soul, human society, are absorbingly interesting to the French mind, and are already the subject of study and reflection at an age when children of other nations are doing little more than reading and playing.

By this is not meant that French children are "precocious" in the bad sense of the word. On the contrary, parents abhor precocity, above all, of that kind, and rigidly keep from their children so-called "love stories". What is meant is that this system of spiritual development gives the child later in life a certain inner richness and moral self-reliance which make him capable of extracting value and happiness out of life even when everything that appears necessary thereto is lacking. The unfailing good nature, the amazing gaiety of the *poilu* under all difficulties and privations, merely illustrate the great wealth of the inner life of men who have thus been trained in childhood.

With all this, however, goes a certain discretion of the French soul, fruit of the emphasis on good taste and good breeding, which makes it shrink from flaunting before the world the advantages of its culture.

HOLLAND

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

In an old book—now rarely read—there was a certain injunction about humility. Our ancestors were greatly impressed by this divine mandate. They used it as a basis for their educational policy. Meekness and self-effacement were the corner-stone of

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that gloomy edifice where the schoolmaster held sway and the child shivered.

Alas — alas — that blessed day (blessed for the parent who enforced his human discipline with the declared will of God) has gone for ever. Football and the bicycle did it. The day of the Sabbath has become the day of joy. It disinfects the rest of the week and has made teacher and pupil solid and genuine friends. Incidentally it has demanded a new literature for the child who hitherto had been fed on the Victorian pap of little he- and she-angels carrying roast chickens to deserving but poor parishioners.

It seems incredible now that I am writing about it. But thirty years ago when I got my first books, my astonished eyes entered a kingdom of goodness which filled me with dread because I knew that I never would be worthy of admission. Those books of the late 'eighties are now museum pieces. Their authors are prehistoric relics destroyed by the modern flood of sunshine and fresh air. And my small nephews read books about boys and girls who are actually happy and do not fear that the joy of today must be necessarily followed by Spanish grippe, cholera or sudden death of the morrow.

Now that I have studied the history of Holland of the last three centuries, I fully understand why our literature was so bad. It was a direct result of the economic development of the early nineteenth century. In the year 1795 the old Dutch Republic had died from that disease which we now call Bolshevism. Everybody's hand was against the purse of everyone else. The result was national bankruptcy and a foreign receiver. The name of that receiver was Napoleon. When the Allies got through with the "Corsican" whose very image drove my grandfather to bed in fear and trembling, there was little left of that magnificent old commonwealth of ships and traders and rich colonies. The country was bankrupt. The people were ruined. Worst of all, their courage was gone. For twenty years they had lived under the domination of strange masters. They had been humiliated beyond the last agony of suffering. Their sons had been taken away to fight the battles of a foreign tyrant. There was nothing to hope for on this side of the frontier of life.

Voluntarily Holland retired from the business of living. In the houses that were built between 1800 and 1850 the living-room is invariably in the back, away from the noise of the street. There the family retired to contemplate past glories and prepare for that future happiness which was in store for those who had wandered the paths of rectitude.

The younger generation did not like this. It even dared to rebel. It was told to copy those parts of Holy Script where small children are summoned to walk in humility of spirit and meekness of soul. The older people knew better, so much better—until youth surrendered unconditionally and accepted its fate.

Around the Old and New Testament there grew a complete literature of "heartening" books, and small children spent endless Sunday afternoons perusing the wickedness of man and the fate that awaited small boys who did not obey their parents and teachers and who looked for happiness upon the streets of their dead and forgotten cities. Such relaxation as was offered from this stern diet came in the form of fables. La Fontaine had his counterpart in a kindly gentleman who lived within the smoke of the town of

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Leyden and who was called van Alphen. Hieronymus van Alphen meant well. His heart flowed over with goodness and he loved children. He composed little rhymelets of extreme simplicity. Like the blushing daisy that is blown across the fields, his stammering sentences have found a foothold amid the more robust rocks of the Dutch language and have grown and flourished to this very day. Little boys and little girls in pantalets and carrying hoops visit their dead grandmother. They weep over the fate of the mosquito who has met an untimely fate in the luring rays of the candle. They invariably share their peaches and plums with poor children and when they start an argument, Father, the omniscient, hastily appears upon the scene and explains the solar system, the laws of gravity and the duties of Christian children, in three or four jingling lines. They are entirely impossible infants, but to the living generation they were as real as Nick Carter is to the small boy who sits outside my office.

Roughly-speaking, this age of virtue lasted until the old people who had lived through the Napoleonic era had found that heavenly rest which they had so assiduously contemplated. Their sons lost heart and resumed the business of living. Incidentally they were called upon to provide new books for their own families. It was a period of renewed national interest. The people discovered that they were still the second largest colonial power of this world. They found within themselves certain characteristics of thrift and industry and shrewdness which promised cheerful returns upon their commercial enterprise. They looked for something besides Judaic heroism and moral excellence to inspire their own offspring. They possessed a vast store of available material in the history of their own land. The eighty years' struggle for freedom reads like an epic of hopeless causes won against incredible odds.

Around these a series of children's books was written which portrayed ancestral courage and admonished all small Dutch boys to do the same thing. Soon however this diet, too, palled and then the publishers came to the rescue. It was during the wild old days "before copyright" and French, English, and German children's books were translated and published at a happy clip and without much regard for the author's royalties. Of this literature which filled the nights of our immediate fathers and mothers we of the younger generation found the earmarked ruins in garrets and cellars. We entered a new paradise. Gabriel Ferry and Aimard and the older Fenimore Cooper made us familiar with the fiction-Indian, and when the ships bound for America slowly swung down the broad Meuse we envied the little cabin-boys grinning at us across the railing. They were going to the land of the Apache and the Comanche and the Paleface and we, poor infants, were obliged to rob grandfather's rooster before we could turn our front yard into the rolling plains of the Far West, decently populated with real Indians, tomahawks and feathers.

By this time the religious book was fast disappearing. Such volumes as still were printed were for the exclusive use of the "boys who went to church", for by this time irreligion had spread to such an extent through modern Dutch society that church-going people in the Netherlands were more or less of a curiosity.

Such at least was the situation in the late 'eighties when my own generation began to demand its share of

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literary entertainment. I distinctly remember my first book. It was a school-prize for something or other and it was a translation of Daniel Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe", the book which every child everywhere has read. It was followed by a translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—that mysterious work of art which together with "Charley's Aunt" has delighted the hearts of all the nations of this curious planet. Next came something very different—an edition (illustrated at that) of "The Three Musketeers". Instinctively we felt that we had entered dangerous territory and the book was read by secret candle-light. "The Three Musketeers" gave us a desire for more of the same sort and we soon discovered that our heroes continued their adventures in "Vingt ans après" and the "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne".

The great question was, "Where do we find Dutch translations"? After a short search we hit upon a Flemish translation. We could read the somewhat stilted language but—oh, misery—these sequels appeared in fifteen and twenty-two volumes respectively and each volume cost us ten cents—to be paid in cash and no credit given to small boys of ten. At this rate and with a weekly revenue of five cents it took most of us a year to find out what finally "happened to d'Artagnan". I have forgotten his ultimate fate but I am telling this to show the international taste of little boys who live in small countries where people go from one language into the other without any audible change of gear. The deeds of Porthos, Athos and Aramis were consumed at the same time that our parents encouraged us to read about "Eric" and the other paragons of English public school life. They too were duly translated and made us Dutch boys regret that the flatness of our country and the unwillingness of our North Sea tide made heroic rescues from drowning and starvation an impossibility, however much we might try.

Fortunately the ocean came to our rescue. Captain Marryat and Henley allowed us to share the strange voyages of their scapegrace midshipmen and we added the coasts of Africa, Australia, and Asia to our increasing knowledge of the earth's geography. That was between the 'eighties and the 'nineties, and with the exception of Jules Verne we were entirely under English domination. The Boer War made an end of this. Not for long, however. The heroism of the English at Mons was immediately revaluated into language understandable to boys, and once more English books greatly dominate the literature read by Dutch children.

As for German books, they never gained any popularity. Of course fairy-stories (for small boys and girls) were widely read. But the German juvenile author preached an obedience to established authority which was entirely foreign to the anarchistic instinct of the children of Holland. I distinctly remember the ill-hidden contempt we used to feel for our German cousins when, bespectacled and becapped, they came to play with us in the dunes and along the shores of Scheveningen and Katwyk. We felt the same sort of pity a lusty hound of roving disposition must feel for a pampered King Charles who comes when he is told to come and sits up and begs when he hears the command. German books no doubt were very well in their own way but the boys who live in a country where the sovereign is called "Madam" (in common with all other ladies) felt an instinctive horror for a land where small

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infants grew pale when they saw the distant figure of "Seine Majestät".

All that is past history. The last ten years which have rejuvenated Holland—which have given the people a new desire to live and do and go forth and meet and conquer obstacles—have left their impress upon the children's books.

The windows of the home and the school have been opened wide and a fresh breeze has swept aside the old notions about the duty which children bore their parents and the obligations which turned them into small "slaveys" of their teachers. Furthermore, with all due respect for their neighbors, the people have understood that a Dutch child needs something different from an English or a French or a German boy. He must have his own books.

The youngest generation between five and eight was the first to benefit. Old folk-songs and old fairy-stories were translated into modern language and were profusely illustrated by the best modern artists. For once the need of the child was fully recognized, it was decided to give him the best that could be had. This is true of all modern Europe. Everywhere children's books are among the most expensive, the best bound and the best illustrated. Next the children's book was composed in such a way that, while respect and admiration for the work of a great ancestry was encouraged, there should be a complete avoidance of anything resembling jingoism or a belief in a divine superiority of the Dutch race. Love of home was a good thing, but it need not be accompanied by hate of the neighbor. In the third place, since the Dutch child is apt to go abroad at least for part of his life, he must be stimulated to take an interest in foreign lands and high mountains and vast oceans and the customs and habits of the antipodes. And as he cannot hope to achieve anything without a sound physical body, he ought to care for outdoor life and for sport.

The revolution in educational matters, in the attitude of father and son and mother and daughter, has been at once reflected in the literature which is being written for children. The good little angels that worried us ever since the beginning of the nineteenth century are gone to their paper reward. Their place has been taken by a healthy crowd of adventurous youngsters who accept little on the mere say-so of their elders and betters, and who are being licked into some shape by the advice of well-disposed teachers and an increasing literature of well-written and excellently illustrated books—which explain the world as a place of hard work and cheerful enjoyment, and never once mention the brimstone which filled so many pages of the heavy tomes that were bestowed upon the last generation.

SCANDINAVIA

BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

Patriotism in the passionate, intimate form which it assumes in small countries permeates Scandinavian juvenile literature. The children read stories of the exploits of their forefathers, and their imagination is fired with the idea that the future of their homeland is for them to build. Much of the best fiction deals with children who are really tiny men and women, fighting their own battles; there is little of the snugness of the nursery, but more of the vital, tingling air of real life. Though many charming stories in lighter vein have appeared in recent years, the high peaks, artistically speaking,

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are those that preserve a certain epic seriousness.

In Sweden, the two greatest living writers, Heidenstam and Lagerlöf, have thought it quite worth their while to write school readers. Miss Lagerlöf spent literally years of her life in collecting historical and geographical material for her two Nils Holgersson books. Picturesque description of the country and vivid tales of old Swedish kings are mingled with stories of the animal world, such as the exquisite chapter on "The Great Crane Dance at Kullaberg", designed to open the minds of children to the undercurrent of life in nature. With wonderful ingenuity all this information is woven into the story of Nils, the peasant lad who was transformed into an elf and saw Sweden from the back of a goose; and thousands of American children have followed his adventures, in the translation of Mrs. Howard, with breathless interest.

The great two-volume work "Svenskarna och deras Hövdingar", (The Swedes and Their Chieftains), by Verner von Heidenstam should by all means be rendered into English. It is a splendid pageant of the history of an ancient people from the Stone Age to the present century, but it is far more than that: it is the story of the birth of a nation's soul, rising at first gropingly out of the darkness, freeing itself from ignoble sloth, and burning at last in a pure flame of sacrifice. It has the grandeur and loftiness of Heidenstam's historical novels, though the outlines are simplified and made bolder than in the books intended for adult readers.

Many Swedish writers of lesser fame than these two Nobel prize winners have written ably on the history of their country: thus Anna Marie Roos has carried out an excellent idea in framing a series of playlets on historical incidents to be acted by the children themselves. Others have devoted themselves to collecting folk tales, those of Hyltén-Cavallius, on the order of the more famous Asbjörnsen tales in Norway, being especially notable.

The national awakening in Sweden as in Norway has led to a cult of the peasantry, who are the most strongly characterized part of the people. Among the best stories of peasant life for children is Laura Fitinghoff's "Barnen ifran Frostmofjället", (The Children of Frost Mountain), which has had a phenomenal sale not only in Sweden but in Denmark. It relates how seven orphaned children, under the generalship of the eldest, a lad of eleven, walked through the wolf-infested great forest from the famine district in the north to the lowlands where they found happy homes open to them—an excellent example of how the grim realities figure in Scandinavian stories for children.

Zacharias Topelius, though a Finlander of mixed Swedish-Finnish ancestry, may well be mentioned here, since he wrote in Swedish and is, next to Andersen, most widely read throughout Scandinavia. In Topelius, the native of an unfree country, patriotism takes on a solemn religious fervor. No more tender and appealing tale of love for the homeland was ever written than "The Birch and the Star", in which two children set out to walk to the bleak and barren spot where they were born, remembering only that a birch-tree stood outside the door and the evening star shone through the branches. Topelius has a style as limpid and fresh as the lakes in his

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native land and as graceful as the birches trailing light green veils over their gnarled trunks. His gift as a story-teller is nowhere more apparent than in the six historical novels for young people published under the common title "The Surgeon's Stories". The first and perhaps the best deals with the adventures of the Finns who fought under Gustaf Adolf and were the hardest hitters among the enemies of Kaiserism in those days.

It is difficult for us to think of Hans Christian Andersen as anything but a writer of fairy-tales for children, and yet he himself believed that these "trifles" would soon be forgotten, while the novels and dramas buried in the fourteen ponderous volumes of his collected works would some time be resurrected. Nor did his friends appreciate them; even so sympathetic a critic as Fredrika Bremer said that she wished he had brought "The Little Mermaid" down to the level of childish understanding. It was the children, Edmund Gosse tells us, who first fell under the spell of the fairy-tales and drew their elders after them. The truth was, of course, that Andersen had created something not patent to the childish understanding, but thrilling it with the wonder that imaginative children feel in the presence of real life with its mysterious depths within depths opening before them like an endless forest.

Andersen's fairy-tales have not only been translated into every known language and read by young and old all over the world, but they have been a gold mine of invention from which other writers have borrowed. Yet he himself drew very little on existing folk-lore, and many of the best tales are pure creations of his fancy—a fact that should be remembered in estimating the wealth and productivity of his imagination.

Norway has no creative writer for children of the first rank like Andersen in Denmark or Topelius in Finland, but excels all other countries of the North in a unique treasure of folk-tales. They have come to us through the mind of a genius, Peter Christian Asbjörnsen, who has fitted together related persons and events, fused and clarified and polished till every single tale is as clear-edged as a diamond. Their outstanding character is Askeladden, Espen Ashiepattle as he is called in Braekstad's translation, sometimes appearing under other names or merely as "a lad". He is the youngest brother who potters around in the ashes like a fool but always rises up at the psychological moment when cleverer people have failed, to save the situation and, of course, to win the princess and half of the kingdom. Askeladden, the strong young genius in disguise, has become in a way the national mascot of the Norwegians.

Modern Danish literature has not found its highest development in works for children. The fables in verse by H. V. Kaalund and the equally classic verses by Chr. Richardt belong to an older generation. So do the adventure novels of Walter Christmas, with the scene often laid on the American frontier, and the amiably didactic stories of J. Krohn, both of which have held their own for a number of years.

A more flourishing school of writers for children is found in Norway and shows a distinct western influence. The novels of Cooper have perhaps nowhere been more avidly devoured, and we see traces of this old fascination in the jolly stories of

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Bernt Lie and Erik Lie where "playing Indian" is a favorite pastime. Bendix J. Ebell in his "Gutter som blev Maend" ("Boys who became Men") holds up for admiration three heroes, all Anglo-Saxons: Lincoln, Livingstone, and Gordon Pascha. Another clever writer for boys is Gabriel Scott, while the leading writer for girls is Barbara Ring, whose tomboy heroines, exaggerated sometimes to a point where they are almost "horsy", are nevertheless quite distinctive in their breezy originality.

Hans Aanrud's "Lisbeth Longfrock" has perhaps a better title to be called literature than any other children's book that has appeared in Norway for some decades. Its little peasant heroine, self-poised and clear-eyed, haunts the imagination with her sweet gravity and quaint charm, and illustrates anew that Scandinavian writers are never more successful than when they are most national.

The Wonderful Adventures of Nils and The Further Adventures of Nils. From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Doubleday Page and Co.

The Birch and the Star and Other Stories. Edited by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen. Row, Petersen and Co.

The Surgeon's Stories. By Zacharias Topelius. A. C. McClurg and Co.

Fairy Tales and Other Stories. By Hans Christian Andersen. Revised and in part newly translated by W. A. and J. K. Craigie. Oxford University Press.

Round the Yule Log, Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales. By P. C. Asbjörnsen. Translated by H. L. Braekstad. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

Fairy Tales from the Far North. By P. C. Asbjörnsen. Translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Braekstad. David Nutt.

Lisbeth Longfrock. Translated from the Norwegian of Hans Aanrud by Laura E. Poulsen. Ginn and Co.

SPAIN

BY CAROLINA MARCIAL DORADO

The last twenty years in Spain have seen a great change in child life and education, as well as in practically all other phases of daily life and internal administration. With the loss of her colonies, when it was no longer necessary to send her sons to die in colonial wars and to devote the attention of many politicians and executive officers to matters of foreign administration, more time and energy could be given to the improvement of various branches of the government which had previously been neglected; one of these was the department of primary education.

Moreover, when the stream of wealth ceased to flow in from her foreign possessions, Spain was obliged to take more careful stock of her wealth at home and begin to develop it more intensively. Among these undeveloped resources, she is beginning to realize, one of the most valuable is her youthful population. Much still remains to be done before all the children of Spain will have such free opportunities for physical and mental education as are open to those of America; there are still many schools, especially in rural districts, where only the elements are taught; but the progress that has been made in the last few years gives promise of still greater advances in the near future.

Alfonso XII, father of the present king, opened the first kindergarten in Madrid. Now kindergartens are to be found in ample number in towns of even moderate size. Playgrounds are still a novelty, open only in connection with the most advanced and best equipped schools. The majority of the children still play as of old in the plaza or public square, but the day is dawning when modern ideas of development, by directed play and physical exercises, will be as widely accepted in Spain as in other countries.

With the advance in educational

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methods and the increase in the number of schools, there naturally arose a demand for new and attractive reading matter for the young. Spanish children have always been of a more contemplative nature than Americans. Though they have their active forms of play, they are also fond of circle games or of singing in chorus. Often one may see a group of them seated about the fountain in the center of the square, asking one another riddles or listening to a story told by one of their number or by some ancient of the town. And until very recent times all the lore of childhood was to be found in these rhymes and songs, riddles and old tales, never written in books but handed down by word of mouth from one generation to the next.

The stories of this class form a most interesting body of folk-lore, comprising tales of adventure in which some of the old heroes of Spain play their parts, as well as miraculous tales of the suffering of saints and mutilated versions of old legends of the Church. Those most favored by the children are the "Cuentos de Encantamiento" —fairy-tales, you would say, but not tales of dainty creatures dancing on the green; rather they deal with the adventures of the poor but honest hero who sets out armed with a magic cloak or befriended by a wonderful white horse of supernatural powers, frees the lovely princess from the clutches of the dragon and, after performing a series of fantastic tasks set by her hard-hearted father, marries her and lives happy ever after. Some of these tales were early collected and published in book form, and many such are still to be found in collections of stories for children.

The rhymes sung in chorus or as accompaniment to the circle games are much more unusual in their appeal, and charmingly graceful and natural in expression. Listen to the little girl as she sings to her doll:

Tengo una muñeca vestida de azul,
Con un traje blanco y su canesú.
La llevé a paseo, se me resfrió;
La metí en la cama con mucho dolor.

Katherine Lee Bates has given a charming translation of this little song, as well as of innumerable other rhymes and riddles, in her delightful book, "Sunny Spain". No more sympathetic and vivid picture of child life in the Iberian peninsula could be found.

Spanish riddles are not surpassed in number, variety, and poetic imagery in any other language. Not only do we find the stock riddles with which the children delight to catch one another, but at the same time there are many that are a delight and diversion to the grown up.

Campo blanco, flores negras,
Un arado, y cinco yeguas—

or, as Miss Bates words it,

Flowers black as night, field white as snow,
A plough and five oxen to make it go—

is easily recognized at once by young or old as the five fingers laboriously plying the pen on the written page. Such a book as "Lo que Cantan los Niños" compiled by Llorca of Madrid, gives the best example of this typically Spanish form of child literature; embodying, as its title-page announces, rhymes, riddles, tales, games, cradle songs, choruses, and other material suitable for children, it rightly describes itself as "a book for children, made for children and dictated by them".

But is there nothing more up to date than this to be found in the juvenile department of the Spanish

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bookstore, nothing to be compared to the story books, books of science and history in language suitable to the immature mind, tales of adventure for boys, of home and boarding-school life for girls that flow in such copious streams from the American press? Unfortunately Spain has never had a Louisa M. Alcott to inaugurate a school of juvenile literature like that which in this country has provided the last two generations with reading material, often adulterated with trivial books, or worse, but on the whole natural and wholesome. A large place in the shelves of the Spanish child's library must be filled by translations of such old standbys as "Robinson Crusoe", or the tales of Jules Verne.

Another considerable section will be occupied by works of standard authors both Spanish and foreign, retold for children. The publishing house of Araluce in Barcelona has a charmingly bound edition of such books, ranging from the "Quijote", which every Spanish child must early learn to know, and the drama of "Calderón", and "Lope de Vega", to the tales of "The Alhambra" of Washington Irving. The imposing title-pages of this series not only display the announcement that the books have been declared by Royal Decree to be of public benefit and recommended for use in circulating libraries, but bear also the approval of the Catholic Church, with the statement of the high officials of the board of censorship that their pages contain nothing contrary to the dogmas of the Catholic Church or to sound morality.

Of books more closely corresponding to the American type of juvenile fiction there is still, however, but a small stock; for example, books of outdoor life and adventure for boys are extremely scarce, though undoubtedly the growing popularity of the Boy Scout movement which is now well established in Spain, as well as the constantly increasing interest in sports of all kinds, will create a demand for such works that will in time be met.

For younger children the output of books is also constantly increasing. One of the productions of longest standing in this field is the "Colección Perla", a series of little books selling at five céntimos (one cent) each, containing collections of little stories. Other publishing houses, such as Hernando and Suarez, are now entering the field. Casa Calleja, one of the best known firms of Madrid, has published a number of books of stories as well as of history and science for children.

Yet many of these books would undoubtedly be branded by the American child as "old-fashioned" and "preachy". Volume XXV of the "Biblioteca anciclopédia para niños" published by Fernandez, also of Madrid, begins with a "childish tale" written by a Jesuit father and member of the royal academy, a tale of a wicked stepmother and an unhappy child whose wonderful adventures include a meeting with the Holy Family, and a successful attempt at curing the toothache of a horrible giant. Then follows a series of short articles relating the daily life of Antoñito, "a model child", told, as the author explains, because the child who does as he does will always be happy. The doings of this unusual boy who always "rises early, washes his face, says his prayers, eats what is given him, and starts for school with his books in a neat pile", are interspersed with fables of the clas-

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sic type which still further emphasize the moral lessons already set forth.

Of periodical literature especially for children there is yet almost none, but many of the best-known magazines and even daily papers such as "El Imparcial" and "El Liberal" are beginning to have columns and even pages for children. A recent number of "Blanco y Negro", the Madrid weekly, devotes three pages to the "Gente menuda" (little folk), in which are included a rebus, a paragraph on the amount of sleep necessary for children of various ages, a reproduction of an historical painting by Cánovas with an explanatory article, a short moral tale, a fable in verse of Campoamor, a few jokes and a puzzle with the name of "Rompecabezas" (head-cracker).

Yet in Spanish literature, as in other literatures of the present day, we find many well-known authors writing for and about children. Benavente, the greatest living Spanish dramatist, has published two plays of child life easily produced by children, one with the self-explanatory title, "The Prince who Learned Everything from Books", the other called, "Earning One's Living". In the latter the great dramatist presents a touching picture of two boys forced by their father's death and their mother's poverty to take refuge in the home of an uncle who talks grandiloquently of his own successes and of the great opportunity he is giving his nephews to follow in his steps, but by the unloving greeting and poor fare that he offers them, shows that their life in the new home is to be anything but a happy one. The boys in their distress plan to write an appealing letter to their mother, but when the pen touches the paper their courage prevents their inditing anything but a message of comfort and good cheer.

Juan Ramón Jiménez, one of the most delicate and refined in thought and style of the many exquisite lyric poets now writing in Spain, has written a series of little poems in prose dealing with the wayward but fascinating personality of his donkey. The artistic grace of the style and the profound philosophy so lightly hinted at, make these little sketches fascinating reading for the mature mind; yet the author has published an edition for children with these introductory words which will indicate the true artist's attitude toward childhood:

"This little book in which joy and sorrow are twins, like Platero's ears, goes now to the children.

"Wherever there are children, there exists an age of gold, an isle of the spirit, fallen from heaven; when the soul of the poet happens upon it his greatest wish will be never to leave it.

"Isle of grace, of youth and of happiness, childhood's age of gold, may your lyre inspire me a song like the trilling of the lark in the pure morning sunlight."

Martinez Sierra, the Maeterlinck of Spain, has written several plays which like "The Blue Bird" delight the young with their pictures of child life, while their philosophical basis holds the interest of the more thoughtful. One of the most charming of these, "El Palacio Triste" (The Gloomy Palace), depicts the sad life of three young princes amid the restrictions and empty formalities of a palace, and their final escape with their queen mother to seek a life of simple pleasures where affection need not be repressed by the rules of court etiquette.

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"Cuentos de Navidad" and "Cuentos de Reyes" are tales for children written by Emilia Pardo Bazán, the greatest woman novelist whom Spain has produced.

Ruiz Martinez, better known as Azorin, presents a clever character sketch in one of his best books "Las Confesiones de un Pequeño Filósofo" (The Confessions of a Little Philosopher)—and again this is a book for children.

The fact that such authors as these are interesting themselves in the psychology of childhood and addressing themselves to children, shows as nothing else could the present Spanish point of view.

THE BACKGROUND OF PEACE

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

We are only coming with reluctance to the realization that the making of peace is essentially a complex thing. The day has long since passed when the center of strategic importance was in the plan of the commander-in-chief. The army today is essentially the nation as a whole; and we cannot afford to pay less attention to the workshop than to the armies in the field. For the modern war is, above all things, the clash of antagonistic psychologies and we have to develop a technique adjusted to a significant change of scale.

Our diplomats are no longer the mysterious persons clad in antiquated garments and selected from a special group of high-born families. They are lawyers and business men, experts in engineering and physiology, specialists who have plumbed with care some minute branch of a vaster field. They minister to the statesman whose greatest object is the manipulation of that unanalyzable entity we call the morale of a people. His supreme task is the discovery of an attitude which can enlist their deepest sympathy. He has to convince them that his conception of political necessity has its roots deep down in their own desires. He cannot, like Louis XIV or Napoleon, issue mandates to which obedience is beyond all question. He is sovereign only to the degree to which his speech is effective. He needs, then, knowledge of a kind and amount greater than in any previous age. He has to reckon with a world that has become economically interdependent. He has to realize that the ease of communication makes the critics of his policy not his personal rivals alone, but the statesmen of every civilized country. He has to relate the mechanism of his policy to the limitations of that demand for an equation of ethics with politics which, in the western democracies, at least, has become the corner-stone of civilization. The old maxims are largely obsolete; and a guide to the new policies is as yet but in the process of discovery.

It is, at bottom, to the task of its elaboration that Mr. Norman Angell has set himself in this brilliant book. In some sort the most distinguished of living pamphleteers, he has set out to analyze the political methods by which military success can be best attained. With the problems of the soldier, that is to say, he does not con-

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cern himself, save to insist that the objectives of the statesmen must be the criterion by which the army is to act. He attempts to show that the real background of success is a unity of moral endeavor. The statesmen of the Allies must aim at a common object upon which there is mutual agreement.

It is useless to proceed to victory unless President Wilson and M. Clémenceau are united upon the desirability of a League of Nations; for that is to throw away, at the peace table, the whole advantage of military success. It is useless, also, to preach a doctrine of hate without limit against your enemy, when the one thing you are trying to determine is the conditions upon which you are willing to live with him. Nor is it, in Mr. Angell's view, adequate to proceed upon the assumption that the government of the state is alone capable of representing it. Every state is, in fact, a complex of diverse interests, and it is urgent that at the peace table every strand of the political fabric be woven into the web which results from its labors. An England which was represented only by Mr. Lloyd-George, to the exclusion of Mr. Arthur Henderson, would evade the real root of the essential political problem.

Nor is this all. Mr. Angell wisely insists that the end of war is peace and, therefore, each element in its making must have peace firmly in mind. That, assuredly, is the strategic error inherent in the German devastation of Belgium. What, thereby, she has done is to create an atmosphere in which the normal results of peace become impossible. No less assuredly, that is the strategic victory of America in this war. It has recognized, with Edmund Burke, that an indictment of a whole people is impossible. What it has insisted upon is the crime of certain men and the danger of certain institutions. It is against these alone that America is in arms. With their destruction it is as eager as Germany itself for the restoration of world-unity. There are, doubtless, Americans whose war-psychology has been the ancient simplicity of hate and revenge; but, as Mr. Angell wisely insists, the economic structure of modern civilization makes such an attitude little more than a tragic survival from a bygone era.

Mr. Angell's thesis is the underlying structure of modern war. Mr. Weyl has set himself a more limited but not less definite task. He is anxious for an "internationalist" peace, for a solution; that is to say, in which the dominant temper is the repudiation of the militaristic psychology under whatever guise it is found. For him the vital thing is to invigorate the attitude of the Allies by infusing it with the eager idealism which swept America into the war. He is, at least, dubious whether such a peace is possible. The German action in Russia has aroused, as was to be expected, a depth of distrust among the Allies which can hardly be removed save by a system of the most rigorous guarantees.

Wherein Mr. Weyl's book is of great help is in its careful analysis of the dangers we confront in our own selfishness. It is our ideals alone that can conquer Germany. A military victory is not enough. In its true conception success involves the rejection of all secret arrangements incompatible with the spirit of Mr. Wilson's famous address to Congress. There ought to be no element in the program of the Allies which they need be ashamed to present to the public view.

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Our peace must frankly aim at reconciliation, and that we can achieve only by an insistence that throughout we regard our selfish interests as necessarily subject to the needs of the world as a whole.

Mr. Weyl would probably be the last to deny that the main problem of peace is to know with exactness the nature of those needs. It is only within the last four years that the grim realities of Europe have been forced upon the attention of America. It is only since America entered the war that it has become apparent how wide a gap exists between the Europe of the statesman and the Europe of the tourists. Whole nations seem to have sprung into existence whose very names were, before, the cherished possession of a small group of scholars. Places that we had before merely known as vague names suddenly loom big with human destinies. Rivalries we had believed obsolete take on the living flesh and tissue of men who will die for their decision.

Inevitably, a dispassionate survey of their content is impossible. At the lowest computation there are some sixty nationalities in Europe, and we cannot settle their problems by the verdict of the encyclopædias. Racial maps, economic maps, vital iron deposits, strategic railway routes—with these unfamiliar exotics we have to deal in the cut and thrust of daily intercourse. Italy and Austria and Serbia and Albania all claim the single port of Avlona as essential to the accomplishment of their national destiny. Only the expert can tell us who is right, and his conclusions lie buried in the technical literature of a dozen nationalities. Not the least problem of a war that is being waged on behalf of the democratic system is to make the democracy acquainted with the issues that are being waged on its behalf.

Mr. Stoddard and his collaborator have rendered a distinct public service by their book. It is the most effective popularization of the issues in this war that has yet been published. Its value lies in its clear summaries of the facts, its careful analysis of the arguments on either side; above all, perhaps, in the admirable maps, economic and racial, by which the data is accompanied. To be sure, the book is not easy reading, but if a single student rises from its perusal with a sense of the immense complexity of the issues involved he will not have read it in vain. The problem of Russian Poland, perhaps, indicates as well as any the intricate situation with which we are confronted.

Politically, Poland is the highway through which Russia gains her access to western Europe. Without it she is thrown back upon those Asiatic connections which explain so large a part of her history. Economically, Poland is the root of the Russian industrial system, and it is about her products that Russian tariff policy has centered. Strategically, of course, Poland provides her with immediate military access to Austro-Germany—as the Central Powers learned to their cost in 1914. Racially, the value of Poland to Russia lies in the connection it gives with the southern Slavs and its obvious furtherance of Pan-Slavic, and therefore anti-Austrian, ambitions. But there is no national relationship between Poland and Russia, save that of evil memories on either side; and alike in culture and in religion there is a deep cleavage between them. The situation becomes almost insoluble when the vast and similar problems raised by the position of Germany and Austria are borne in mind.

Obviously enough, our generation cannot be educated into an under-

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standing of these minutiæ. Even books like Mr. Stoddard's must remain, to some extent at least, a guide-book for those to whom the issues are already more than words. One day, it may be, the ideal of Mr. Wells will be realized, and we shall make the understanding of contemporary problems the vital element in our educational system. Meanwhile, the problem before us is to make the public opinion of the common people in Europe and America significant and effective. We cannot expect them to tell us where the boundary line of Jugo-Slavia shall run. Their opinion on the relative voting strength of England and Hayti in a League of Nations could be dispensed with without serious loss. But, after all, the settlement we make is a burden they have to bear.

When the last word has been said, it is a final criticism of war that its penalties and burdens fall mostly upon those who are not responsible for its inception. What perhaps distinguishes the present struggle from previous conflicts is the obvious determination of the man in the street—a reality who, like David, has slain his tens of thousands—to make his voice felt in the settlement. He not only desires to understand, but he actually insists that the issues be stated in such fashion that he can make known his desires upon them. He is tired of the ancient methods of European chancellories who thought war and peace matters too high for the judgment of the common folk.

He demands that the man who may have to die is the man who shall decide. He is urgent that his standards of right and wrong shall be also the standards of the men who hold his destinies in their hands. He wants a diplomacy that is clear and simple and unambiguous. He will suffer no leadership in the modern world which does not start out from the avowed recognition of his sovereignty.

It is the outstanding claim of President Wilson to the gratitude of this generation that he has realized this fact. He is the first statesman of modern history who not only occupies a position of responsibility but fully admits the conditions upon which his trust is held. It is possible that Bright and Cobden surpassed him alike in their perception of the horrors of war, as in their realization that its control is at this stage a matter for public determination. But it is certain that no man has so carefully considered the mechanisms whereby the thoughts of the democracy can find effective expression. It is certain also that his thoughts upon policy have come nearer to embodying the common thought than those of any other living statesman. Mr. Scott's useful collection of the President's notes and speeches brings out this the more clearly when they are read in continuous sequence.

No one will claim for him that he has been always right; no one can compare his attitude to the problem of Austria a year ago and his present recognition of the Czecho-Slovaks and maintain that he is consistent. Neither is important. We live in an age of transmutation so swift that the ideals of yesterday are the hatreds of tomorrow. Every statesman lives upon a precipice, and he must take the consequences of that inherent insecurity. What assuredly can be said for Mr. Wilson is that, with faults of manner and foibles of expression, he has yet consistently maintained an attitude which adequately enshrines the idealism of America. For, whatever the immedi-

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ate environment by which he has been surrounded, it has been his deliberate and unvarying object to discover a strategy of peace. Therein, certainly, he would not reject the plea Mr. Angell has made. Like the latter, the President is insistent that the fundamental aim is a peace of reconciliation upon the basis of attaining ideals that history will admit as worthy. He refuses the language alike of hatred and revenge. The experience of war has shown him the ends to be desired, and he moves unswervingly to that goal.

But he has done more. He has taken no step which has not at the same time been an education of the American people. He has plunged it into the midstream of European politics. He has broken down the traditional isolation which made America share the gain but not the toil of civilization. He has made the significance of the old world dawn upon the consciousness of the new. The average American, in the result, may fail to memorize the racial units of the Balkan peninsula, but he knows at least the kind of safeguards by which the Balkans may be prevented from making European civilization into a more tragic shambles. The task of education is, of course, far from complete, and it has not been easy even for Mr. Wilson to urge a dispassionate objectivity amid the din of war.

What we shall need in the next generation is men of Mr. Angell's ability and insight to make this strategy of constructive peace a part of the bedrock of our lives. We shall have to come to the full realization of what is involved in the separation of ethics from politics. We shall have to heed Mr. Weyl's useful warning not to confound the selfish ambition of a group with the burden of national honor. It will be no easy task. It will require a vast expenditure of that thought which is the first economy of men. But it is upon that condition alone that we can justify to our dead the sacrifice they have so nobly made.

Political Conditions of Allied Success. By Norman Angell. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Stakes of the War. By Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank. The Century Co.

The End of the War. By Walter E. Weyl. The Macmillan Co.

Speeches and Addresses of Woodrow Wilson. Ed. by J. B. Scott. Oxford Univ. Press.

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JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Continued)

CHAPTER IV

Uncle Samuel

The last door had closed and Jeremy's sudden sense that everyone had gone and that he might behave now as he pleased, removed the armor in which all day he had encased himself.

He raised his head, looked about the deserted nursery and then, with the sudden consciousness of that other lighted and busied place where Whittington was pursuing his adventures, he burst into tears. He sobbed, his head down upon his arms and his body squeezed together so that his knees were close to his nose and his hair in his boots. Hamlet restored him to himself. Instead of assisting his master's grief as a sentimental dog would have done by sighing or sniffing or howling, he yawned, stretched himself and rolled on the carpet. He did not believe in giving way to feelings and he was surprised and perhaps disappointed at Jeremy's lack of restraint.

Jeremy felt this and in a little while the sobs came very slowly and at last were only little shudders, rather pleasant and healthy. He looked about him, rubbed his red nose with a hideously dirty handkerchief and felt immensely sleepy.

No, he would not cry any more. Rose would shortly appear and he did not intend to cry before housemaids. Nevertheless his desolation was supreme. He was a liar. He had told lies before but they had not been discovered and so they were scarcely lies. . . . now, in some strange way, the publication of his lie had shown him what truly impossible things lies were. He had witnessed this effect upon the general public; he had not believed that he was so wicked. He did not even now feel really wicked but he saw quite clearly that there was one world for liars and one for truthful men. He wanted, terribly badly, someone to tell him that he was still in the right world. . . .

And then, on the other side, the thought that Mary and Helen were at this very moment witnessing the colored history of Dick Whittington—the history that he had pursued ceaselessly during all these days and nights—that picture of them all in the lighted theatre once more nearly overcame him. But he pulled himself together.

He sniffed, left his dirty handkerchief, and went slowly and sorrowfully to drag out his toy village from its corner and see whether anything could be done with it. . . . After all, he was going to school in September. His punishment could not be quite limitless. Hamlet had just shown his approval of this manly conduct by strolling up and sniffing at the Noah family who were as usual on their way to church, when the door suddenly opened and in came Uncle Samuel.

Jeremy had forgotten his uncle and now blinked up at him from the floor where he was squatting, rather ashamed of his swollen eyes and red nose.

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Uncle Samuel, however, had no time for details; he was apparently in a hurry. He did not wear his blue painting-smock, but was in a comparatively clean black suit and on the back of his head was a squashy brown hat.

"Come on", he said, "or we shall be too late."

Jeremy choked. "Too late?" he repeated.

"You're coming, aren't you—to the pantomime? They sent me back for you."

The room suddenly got onto its legs —like the food and the families during Alice's feast in the looking-glass —swinging round, lurching from side to side and causing the fire to run into the gas and the gas to fly out of the window.

"I — don't — understand", Jeremy stammered.

"Well, if you don't understand in half a shake", said Uncle Samuel, "you won't see any of the show at all. Go on. Wash your face. There are streaks of dirt all down it as though you were a painted Indian. Stick on your cap and coat and boots, and come along."

Exactly as one moves in sleep, so Jeremy now moved. Once in a wonderful dream he had been at a meal that included everything that he most loved—fish-cakes, sausages, ices, strawberry jam, sponge-cake, chocolates and scrambled eggs—and he had been able to eat, and eat, and had never been satisfied, never felt sick—a lovely dream.

He often thought of it. And now in the same bewildering fashion he found his boots and cap and coat and then, deliberately keeping from him the thought of the pantomime lest he should suddenly wake up, he said:

"I'm ready, Uncle."

Samuel Trefusis looked at him.

"You're a strange kid", he said. "You take everything so quietly—but thank God I don't understand children."

"There's Hamlet", said Jeremy, wondering whether perhaps the dream would extend to his friend, "I suppose he can't come too."

"No, he certainly can't," said Uncle Samuel grimly.

"And there's Rose. She'll wonder where I've gone."

"I've told her. Don't you worry. What a conscientious infant you are. Just like your father. Anything else?"

"No", said Jeremy breathlessly, and nearly murdered himself going downstairs because he shut his eyes in order to continue the dream so long as it was possible. Then in the cold night air, grasping his Uncle's hand with a feverish hold, he stammered:

"Is it really true? Are we going—really?"

"Of course we're going. Come on —step out or you'll miss the Giant."

"But—but—oh", he drew a deep breath, "the—they don't think me a liar any more?"

"They—who?"

"Father and Mother and everyone."

"Don't you think about them. You'd better enjoy yourself."

"But you said you wouldn't go to the pantomime—not for anything."

"Well, I've changed my mind. Don't talk so much. You know I hate you children chattering. Always got something to say."

So Jeremy was silent. They raced down Orange Street, Jeremy being almost carried off his feet. This was exactly like a dream—this rushing movement, and the way that the lamp-posts ran up to you as though they were going to knock you down, and the way that the stars crackled and sput-

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tered and trembled overhead. But Uncle Samuel's hand was flesh and blood, and the heel of Jeremy's right shoe hurt him, and he felt the tickle of his sailor-collar at the back of his neck just as he did when he was awake.

Then there they were at the assembly rooms door, Jeremy so breathless that Uncle Samuel had to hold him up for a moment or he'd have fallen.

"Bit too fast for you, was it? Well, you shouldn't be so fat. You eat too much. Now we're not going to sit with your father and mother—there isn't room for you there. So don't you go calling out to them or anything. We're sitting in the back and you'd better be quiet or they'll turn you out."

"I'll be quiet", gasped Jeremy.

Uncle Samuel paused at a lighted hole in the wall and spoke to a large lady in black silk who was drinking a cup of tea. Jeremy caught the tinkle of money. Then they moved forward, stumbling in the dark up a number of stone steps, pushing at a heavy black curtain, then suddenly bathed in a bewildering glow of light and scent and color.

Jeremy's first impression, as he fell into this new world, was of an ugly, harsh but funny voice crying out, very loudly indeed: "Oh, my great aunt! Oh, my great aunt! Oh, my great aunt!" A roar of laughter rose about him, almost lifting him off his feet, and close to his ear a Glebeshire voice sobbed: "Eh, my dear. Poor worm . . . . Poor worm. . . ."

He was aware then of a strong smell of oranges, of Uncle Samuel pushing him forward, of stumbling over boots, knees and the large hands that were clapping in his very nose, of falling into a seat and then clinging to it as though it was his only hope in this strange, puzzling world. The high, funny voice rose again: "Oh my great aunt! Oh my great aunt!" And again it was followed by the rough roar of delighted laughter.

He was aware then that about him on every side gas was sizzling, and then, as he recovered his breath slowly, his gaze was drawn to the great blaze of light in the distance against which figures were dimly moving and from the heart of which the strange voice came. He heard a woman's voice, then several voices together, then suddenly the whole scene shifted into focus, his eyes were tied to the light, the oranges and the gas, and the smell of clothes and heated bodies slipped back into distance—he was caught into the world where he had longed to be.

He saw that it was a shop—and he loved shops. His heart beat thickly as his eyes traveled up and up and up over the rows and rows of shelves—here were bales of cloth, red and green and blue, carpets from the East, table-covers, sheets and blankets. Behind the long, yellow counters young men in strange clothes were standing. In the middle of the scene was a funny old woman, her hat tumbling off her head, her shabby skirt dragging large boots, her nose red. It was from this strange creature that the deep, ugly voice proceeded. She had, this old woman, a number of bales of cloth under her arms and she tried to carry them all, but one slipped, and then another, and then another. She bent to pick them up and her hat fell off; she turned for her hat and all the bales tumbled together. Jeremy began to laugh—everyone laughed; the strange voice came again, and again, lamenting, bewailing. She had secured one bale, a smile of cautious triumph began to spread over her ugly face—then the

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bales all fell again and once more she was on her knees. It was then that her voice or some movement brought to Jeremy's eyes so vividly the figure of their old gardener Jordan that he turned round to Uncle Samuel and, suddenly grasping that gentleman's fat thigh, exclaimed convulsively: "Why, she's a man".

What a strange topsy-turvy world this was in which women were men and shops turned (as with a sudden creaking and darkness and clattering did this one) into gardens by the sea. Jeremy drew his breath deeply and held on. His mouth was open and his hair on end. . . .

It is impossible to define exactly Jeremy's ultimate impression as the entertainment proceeded. Perhaps he had no ultimate impression. It cannot in reality have been a very wonderful pantomime. Even at Drury House thirty years back there were many things that they did not know and it is not likely that a touring company fitted into so inadequate and old a building as our assembly rooms would have provided anything very fine. But Jeremy will never again discover so complete a realization for his illusions. Whatever failures in the representation there were, he himself made good.

As a finale to the first half of the entertainment there was given Dick's dream at the crossroads. He lay on the hard ground, his head upon his bundle, the cat, as large as he, watching sympathetically beside him. In the distance were the lights of London and then, out of the half-dusk, fairies glittering with stars and silver danced up and down the dusky road while all the London bells rang out, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. . . ."

Had Jeremy been of the age and wisdom of Uncle Samuel, he would have discovered that Dick was a stout lady and probably the mother of a growing family; that the fairies knew as much about dancing as the Glebeshire wives sitting on the bench behind; that the London bells were two-hand instruments worked by a youth in shirt sleeves behind the scenes so energetically that the highroad and the located London blew backward and forward in sympathy with his movements. Jeremy happily was not so worldly wise as his uncle. This scene created for him then a tradition of imperishable beauty that would never fade again. The world after that night would be a more magical place than it had ever been before. "Turn again Whittington" continued the education that the toy farm and Hamlet had already advanced.

When the gas rose once again, sizzling like crackling bacon, he was white with excitement. The only remark that he made was, "It's much better than the pictures, isn't it, Uncle Samuel?" to which Uncle Samuel, who had been railing for weeks at the deflowering of Polchester by those abominable posters, could truthfully reply, "Much better". Little by little he withdrew himself from the other world and realized his own. He could see that he and his Uncle Samuel were certainly not among the quality. Large ladies, their dresses tucked up over their knees, sucked oranges. Country farmers with huge knobbly-looking sticks were there and even some sailors, on their way probably to Drymouth. He recognized the lady who kept charge of the small Orange Street post-office and waved to her with delighted excitement. The atmosphere was thick with gas and oranges and I'm afraid that Uncle Samuel must have suffered a great

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deal. I can only put it on record that he, the most selfish of human beings, never breathed a word of complaint.

They were all packed very closely together up there in the gallery where fifty years before an orchestra straight from Jane Austen's novel had played to the dancing of the contemporaries of Elizabeth Bennett, Emma Woodhouse and the dear lady of "Persuasion". Another thirty years and that same gallery would be listening to recruiting appeals and echoing the drums and fifes of a martial band. The best times are always the old times.

The huge lady in the seat next to Jeremy almost swallowed him up, so that he peered out from under her enormous arm and heard every crunch and crackle of the peppermints that she was enjoying. He grew hotter and hotter so that at last he seemed, as once he had read in some warning tract about a greedy boy that Aunt Amy had given him, "to swim in his own fat". But he did not mind. Discomfort only emphasized his happiness. Then, peering forward beneath that stout black arm, he suddenly perceived, far below in the swimming distance, the back of his mother, the tops of the heads of Mary and Helen, the stiff white collar of his father and the well-known coral necklace of Aunt Amy. For a moment dismay seized him, the morning's lie which he had entirely forgotten suddenly jumping up and facing him. But it was all right. They had forgiven him.

"Shall I wave to them?" he asked excitedly of Uncle Samuel.

"No, no," said his uncle very hurriedly, "nonsense. They wouldn't see you if you did. Leave them alone."

He felt immensely superior to them up where he was and he wouldn't have changed places with them for anything. He gave a little sigh of satisfaction. "I could drop an orange onto Aunt Amy's head", he said. "Wouldn't she jump?"

"You just keep quiet", said Uncle Samuel, "you're good enough as you are."

"I'd rather be here", said Jeremy. "It's beautifully hot here and there's a *lovely* smell."

"There is", said Uncle Samuel.

Then the gas went down and the curtain went up and Dick, now in a suit of red silk with golden buttons, continued his adventures. I have not space here to describe in detail the further events of his life—how receiving a telegram from the King of the Zanzibars about the plague of rats, he took ship with his cat and Alderman Fitzwarren and his wife; how they were all swallowed by a whale, cast up by a most lucky chance on the Zanzibars, nearly cooked by the natives, and rescued by the Zanzibars' beautiful daughter; how they killed all the rats, were given a huge feast with dance and song; and how finally Dick, although tempted by the dusky Princess, refused a large fortune and returned to Alice of Eastcheap, the true lady of his heart. There were of course many other things, such as the misadventures of Mrs. Fitzwarren, the deep-voiced lady who had already so greatly amused Jeremy. And then there was a transformation scene in which roses turned into tulips and tulips into the Hall of Gold down whose blazing steps marched stout representatives of all the nations.

It was in the middle of this last thrilling spectacle, when Jeremy's heart was in his mouth and he was so deeply excited that he did not know whether it were he or the lady next to him who was eating peppermints,

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that his uncle plucked him by the sleeve and said in his ear: "Come on. It's close on the end. We must go."

Jeremy very reluctantly got up and stumbled out over knees and legs and exclamations like: "There's Japan". "No, it ain't, it's Chiney". "Yon's a fine hearty young woman", and so on. He was dragged through the black curtain, down the stone steps and into the street.

"But it wasn't the end", he said.

"It will be in one minute", said his uncle, "and I want us to get home first."

"Why?" said Jeremy.

"Never you mind. Come on, we'll race it."

They arrived home breathless and then, once again in the old familiar hall, Uncle Samuel said:

"Now you nip up to the nursery and then they'll never know you've been at all."

"Never know?" said Jeremy. "But you said they'd sent for me."

"Well", said Uncle Samuel, "that wasn't exactly true. As a matter of fact they don't know you were there."

"Oh", said Jeremy, the corner of his mouth turning down, "then I've told a lie again."

"Nonsense", said Uncle Samuel impatiently. "It wasn't you, it was I."

"And doesn't it matter your telling lies?" asked Jeremy.

The answer to this difficult question was happily for Uncle Samuel interrupted by the arrival of the household, who had careered up Orange Street in a cab.

When Mr. and Mrs. Cole saw Jeremy standing in the hall, his great-coat still on and his muffler round his neck, there was a fine scene of amazement.

Uncle Samuel explained: "It was my fault. I told him you'd forgiven him and sent for him to come after all. He's in an awful state now that you shouldn't forgive him."

Whatever they thought of Uncle Samuel, this was obviously neither the time nor the place to speak out. Mrs. Cole looked at her son. His body was defiant, sleepy, excited. His mouth was obstinate but his eyes appealed to her on the ground of the common marvelous experience they had just enjoyed.

She hugged him.

"And you won't tell a lie again will you, Jeremy dear?"

"Oh, no", and then hurrying on, "and when the old woman tumbled down the steps, mother, wasn't it lovely and the fairies in Dick Whittington's sleep and when the furniture all fell all over the place. . . ."

He went slowly upstairs to the nursery, the happiest boy in the kingdom. But through all his happiness there was this puzzle. Uncle Samuel had told a lie and no one had thought that it mattered. There were good lies and bad ones, then. Or was it that grown-up people could tell lies and children musn't?. . . . .

He tumbled into the warm, lighted nursery, half-asleep. There was Hamlet watching in front of the Jampot's sewing-machine.

He would have things to think about for years, and years, and years. . . .

There was the Jampot.

"I'm sorry I called you a beastly woman", he said.

She sniffed.

"Well, hope you'll be a good boy now", she said.

"Oh, I'll be good", he smiled. "But Nurse, are there some people can tell lies and others musn't?"

"All them that tell lies goes to hell", said the Jampot. "And now Master Jeremy, come along and take

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your things off. It's past eleven and what you'll be like tomorrow."

The coming of the New Year meant the going of the Jampot, and the going of the Jampot meant the breaking of a lifetime's traditions. The departure was depressing and unsettling; the weather was, as it always is during January in Glebeshire, at its worst and the Jampot, feeling it all very deeply, maintained a terrible Spartan composure which was meant to show indifference and a sense of injustice. She had to the very last believed it incredible that she should really go. She had been in the old Orange Street house for eight years and had intended to be there until she died. She was forced to admit that Master Jeremy was going beyond her, but in September he would go to school and then she could help with the sewing and other things about the house. The real truth of the matter was that she had never been a very good servant, having too much of the Glebeshire pride and independence and too little of the Glebeshire fidelity.

Mrs. Cole had been glad of the opportunity that Hamlet's arrival in the family had given her. The Jampot only a week before the date of her departure came to her mistress and begged with floods of tears to be allowed to continue in her service. But Mrs. Cole with all her placidity was firm. The Jampot had to go.

I would like to paint a pleasant picture of the sentiment of the Cole children on this touching occasion, something, perhaps, in the vein of tragi-comedy with which Mr. Kenneth Grahame embroiders a similar occasion in his famous masterpiece—but in this case there was very little sentiment and no tragedy at all. They did not think of the event beforehand and then when it suddenly occurred there was all the excitement of being looked after by Rose the parlor-maid, of having a longer time with their mother in the evening, and best of all a delightful walk with Aunt Amy, whose virginal peace of mind they attacked from every possible quarter.

The Jampot left in a high state of sulks, declaring to the kitchen that no woman had ever been so unfairly treated, that her married sister, Sarah Francis of Rafiel with whom she was now to live, should be told all about it, and that the citizens of Rafiel should be compelled to sympathize. The children were not unfeeling but they hated the Jampot's sulks, and while she waited in the nursery longing for a word or movement of affection but wearing a face of stony disapproval, they stood awkwardly beholding her and aching for her to go. She was the more unapproachable in that she wore her Sunday silks and a heavy black bonnet with shiny rattling globes of some dark metal that nodded and becked and bowed like live things. Hamlet, who had of course always hated the Jampot, barked at this bonnet furiously and would have bitten at it had it been within his reach. She had meant to leave them all with little sentences about life and morals, but the noise of the dog, the indifference of the children, and the general air of impatience for her departure strangled her aphorisms. Poor Jampot—it is sad to think that no inhabitants of the Orange Street house felt any sorrow at the sight of the last gesticulating wave of her black bonnet as she stepped into the old mouldy Polchester cab.

"The King is dead—long live the King."

The Jampot as a power in the Cole family had ceased to be.

(To be continued)

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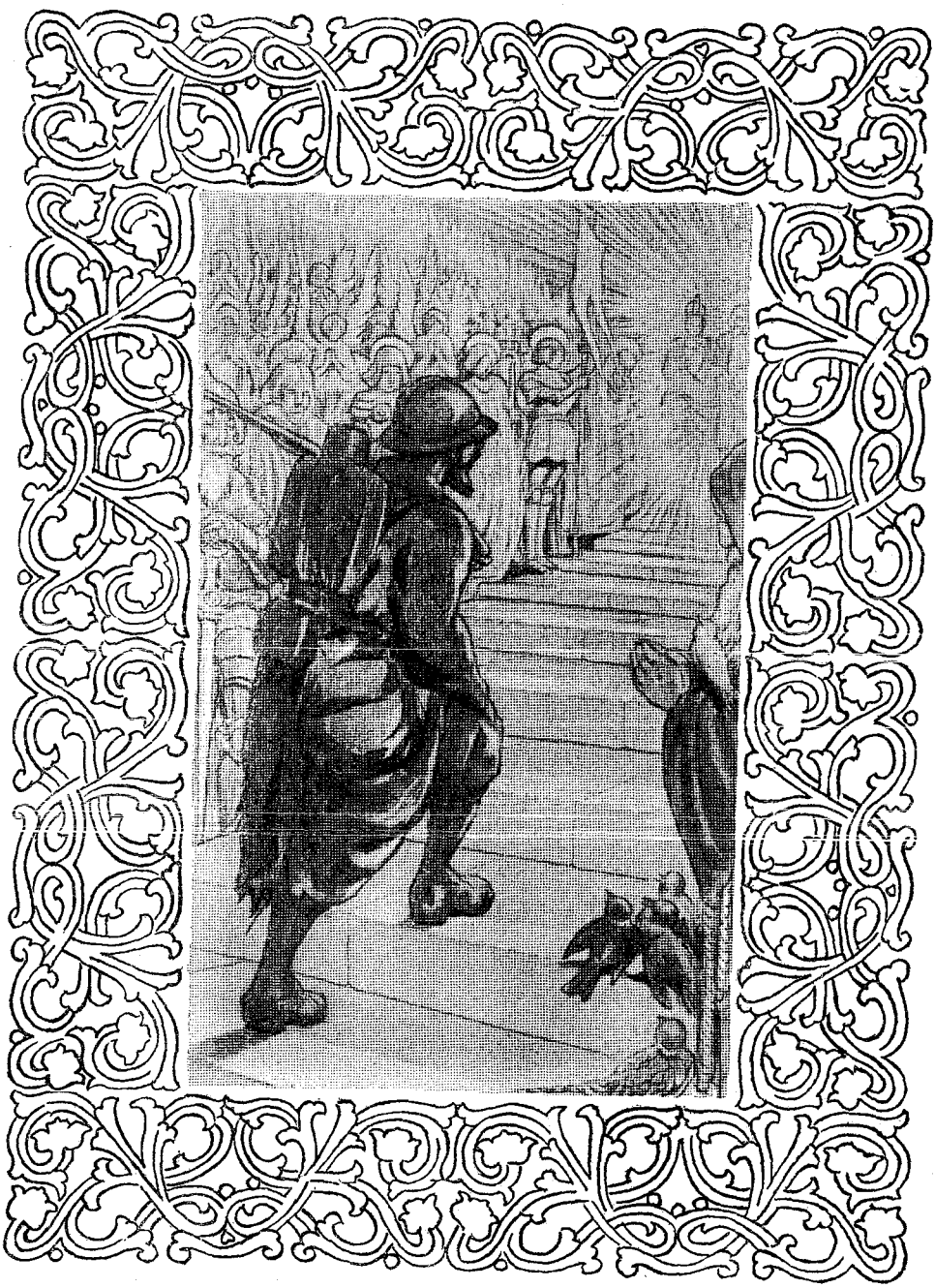

He found himself, in sudden awe,
Within a church—and such a one!
'Twas all in gold and purple done;
And gazing, at the end he saw
The good God, throned above a sun.
—Page 466.

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THE PASSION OF OUR BROTHER, THE POILU

Done into English by Arthur Guiterman

BY MARC LECLERC

With Drawings by Oliver Herford

We often talk of the best poem which the war has produced, and opinions usually vary. My own vote, so far as England is concerned, is still given to Julian Grenfell's lyric of the fighting man; but if France is to be included too, one must consider very seriously the claims of "La Passion de Notre Frère le Poilu", by Marc Leclerc, which may be had in a little slender paper-covered book, at a cost, in France, where is has been selling in its thousands, of one franc twenty-five. This poem I have been reading with a pleasure that calls to be shared with others, for it is not only very touching and very beautiful, but it has also certain of those qualities which are more thoroughly appreciated in company. Beauty and tenderness can make their appeal alone; but humor demands two at least and does not resent a crowd, and the humor of this little masterpiece is very deep and true.

Did I say I had been reading it? That is to use words with unjustifiable looseness; rather should I say that I have been in part reading and in part guessing at it; for it is written in the Angevin patois, which is far beyond my linguistic capacity. Not that Captain Leclerc is a rustic; on the contrary, he is a man of culture and the author of several books, chiefly on and about Anjou, one of which has illustrations from his own hand; but it has amused him in this poem to employ his native dialect, while, since he, like so many French authors, is fighting, the soldierly part of it is authentic.—E. V. Lucas in "A Boswell of Baghdad".

IT was a poor Poilu, who dragged
His bones through all the bang and rattle.
Oh, yes; poor beggar! he had bragged
Of how he longed to be in battle
And nowhere else, and all that prattle;
But when he learned that he was sent
And had to go, he simply went.
There isn't any argument
About an order, when one serves;
Then, those that till the soil, he knew,
Are those who must defend it, too,
Though they are only poor reserves.
Not every one, you see, is fit
For making shells and suchlike work;
It takes a laborer, a clerk,
Or notary to do his bit
In ammunition places, near
The foremost forefront of the rear.

The danger at the front, of course—
That is, the real front—is greater.
The shells the soldier sees out there,
That burst with such tremendous force
And where they land heave out a crater,
Are those the Boche sends through the air.
Our shells are better—anyway
That's what the powder-people say,
And who should know as well as they?

Our Poilu and his mates, together,
Were busy carrying grenades.
'Twas blacker than the ace of spades
That night, and mean and nasty weather,
With snow and rain and wind and sleet;
And there were shell holes for your feet,
Big holes to crack your legs or strain them,
Then bigger holes—it seemed to rain them!

Now suddenly there came a shell;
It burst perhaps within a rod.
The Poilu cried, "I'm hit, my God!"
And first upon his knees he fell
And then he fell upon his back,
While from his side, upon his sack,
The blood gushed forth and clotted there.
He called his corporal: "Old Pierre,
My friend", he said, "you'll have to tell
My wife: first say I'm not quite well,
Then very sick,...to break the news...
And there's my purse;...the hundred sous...
You'll give...my pals...and take the sack...

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Of hand-grenades...that's on my back..."
Thus, having made his testament,
He yielded up his soul, content.

Above the night his spirit flew,
Without a compass winning through
To Heaven's very gate, whereat,
Upon the golden step, he spied
Saint Peter beating out the mat.
"First wipe your feet!" Saint Peter cried
In tones that might be heard by all;
"Then take the right-hand passage, straight,
Until you reach the Judgment Hall;
There sit you on the bench and wait!"
The Poilu summoned strength to crawl
Along until he reached a stall
At which an angel, white and great,
Demanded his credentials, yes,
His name, his class and everything.
The poor chap gave them, shivering,
And stood there, cold and comfortless
For some few minutes, palpitating,
Until the angel said, "They're waiting!"

He found himself, in sudden awe,
Within a church—and such a one!
'Twas all in gold and purple done;
And, gazing, at the end he saw
The good God, throned above a sun,
'Twixt Mary and the Christ who died;
And candles blazed on every side
In candelabra, row on row.
And many saints were thronged below—
All kinds of saints in grand array,
But mostly soldier-saints were they
In casques and breastplates all complete:
Saint George, Saint Michael, armed to quell
His devil, prone beneath his feet;
Saint Leonard, Hubert, Saint Marcel,
Saint Charlemagne with beard that flowed,
Saint Martin, brave Saint Barbe who showed
His little cannon, primed to shoot;
Saint Maurice and his band to boot,
And Joan of Arc with banner proud.
And, seeing all the martial crowd,
The Poilu muttered, "Here's perdition!
A military court, I see!
Whatever will they do to me!"...
And then began the inquisition:

"Now tell your tale, and tell it true!"
The good God said to the poor Poilu.
"Before the war what did you do?"
"My God, I toiled with plough and hoe,
Which doesn't make one rich, you know;
And, as for me, my goods were few.
Still, work will give you what you need;
We weren't badly off; of course
I had two oxen, and a horse,

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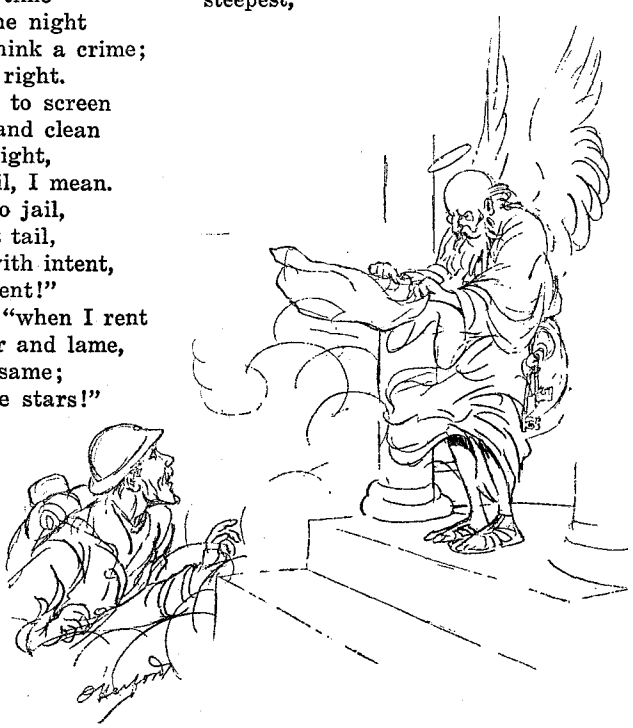
A cow, a wife, some fowl—indeed
A pig—with due respect to all——"
"Ah", cried Saint Anthony, "I'm bound
I know as well as any other
These little pigs!—Be blest, my brother!"
The good God bent his brows and frowned;
And, shrinking back against the wall,
Saint Anthony looked mighty small....
"Well, since you've been a soldier, pray,
Have you not sinned too much for grace?"
"Well, my good God, I wouldn't say
'Too much', nor would I have the face
To say I hadn't sinned at all.
To tell the truth about the case,
I *did* get drunk;—I own my fall.
Still, since I am an Angevin,
And as the wine was poor and thin
It might not be so great a sin;
You'd maybe call it very small."
Here Noah cried, the patriarch,
"Why, that's no crime that I can see!
Right often, if it lay with me
To pass upon a little spree,
I'd wink and wave, 'Sail on, O Ark!'"
The Poilu said: "Another time
They put me in the jug one night
For what they seemed to think a crime;
And still I feel that I was right.
I'd ripped my breeches; so to screen
The tear, to patch it neat and clean
And cover up the end in sight,
I clipped my cloak—the tail, I mean.
My captain clapped me into jail,
Because, in cutting off that tail,
He charged I'd damaged, with intent,
Belongings of the Government!"
"Why", said Saint Martin, "when I rent
My cloak to clothe the poor and lame,
It seems to me I did the same;
And me they set above the stars!"
"And me they shoved behind the bars",
The Poilu said; "but then, good brother,
I clothed myself, you clothed another,
Which makes a somewhat different matter.

And once—excuse my foolish chatter;
Besides, I know this isn't nice—
But once I had so many lice
I couldn't kill them!"...In a trice
Saint Labre cried, "I kept mine, too;
I kept as many as were hatched;
That was the proper thing to do.
You should have done as I, and scratched;
For scratching proves of great utility
In cultivating true humility!"
(Saint Michael, with disgusted cough,
His sabre waved and shooed him off.)

"And so, my Lord, if I have sinned,
I've suffered many tribulations
And miseries in cold and wind.
I've often borne with scanty rations
And want of sleep, and burning heat.
And when the sun in August glowed,
Oh, many times along the road
I've had to drag my poor, flayed feet
On long, hard marches, never stopping,
The salt sweat pouring out and dropping,
While heavy, heavy grew my pack.
Yet, sometimes where the roads were steepest,



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Or where the mud or sand was deepest,
I've turned to help my weaker brothers.
Oh, yes, upon my burdened back
I've often borne the loads of others
That they might go a little faster,
Though my own weary feet were slow!"
Whereat Saint Simon whispered low,
"Like us at Golgotha, O Master!"
"So thus I stand before you here,
A soul without a habitation.
If I have sinned, oh, Father dear,
Have I not offered expiation?
See, I am bloodless, pale and drear
With all that man in death endures.
The wound within my side is red."...
"Yea, verily", Saint Thomas said,
"Lord Jesus, it is just like yours!"

Still silent sat the Lord of Light;
And then the Poilu cried anew,
With sudden gesture pointing to
The Virgin Mother's mantle blue,
And God the Father's beard so white,
And Christ's full robe of crimson red—
"There are my colors, Lord!" he said;
Those are the colors of my Flag,
The colors of my country, France!
It was for her I bore mischance
Of war, of hardship, of disease,
Of marches when I scarce could drag
My feet along, of pain and fear,
This wound—it was for her I bled;
For her I died, my country dear;
For her I bow before you here,
Eternal Father, on my knees!"

Then smiled the Lord; and, glorified,
The inmost Heavens opened wide.

Among the hosts of Paradise
The Poilu saw with gladdened eyes
A crowd of Poilus mingling there,
And each had such a happy air!
And each one had a cloak of azure
That looked as if 'twere made to measure,
A golden helmet on his head,
And mighty wings that he could spread
To fly a hundred leagues at pleasure,
Nor wet his feet, nor ever feel
The smallest blister on his heel!

And there where angel pinions beat,
Our happy Poilu found a seat
And sang and sang in true accord
(At least with those that sat the nighest),
"Glory, glory to the Lord!
"Glory, glory in the Highest!"
And all the host responded then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

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FROM THE CHILD'S HOLIDAY BOOKS OF 1918

By ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

No one except Dr. Crother's in another "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party" could possibly do justice to the authors, artists and publishers who have joined forces to make what is perhaps the most attractive and varied output of children's books within my remembrance. American publishers have stepped bravely into the breach caused by the conditions attending European production and importation, and have given us a number of books so good as to claim fuller and more illuminating comment than is possible in this rapid survey.

In the light of the interest and anticipation stirred by the announcement that "The Springtide of Life, Poems of Childhood", by Swinburne were to be issued in an edition illustrated by Arthur Rackham as a holiday book, I would recall Swinburne's praise of "The Golden Age" of Kenneth Grahame—"one of the few books which are well-nigh too praiseworthy for praise. The art of writing adequately and acceptively about children"—and he might well have added for them—"is among the rarest and most precious of all arts".

At no time in the year is this truth brought home so convincingly as during the Christmas holiday season when to the parents and friends of children the gift of a child's book may mean much to a whole family. It was out of the consciousness of the need of many grown-ups to strengthen or to recover their touch with childhood that a custom known as "The Christmas Exhibit" sprang up in public libraries about twenty years ago. The idea grew very naturally out of the conception of the children's librarian that her work had set her in the midst of a great family of children of widely different tastes and capacities for reading. She shared the confidences of children who were being deluged at Christmas with all sorts of books they didn't like and of those who longed in vain for books they couldn't have. She shared the confidences of parents who wondered why their children never read the books in sets, the prize books, the books so confidently recommended as "the best" for the age of the boy or girl in question. She shared the confidences of authors and publishers as to why their books were or were not sustained in sales. She haunted the book departments to watch the sales at holiday time. She learned a number of things and among them was toleration for books which did not meet the standards she had been accustomed to apply to books to be purchased by the library. She saw that mere display of books was not enough, that there must be a discriminating selection from the books of the year placed side by side with the old and tried favorites, and that the books needed to be "opened up" to the grown-ups in the presence of children who were not their own "exceptional" children.

There were people who needed to sit down comfortably and talk about

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children's books with someone who was incapable of being shocked by any admission of freakishness, or apparent illiteracy, or even greatly surprised by surpassing intellectual feats on the part of children of bookish parents. There were other parents who were entirely ignorant of books, who wanted their children to have what had been denied them in childhood. No phase of work in the modern public library has presented so many opportunities for an enlarged outlook upon the writing, the illustration, the printing, the selling, and the reading of books for children, since children as well as grown people have been asked to comment freely upon the books selected for the Christmas exhibit. Indeed, I have come to feel that no reviewer should approach the children's books of the year without calling upon at least one child, preferably not his own, to blaze a trail. And so I invited Edouard, aged nine, into an office so crowded with reviewer's copies as to daze every grown-up who had entered it before him. Edouard is the son of an engineer who is likewise a philosopher and a rare spinner of yarns.

"My father", says Edouard, "can make a book seem interesting when it isn't. Lots of things you want to know you can't find in books, not even in 'The Book of Knowledge', but my father has done them or else he *knows* them in his *imagination.*"

Edouard attends a public school and is in the fourth grade; he is a frequent visitor to the children's room of the library. He learned to read very suddenly. burst into reading, as I have known many children to do after much poring over pictures. He is a boy of more than average intelligence concerning things mechanical and scientific, he has a keen sense of humor, a rare appreciation of genuine fairy-tales, and his sympathies are quick and warm. He is a philosopher in one of the most realistic stages of his development.

The sight of books piled high in unfamiliar surroundings did not daze him nor did it call forth as it might from one of those remarkable children in "On Our Hill" a speech yielding "perfect Shakespearian criticism" or clever quotations from his favorite authors. That he does not despair of an age in which the chipmunk takes a place in the scheme of life is quite clear. He paid no tribute to literary tradition. He surveyed the array calmly and then spoke:

"Is there a book here by Thornton Burgess?"

Without waiting for an answer he instinctively put his hand under a great pile of Boy Scout and war books and drew forth "Mother West Wind Where Stories" and clasped it to his heart.

"If I had a million dollars I would engage Thornton Burgess to write all the stories I could read."

Then followed a declaration of Edouard's passionate love for "Danny Meadow Mouse" and all his associates. If he could live always in the country as "Danny Meadow Mouse", he would almost be willing to change his own being; but if he must continue his existence as a boy he believed he would rather live on in New York where he could see "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" in the movies, read of the little people of meadow and forest in winter, and watch their life in the long summer vacation spent in the country.

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"Are there no other books which tell of the country, of birds, of animals, in a way you like?"

"Thornton Burgess can put it all over the others", was his reply, "because he sees what I see and I understand his language."

I shall not attempt to analyze or explain this appeal of Thornton Burgess nor answer the question sometimes raised as to whether he is not writing too many books of a kind in a manner somewhat monotonous to older readers. For thousands of boys younger and older than Edouard he has lifted the curse from nature study by putting them in touch with life as they see it. His "Happy Jack" with its dedication to Dr. Hornaday as "the life-long champion of Happy Jack Squirrel" is illustrated by Harrison Cady and appears in a form which is new to those familiar with the small volumes of the Bedtime Series.

"The Brownies and Prince Florimel" next caught Edouard's eye; he wishes, as I believe many others will wish also, that Palmer Cox had written a shorter story and made more pictures. "For you don't *read* 'The Brownies' very much—you chase the policeman or the Chinaman and let the pictures tell the story."

"After They Came Out of the Ark" was very amusing to us both and is, I think, the most imaginative bit of work Mr. Boyd Smith has done for some time. The text is a little subtle for most children but the animals need no text since they put one very much in the spirit of Æsop, La Fontaine and Uncle Remus as well as with the story of Noah as told in the Bible.

Edouard cannot read "Uncle Remus" and was not impressed by the sight of "Uncle Remus Returns" with the ten stories we have not had before. When asked if he would like to hear one, he chose "Tar Baby" instead of a new one and said there was one Southern book he had read over and over—"Diddie, Dumps and Tot".

"Twin Travellers in South America" looked promising but failed to hold his interest for more than a hasty glance at the pictures. "I think my teacher would like that book because it seems like a geography trying to be a story."

Edouard's teacher reads aloud but "she reads a great deal to please herself". Her introduction to "Alice in Wonderland" has been such that Edouard at present regards it as a book for "girls only". This explains in part his first quick rejection of "The Sandman's Forest" by Louis Dodge, one of the most distinctive and original books of the year but presupposing some literary inheritance derived from infusions of Lewis Carroll, Kipling, Barrie, and Kenneth Grahame. Edouard said it "began in a very silly way". He makes a great point of the beginning of books he expects to read himself. I did not press the claim of this one but two days later called his attention to one of Paul Bransom's pictures of the forest and read a page of the story. "That sounds very interesting. May I borrow that book?"

I well remember introducing "The Jungle Books" to children in a similar way before Kipling became popular with American children. I also read from Padraic Colum's "The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said" and this, he said, was like the old fairy-tales, as indeed it is in its poetical rendering. Mr. Colum is also giving us "The Children's Homer", combining for the first time the story of

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the "Iliad" with the story of the "Odyssey" in a version closely following Andrew Lang, he tells me, for the book has been delayed in publication. I regret my inability to speak from personal examination of "The Children's Homer" and of "The Folk Tales of Flanders" of Jean de Bosschère, whose "Christmas Tales of Flanders" has been so much enjoyed by children and grown people since last Christmas.

"The Folk Tales of Flanders" is described as having a larger number of illustrations in color by the Belgian artist who is the editor as well as illustrator of the book. "Little Brother and Little Sister and Other Tales by the Brothers Grimm", with its illustrations in color and in black and white, by Arthur Rackham, finds a place already made for it by an earlier selection of tales illustrated by the same artist. The two volumes contain about one hundred of the best-loved tales in an authentic version. A re-rendering of old fairy-tales from various sources by a well-known author is to be found in Katharine Pyle's "Mother's Nursery Tales", with illustrations in color and in black and white by the artist-author.

The picture of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" is the only satisfying one I have ever seen. "She knows how to draw bears in a family", was Edouard's comment as he compared it with an illustration for the same story by another artist of which he said, "These bears are not a family, they are just colored to match the rest of the picture". One could wish Katharine Pyle had not softened some of the older folk-tales and also, that certain titles had been given the familiar form of "The Bremen Town Musicians", "Chicken Little" instead of "Chicken Diddle"—but one must pay warm tribute to the strength of her drawing and the childlike quality always to be found in her work for children. She has also done the illustrations for "The Fairy Tales of Weir" by Anna McClure Sholl and the frontispiece for Eliza Orne White's "The Blue Aunt". Katharine Pyle's "Christmas Angel" is always a favorite book at Christmas time—and by this I am reminded that no Christmas story or collection of stories has yet come to my notice.

We have good reason to expect from the author of "Tales of the Punjab" an interesting selection and rendition of familiar fairy-tales. The opening story in "English Fairy Tales" by Flora Annie Steel is a tale of "St. George of Merrie England". Stories from the French, German and other sources are included and the attractive volume in traditional red and gold is illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

"Canadian Wonder Tales" is suggestive of Canada's romantic past and her Indian life. The stories were chosen by Cyrus Macmillan from his larger collection of folk-tales and folk-songs "that the children of the land may know something of the tradition of the mysterious past in which their forefathers dwelt and laboured". Such titles as "The Indian Cinderella", "Glooskap's Country" and "The Northern Lights" appeal to the boy and girl reader above the age of ten or twelve. The illustrations by George Sheringham add very materially to the interest of the tales, which are somewhat academic in their rendering for younger readers. An excellent translation of "Serbian Fairy Tales", the work of Madame E.

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L. Mijatovich, with illustrations by Sidney Stanley, is deserving of more careful notice. "Papalluga" is the Serbian "Cinderella" and there are characteristic versions of other tales familiar in many lands.

Since no new books may be expected from Russia, we may mention here the great charm of the three volumes of "Russian Picture Tales" by Valery Carrick. They are very humorous and immediately appealing to young children. Frances Jenkins Olcott, whose careful work as editor and adapter has been in evidence for several years, has this year edited a collection entitled "The Book of Elves and Fairies".

Edouard was attracted by the title of "A Little Boy Lost" and asked me to read "The Troop of Wild Horses" and the story of "Old Jacob"; and to this I was able to add something I remembered out of "Far Away and Long Ago", Hudson's recently published autobiography, which is a fascinating study of boy nature in unusual surroundings and which, although written for adults, yields very interesting incident and characterization to accompany readings from the earlier autobiographic child story of this author.

Quite unexpectedly Edouard was held captive by "Jane, Joseph and John", that enchanting trio of children born of The Atlantic Monthly Press. Mr. Bergengren has done something quite fresh and original and wholly in the spirit of child play in the verses ascribed now to John, now to Joseph, and now to Jane. The children are made very realistic and very childlike by the colored illustrations of Maurice E. Day. The marginal decorations in black and white by T. B. Hapgood give a very charming setting to the verse on each page and the typography is a delight to tired eyes. It is difficult to express in a word the charm of these verses but I think it lies in their projection of real children at play into an up-to-date world of their own. Edouard liked all of the verses but returned again and again to "The Flood", "The Home Guard", "The Transport", "The Policeman", and "The Western Front".

His teacher sometimes reads poetry, he says, but it is always sad or silly—never like children playing or anything funny like "A Very Exceptional Eskimo" which he read from "The Shining Ship" by Isabel Mackay—a most attractive book as to cover and general appearance, containing verse of varying merit and appeal to children.

There was no other book of verse to claim our attention save "Everychild's Mother Goose" with its introduction by Carolyn Wells. The illustrations by Edith Wilson are from photographs of dolls dressed to represent the characters and are suggestive of the Mother Goose illustrated in similar manner by Patten Beard last year. It has been our experience that this form of illustration has more interest for grown people than for children. One could wish that so distinctive a selection of Mother Goose rhymes as Carolyn Wells has made might have been illustrated by an artist with "the sense of nonsense". Did Leslie Brooke exhaust it when he made the pictures for Andrew Lang's "Nursery Rhyme Book"?

The well-loved Mother Goose of Kate Greenaway shares the fate of her other charming books in being out of print this Christmas. A very attractive Mother Goose is the new and small edition of the one illus-

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trated by Jessie Willcox Smith some years ago.

We would not press too insistently the question of size in the make-up of books—we think there should be variety in size as in other matters of form, but is there not a danger of making the large book too large and possibly reacting upon public taste in such a manner as to lessen the value of those refinements in make-up which publishers have been at such pains to secure? When the war restrictions are lifted, color, printing, typography, and the quality of papers and boards used in the making of children's books are sure to receive more careful attention. Meanwhile, very commendable attempts are being made to tide over this difficult period.

Miss Lamprey's "In the Days of the Guild" appears at a psychological moment, and may well be used to kindle appreciation of book-making as of the other arts. The stories are very simply and charmingly told under the evident influence of "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies", those two books which breathe the very spirit of English history. The illustrations are negligible but the book itself is a distinct addition to resources which have been limited hitherto to chapters in histories.

A new edition of "Hans Brinker" with illustrations in color by Maginel Enright is in very good type and cannot fail to make its appeal to children when it takes its place among the holiday books.

"The Short History of Discovery, Written and Illustrated with a Match" by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, has interested many children as a picture book and is a delight to the grown-up. It is intended, as the author says, to be taken as an "historical appetizer" and suggests no end of questions to an imaginative child who is too often bored by the facts presented to him in the form of historical and geographical readers. Just why it reminds me of the "Just So Stories", I cannot tell, but it does.

Edouard's comment on the new edition of "Joan of Arc" of Boutet de Monvel was brief: "I miss the best pictures". For this book in the French edition he conceived an ardent attachment when he was between six and seven years old. He would look at the pictures by the hour and then would bring groups of boys to whom he would show them and tell the story. Mr. Dugald Stewart Walker's "Dream Boats" with its delicate illustrations in color and in black and white made no appeal to him. Both in conception and in rendering this book seems to have been planned for an audience of somewhat sophisticated children. The book is most attractive in its make-up.

Beatrix Potter is making pictures for "The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse", a new volume in the "Peter Rabbit" series. There are now about fifteen of these little books, and children who like them will always want the latest one regardless of whether it seems to be as good as the others. There are some series—and "The French Twins" by Lucy Fitch Perkins belongs to another of them—which bid fair to hold their own however long they may go on as the work of the same artist-author. One wishes this were equally true of stories for older boys and girls.

There is rather a strong group of stories of Indian life, including "Lone Bull's Mistake", by James Schultz, the story of the breaking

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of a tribal law, a book of great value for boys and with the genuine thrill of life in it; "Lost Indian Magic", by Grace and Carl Moon, the story of the recovery of the tribe's magic —a turquoise elephant—which had been stolen years before the story begins; "Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains", by Charles Eastman, the life stories of fifteen famous Indian Chiefs. Paul Bransom's fine illustrations in color for Jean Thompson's "Over Indian and Animal Trails" delighted Edouard and interested him immediately in the book itself.

Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island" with N. C. Wyeth's stirring pictures will give great pleasure to boys all over the country. Edouard wishes to own it for the sake of having "such a good picture of Captain Nemo". He likes it better than the one he has seen in the movies. It is interesting to compare the comments of boy readers of Jules Verne today with those made by the boys of twenty years ago. His appeal is a refreshing one and the advance of science has put the modern boy in closer touch with him as an author who contributed something out of the ordinary to the boy readers of his own time.

A very good story for boys, suggestive in theme of "Captains Courageous" but quite differently handled, is "Jim Spurling, Fisherman", by A. W. Tolman. The author knows the Maine coast intimately and calls up pictures to those familiar with Vinalhaven, Isle au Haut or Matinicus. Dillon Wallace's "Grit A-Plenty" is another of his Labrador tales.

Captain Dugmore in "Adventures in Beaver Stream Camp" has told the story of boys wrecked on the coast of Labrador, who make their escape through their knowledge of woodcraft. Captain Dugmore can be relied upon for the accuracy of his scientific information. Walter Prichard Eaton has taken two Boy Scouts to Glacier Park. Archibald Rutledge has told some exciting stories of adventure on a rice plantation in South Carolina. A Hyatt Verrill in "The Trail of the Cloven Foot" has told a story of the search for a lost gold mine in a Central American setting which reflects the author's acquaintance with Costa Rica and old Panama. Dogs and their lore form the center of interest in Walter Dyer's "The Dogs of Boytown."

Dan Beard has prepared "The American Boys' Book of Signs, Signals and Symbols". Henry W. Lanier, in an excellent collection called "The Book of Bravery", has given the stories of heroic deeds of men of every age. Willis J. Abbott in "Soldiers of the Sea" gives the authoritative story of our crack fighting United States Marine Corps. F. A. Collins in his "Naval Heroes of To-day" has told of the deeds of daring by men in different branches of the navy. Francis Rolt-Wheeler has written "The Wonders of War on Land", which is hailed with interest by boy readers of "The Wonders of War in the Air".

It is impossible within the compass of this review to mention, even by title, the books of Joseph Altsheler, Ralph Henry Barbour, Lawrence Perry, William Heyliger, and other popular writers for boys, or those of Helen Dawes Brown, Mary Constance Dubois, Mrs. Seaman, the Knipes, and other writers for girls. The "Children's Bookshelf", edited by Miss Hunt of the Brooklyn Public Library, Mr. Mathiews of the Boy Scouts of America, and Miss Fletcher

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of the Newark Free Library, includes a more liberal selection of titles. This list is printed by the "Publishers' Weekly", 241 West 37th Street, and may be obtained there or at any of the book shops or book departments of general stores.

The Springtide of Life, Poems of Childhood. By A. C. Swinburne. J. B. Lippincott Co.

*On Our Hill. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Happy Jack. By Thornton Burgess. Little, Brown and Co.

The Brownies and Prince Florimel. By Palmer Cox. The Century Co.

After They Came Out of the Ark. By E. Boyd Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Uncle Remus Returns. By Joel Chandler Harris. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Twin Travellers in South America. By Mary H. Wade. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Sandman's Forest. By Louis Dodge. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said. By Padriac Colum. The Macmillan Co.

The Children's Homer. By Padriac Colum. The Macmillan Co.

The Folk Tales of Flanders. By Jean de Bosschère. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Little Brother and Little Sister and Other Tales. By the Brothers Grimm. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Mother's Nursery Tales. By Katherine Pyle. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Blue Aunt. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Co.

English Fairy Tales. By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Co.

Canadian Wonder Tales. By Cyrus Macmillan. John Lane Co.

Serbian Fairy Tales. By Madame E. L. Mijatovich. Robert M. McBride and Co.

The Book of Elves and Fairies. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A Little Boy Lost. By W. H. Hudson. Alfred A. Knopf.

*Far Away and Long Ago. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Jane, Joseph and John. By Ralph Bergengren. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Shining Ship. By Isabel Mackay. George H. Doran Company.

Everychild's Mother Goose. By Carolyn Wells. The Macmillan Co.

The Little Mother Goose. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. Dodd, Mead and Co.

In the Days of the Guild. By L. Lamprey. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Hans Brinker. By Mary Mapes Dodge. David McKay.

The Short History of Discovery. By H. W. Van Loon. David McKay.

Joan of Arc. By Boutet de Monvel. David McKay.

Dream Boats. By Dugald Stewart Walker. Doubleday Page and Co.

The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse. By Beatrix Potter. Frederick Warne and Co.

The French Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Lone Bull's Mistake. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Lost Indian Magic. By Grace and Carl Moon. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains. By Charles A. Eastman. Little, Brown and Co.

Over Indian and Animal Trails. By Jean M. Thompson. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Mysterious Island. By Jules Verne. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Jim Spurling, Fisherman. By A. W. Tolman. Harper and Bros.

Grit A-Plenty. By Dillon Wallace. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Adventures in Beaver Stream Camp. By Captain Dugmore. Doubleday Page and Co.

Boy Scouts in Glacier Park. By Walter Prichard Eaton. W. A. Wilde Co.

The Trail of the Cloven Foot. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Henry Holt and Co.

The Dogs of Boytown. By Walter Dyer. Henry Holt and Co.

Tom and I on the Old Plantation. By Archibald Rutledge. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The American Boys' Book of Signs, Signals and Symbols. By Dan Beard. J. L. Lippincott Co.

The Book of Bravery. By Henry W. Lanier. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Soldiers of the Sea. By Willis J. Abbott. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Naval Heroes of To-day. By F. A. Collins The Century Co.

The Wonder of War on Land. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Lothrop, Lea and Shepard Co.

*For the adult reader.

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TEN BOOKS FOR THE MONTH

GEORGE MOORE AS FOLKLORIST

By James Gibbons Huneker

After demolishing the authorized version of the life of Christ in "The Brook Kerith", George Moore now enters the list as a Celtic folklorist and, that he may write at ease, he publishes his newest book by subscription. It is called, rather unhappily, "A Story-Teller's Holiday", and bears the imprint of a mythical society for Irish folk-lore in Gaelic letters: "Camisun Seen-eoloij nah Eipesnn" is as near as we can make it out in English type. The volume, a weighty one, is copyrighted by the author in 1918 and is printed for private circulation only to subscribers. A limited circulation consisting of 1,250 copies, of which 1,200 numbered copies are for sale, is announced. The English edition was sold for two and one-half guineas, but twenty-five dollars was recently asked for a remaining copy of this edition at a prominent Fifth Avenue bookseller's. Lucky purchasers paid from eight to fifteen dollars for the American edition, published by a young firm in this city. I read a copy numbered 246 and still live to tell of the Moore tales. The title should be amended to read: "The New Heptameron; or Seven against Sense". And it is all as mild as milk, barring a few naughty phrases; which will probably offend the Society for the Suppression of Literature. All good Moorovians (there are Shavians and Barrovians; why shouldn't there be Moorovians?) expect a certain freedom from puritanical phraseology in the writings of their beloved master; therefore they will not be shocked. Far be it from me to insinuate that the volume will be bought precisely for its biblical frankness; nevertheless, that is the current belief.

There are at least seven full-fledged tales in the work, described in the prelude as a leave-taking, and in addition two or three anecdotes. Mr. Moore deplores the fact that "The Brook Kerith" was like a common criminal summoned before a London police magistrate, though dismissed scot-free; and that he was the defendant in a libel action in the law courts, which proceeding also ended in his favor. But the implication of wrong-doing aroused his resentment and while this book is avowedly another "Hail and Farewell", in the future he will publish his tales privately.

"A Story-Teller's Holiday" will please the readers for whom it was written. Squeamish persons who dislike blasphemy and license of speech will not change their opinion of the Celtic Casanova after a peep at his new pages. Undulating in style, these tales are related with the felicity in diction and phrasing we expect from the literary artist that is George Moore. Rolling rhythms, sentences that sing and paragraphs that play to luxurious lengths recall the more familiar prose of "The Brook Kerith". Mr. Moore speaks of this individual style as Anglo-Irish. It has the vague legendary narrative tone, and it is a prose happily adapted to the evocation of far-off days, of unhappy souls and

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shining visions. There are some beautiful pictures of Irish scenery. Moore has returned to Mayo. He haunts Moore Hall and tells us of its murmuring waters hemmed in by rich green woods and mirroring the flight of wild geese down the soft, low skies. Nor does he omit a fling at his dearest foe, Willie Yeats. Even Edward Martyn (see the Dublin trilogy) comes in for a rap. The Shanachie, or tale-teller, Alec Trusselby, naïvely asks, after Moore pronounces the name Edward: "What might he be?" George Moore always plays true to form.

The Shanachie relates the major portion of the legends, mediæval for the most part, and Mr. Moore supplies the modern note. What Alec thought of the revised story of Adam and his wives, Lilith and Eve, or of the masquerading Dublin female writer, or of the Turgenev-Dostoyevsky episode, we shall never know. He makes some remarks, but the Talmudic lore, orchestrated *à la* Anatole France (see "The Revolt of the Angels") evidently puzzles him. James Stephens in "Demi-Gods" is more naïve in his handling of the fabulous than George Moore, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti more poetical. But the Moorovian twist is simply breath-catching. The Turgenev-Dostoyevsky story written in the sombre key of "Crime and Punishment" is a *tour de force*, yet hardly convincing. The Dublin anecdote seems transferred from Kraft-Ebbing. It is psychopathic or nothing. Then we are regaled with a series of the most extraordinary monastic tales since Rabelais and Balzac—in his imitation of Rabelais. Bizarre miracles, strange apparitions, and odder pious customs are described with a gusto that appals and fascinates. Curither and Liadin, and their tragic loves, the monk Morban, less lusty than curious, the truly humorous story of Father Scothine and Father Brenaine in the Glen of Goshleen, where the sisters Dare and Lalloc weave their wiles—despite the audacity you smile, worse, you laugh, genuine ventral laughter. These happenings are laid in the twelfth century and the artificial literary haze, which the writer knows how to create so well, somewhat palliates the startling facts. The miracle of sister Ligach and Father Moling might have figured in the original Heptameron.

A Story-Teller's Holiday. By George Moore. Privately printed. Boni and Liveright.

MR. HOLLIDAY'S FASCINATING RAMBLES

By Benjamin De Casseres

Now, there are just two kinds of books in the world—those that you can pick up and begin anywhere and stop anywhere, and those that must be read through from cover to cover. "Don Quixote", the Bible, Rabelais, Charles Lamb, Walt Whitman, James Huneker, Sam Johnson, Don Marquis, Arnold Bennett are in the first class: start anywhere, back, middle, or even the bottom of a page, and it makes small difference. You get the "story" in every word, the flavor of the style swims to the palate in every paragraph. The smell of the word-cooking comes to every pore of the nostril from every part of the house.

Why should a man begin or end a book?—Why should he begin or end anything? Does Nature? Why, she is all middle, all part of some other part, a vast system of shreds and patches, and ballads, songs and snatches, and ambling, rambling by-ways. So, if a book would hold the mirror up to Life, let the author look to it that he have nothing spe-

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cific to tell. Let him make of his tale a series of glimpses, annotations, addenda and memoranda to a hidden theme.

A theme is, in the hands of your real literary artist, a bamboo cane. Twist it and bend it to the breaking point. Lean on it till the straight line becomes a circle. Make the air to crack with it; whirl it around your head and make it sing, whistle or flash. Thrust it into garbage pails or hedgerows; twist it around your neck or present arms. Sweep the bar clean with it or loose it from a ferry-boat. Fancy is the ultimate theme for free-roving souls. Whim is the ultimate unity of the mood. Contradiction is the art of walking backward across your own shadow. You can lift yourself by your own bootstraps if you just forget your intelligence long enough to be natural.

I came to this unphilosophical and hopelessly uncollegiate state of mind in spending an evening with Robert Cortes Holliday's fascinating and enormously joyous book, "Walking-Stick Papers". As I progressed from page to page—sometimes backward—I became aware of a blitheness, a lilt, a gay boyishness that I had not felt for years. A lot of old serious rags and cosmic trappings fell into the back yard of my being. I had a strange sense of going forward into a past.

Rollicking—that's the word! The book is in the rollicking style. And the rollicking style is rare. What was the last rollicking book I had read? Sacred Wart! It was "Pickwick Papers". Now, there are not many rollicking books by real writers. The jovial, roistering pen, dipped in old ale, that scribbles its notes about life while the troubadours of the glass sing their wanton glee-songs from the old wine-vault underneath the heart—what has become of them? Seriousness is the malady of the books of the time—and Mr. Holliday has whacked old Malvolio with about one hundred different kinds of walking-sticks cut from the old cherry tree of Humor.

Mr. Holliday writes with all his senses. Most people only see things about them. The author of "Walking-Stick Papers" eats, smells, feels, listens to, rubs, thumbs, walks on, through, around and over the visible universe. He inhales life. He exhales vital sentences. He rambles into human souls, explores bricks, looks into fire-plugs, turns double flip-flops through all the masterpieces of literature and art, saws words in half, exudes a New York or two while whistling, stuffs himself in the cranny of an idea and pulls forth, *à la* Herrmann, epigrams, shops and curious, fanciful Welsh rabbits, and disappears, finally, in the fountain in Madison Square to bob up again in St. Paul's Churchyard. A perfect fay of a fellow, an acrobatic O. Henry, a subway Charles Lamb, a Forty-second-street pagan.

How easy it is to say the great thing if one says it simply! How easy it is to see everything if one only does not look at things too long. How easy it is to vitalize your world if you only graze it! This is the secret of the beautiful style of the author. He will not marry any one—not he. Neither fish nor fowl nor good red brick walls. He knows—or he does not know, it is all one to such a vibrating, elastic spirit as Mr. Holliday's—that profound saying of Faust's, that when, in a perpetually flowing and evanescing universe, he should bid any one thing

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stay, that would be the moment of his annihilation. This may not be the exact quotation; but Mr. Holliday himself would say, "Who cares? —I don't!"

Man and his canes I sing. "On Carrying a Cane" is the opening paper in the book. Seeing that old Pop Gorilla used to lean on a tree when he went out to look up a mate, it may be said that the cane is father to the man. The walking-stick is the protagonist of Mr. Holliday's book. It is the airy noumenon (as Herbert Spencer would say) behind his adventures in phenomena. The cane is a symbol of rank. It is the precursor of "class". It is a guardian, a Man Friday to lone travelers, a herald of Art, a pass-key to the dug-outs of Bohemia, a battering-ram against the door of the publisher's office, a browbeater, a bush-beater and an Aaron's rod to fairy-land. If you do not believe all these mystical and practical attributes of the cane, read what the author has to say of it in fourteen pages. Nothing profounder has been said on the malacca. As an expert in canes, I know.

As every page in the book is so well and beautifully done, we do not know where to play favorites. Satire, fancy, humor, philosophy and the heady odor of little old New York are so inextricably mixed that a real honest-to-plumber of a book reviewer would not know where to begin to expound the various variousness of "Walking-Stick Papers".

Take the chapter with the rubric "A Roundabout Paper"—a delicious introduction about the disappearance of the bum. What bums, indeed, the world has given us!—from Socrates, the divine, god-shattering bum of Athens to Walt Whitman, cosmic bum of ferries and rathskellers. Mr. Holliday deplores the disappearance of this most interesting specimen of the flora and fauna of civilization. He tells us with a smack of the lips of his memory of the bums he has known; then suddenly he glides into Hilaire Belloc and William Hazlitt and the genius of the miscellaneous writer, the real-estate business as a branch of the imagination; pirouettes to Broadway and Fulton Street, where we find this matchless whimsy:—

"If you were a native of the Sandwich Islands and had never before been in town and were standing at the southeast corner of Broadway and Fulton Street at nine o'clock in the morning and were facing west, you would cry out aghast at this sight: you would see the quiet, old world graveyard of St. Paul's Chapel, the funereal stone urn upon its stone post marking the corner and the leaning headstones beyond. There is no trumpet sound. But from the mouth at the graveyard's side the earth belches forth a host which springs quick into the new day. It is a remarkable spectacle to contemplate, fraught with portent and symbol, though the mouth is a subway kiosk, my Sandwich friend." And the paper winds up under Brooklyn bridge.

As a clerk in a bookstore the author came in contact with many celebrities—"a clerk may look at a celebrity". There is a pen portrait of Henry James that is a perfect etching in its way. It is brushed into your brain with a few deft strokes—tattooed in, rather. And also there is one of Gilbert K. Chesterton, whom the author met in London—a fat cherub who cannot make his glasses stay on his tiny nose, a rambling, wine-fatted being who is always late

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at appointments he has never made.

"The Fish Reporter" describes an adventure in fish markets, among bales, boxes, wool waste, taverns and drays. If you believe the common-

MR. HOLLIDAY'S SKETCH OF MR. JAMES IN SCRIBNER'S STORE

place exists, read this chapter. You will be converted to the saying of a rowdy proof-reader, that to the dull all things are dead. Robert Cortes Holliday has the same passion for the commonplace that all real artists have. The great Joris-Karl Huysmans would have delighted in this chapter—it is an Iliad of the Ugly.

James Huneker has said the book is "monstrously clever". It is more—it is monstrously rollicking. Mr. Holliday sees with an unexpurgated eye. He is the O. Henry of the essay.

Walking-Stick Papers. By Robert Cortes Holliday. George H. Doran Company.

FURNITURE À LA MODE

By Walter Prichard Eaton

The fad at present is for "period furniture". A department store fills its window with a "William and Mary" library, and its rival across the way counters with a dining-room labeled "Cromwellian". Italian Renaissance, Louis XIV, Queen Anne, Jacobean—they jostle each other by the acre in the furniture shops. Some of them are authentic reproductions. More of them are not. But among them the ordinary buyer moves almost as helpless as he would be in the hands of a clever antique dealer. Who, for instance, knows the hall-marks of the "Cromwellian" furniture? No one who did would be likely to select it as a model for his dining-room set. As a matter of fact the "Cromwellian" set we saw in the window was Restoration. Indeed what ordinary householder can tell an Adam design from a Sheraton, can distinguish between American Empire and Colonial furniture or the furniture made here in the first two decades of our independence?

So long as we cannot do this, and much more, however, it is rather hopeless to plan for "period" rooms. Much better is it if we know nothing about styles, to "know what we like" and stick to that. After all is it so terrible for a Chippendale chair to stand opposite an American Empire sofa? The present reviewer cannot admit it without entirely altering his domestic arrangements.

However it is a useful thing, whether buying "antiques" or reproductions, to know what you are about exactly. The best, perhaps the only, way really to learn, of course, is to secure from an honest dealer or in some other manner certain battered but authentic specimens, and then repair, repolish, re-veneer and re-inlay yourself the old piece, till your hand has felt and your eye has learned by heart every detail of its construction, every grace and proportion of its out-

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line. Supplement this with a study of such books as Chippendale's, of museum specimens, or of the Adam furniture in the New York City Hall. Then after ten years you may really know something about furniture—enough at any rate to throw away about two-thirds of all in your own house.

But if this seems too long a process, Walter Dyer's "Handbook of Furniture Styles" will help you, at least to the extent of making you suspicious, which is the very first thing you must be when buying furniture. Mr. Dyer is clear, concise and terse and he knows his business. We particularly appreciate his appreciation of so-called "American Empire", which he prefers to call Jeffersonian. His book, however, could be made even more useful and interesting in a future enlargement, by showing with each furniture period the characteristic domestic architectural structure and detail, and the ornaments and fixtures. Much furniture of one period, of course, always went into houses built in an earlier style. But, nevertheless, a new furniture style also meant a definite effect on interior architecture and decoration. Just as museums are leaning to house furniture in reconstructed rooms, it might thus be described and pictured in a book; and Mr. Dyer, by writing it, might increase his usefulness in the cause of beauty and fitness.

A Handbook of Furniture Styles. By Walter A. Dyer. The Century Co.

COMPTON MACKENZIE THE LESSER

By Henry A. Lappin

Mr. Compton Mackenzie is assuredly one of the most distinguished of contemporary English novelists. Commencing in 1907 with a volume of poems, he permitted four years to elapse before publishing his first novel, "The Passionate Elopement". His second novel, "Carnival", appeared in 1912, and in the same year also "Kensington Rhymes", his second volume of verse. "Carnival" endeared Mr. Mackenzie's name to the passionate and vociferous few who keep singing the praises of a new artist until the many are intrigued and complacently accept their verdict. The critics found in it "an exquisite sense of beauty with a hunger for beautiful words to express it"—"an heroic scale of conception and achievement"—"a prose full of beauty"—and so on. The enthusiasm of that ordinarily reticent critic, Mr. Clement K. Shorter, urged him to inform two hemispheres that "Carnival" had "carried him from cover to cover on wings".

Indubitably Mr. Mackenzie had arrived. A third novel by him, "Sinister Street" (known to American readers as "Youth's Encounter"), came out in 1913, and was followed in 1914 by the second volume of "Sinister Street", a further instalment of the pilgrimaging of Michael Fane's restless spirit. Next year "Guy and Pauline" (American title, "Plasher's Mead") was published while the author was bearing arms as a lieutenant in the Royal Marines. This novel is a kind of pendant study to "Sinister Street, Vol II", dealing as it does with the exquisite idyl of Fane's Oxford friend, Guy Hazelwood, and Pauline, daughter of the rector of Wychford.

Now, after an interval of three years—in the martial course of which he has been gazetted Captain, created Chevalier of The Legion of Honour, invalided, and returned to duty as Director of the Aegean Intelligence

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Service—he gives to the world "Sylvia Scarlett".

The novel ends before Sylvia has attained her thirtieth year, but into her less than thirty years Sylvia has packed an intense and diversified reality of experience. The history of her forebears is detailed in a lengthy prelude; her own story begins for us when she is about four years old, with a very early and rather unedifying memory of her father. After her mother's death and the marriages of her sisters, Sylvia's weak and rascally English father, finding France too hot to hold him, returns to England bringing Sylvia with him.

In London, Sylvia and her wayward parent, in conspiracy with other more or less shady denizens of their boarding-house, engage in several amazing and farcical adventures in crookedness. Uproariously funny are the pages in which the author describes his heroine's visit to the establishment of "The Emperor of Byzantium"; the machinations of the astute Josephe-Erneste, Prince de Conde, ("What about Condy's fluid?" said the irreverent Henry); the extravagant comedy of Sylvia's afternoon at the æsthetic abode of Mr. Corydon.

With the death of Sylvia's father a new phase of her experience begins, for she goes off with, and after a short time is obliged to run away from, James Monkley, a disreputable companion of her father's. A little later she meets with Philip Iredale, a whimsical and gentle scholar, whose sophisticated raillery recalls Mr. W. J. Locke's Marcus Ordeyne. Philip sends her to school and subsequently marries her. Not very long after, realizing the incompatibility of their temperaments, Sylvia cuts the Gordian knot and once more runs away. Going to London in a tempestuous mood of reaction, she adopts the most ancient of feminine professions and exercises it until three months later —on joining a musical comedy touring company—she is able to return to Philip "the last shred of clothing that she had had through him, with a letter and ten pounds in bank notes".

The rest of the book traces her picturesque and vicissitudinous progress in various parts of Europe and America, South and North; her ultimate return to England; her success in London as a new kind of stage impersonator; the disillusionment that descends upon her in the moment of her attaining distinction in her new rôle and as she is on the brink of a great happiness in love. At the end Sylvia goes forth to her coming destiny, packing into the only trunk she took with her that golden shawl of Siamese crêpe that had covered the shoulders of her vagrant-souled ancestress, the shawl from which "had fluttered the airy tremor of invitation" that had stirred the pulses of the Honourable Charles Cunningham at six o'clock in the morning of Ash Wednesday in the year 1847 at the Vendanges de Bourgogne.

Frankly, when one remembers the author's previous achievement, "Sylvia Scarlett" is disappointing. That is not to deny that it is from start to finish a most interesting and vivid book. But in construction, in characterization, in the subtle creation and modulation of atmosphere, it is distinctly inferior to such a performance as "Sinister Street". Only very occasionally, too, does the style recall the exquisite and delicate harmonies of the other books. Indeed, a change has apparently come over the personality out of which Compton Mackenzie's first novels were wrought. His writing has no longer that lyric love-

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liness, that serene and unfatigued beauty which seemed almost to lay a spell upon the reader of those earlier pages.

For the rest, whatever truth there may be in his portrayal of valetudinarian existence at "The Plutonian Hotel, Sulphurville, Indiana", Mr. Mackenzie is far from happy in his presentation of New York life. His Undersheriff McMorris in a deliquescent mood may be excellent burlesque, but the life of even an undersheriff in New York is a decidedly more sombre affair than Mr. Mackenzie imagines.

And when in years to come our author, following the best precedent, rewrites this novel for his Collected Edition, he will doubtless lubricate the hinges of chapter eight which at present creak abominably; under his revising hand the transitions in the same chapter will take place with a less bewildering rapidity, and the long arm of coincidence in chapter thirteen will be considerably abbreviated; but, true to the first fine inspiration, he will leave untouched the death of Mrs. Gainsborough in chapter twelve which Sterne himself, it is hardly extravagant to say, would have tried in vain to better.

Sylvia Scarlett. By Compton Mackenzie. Harper and Bros.

THE PLATE COLLECTOR

By Walter A. Dyer

Merely as a form of relief a contemplation of ancient objects of art has its value, and the connoisseur will survive after the Kaiser is dead. There is something to be said in favor of keeping the art fires burning.

In her handsome book on old Sheffield plate Mrs. Torrey expresses some such thought as this and offers her contribution to the already voluminous literature of collecting without further apology. It needs none; such books as this will be taken reverently from library shelves in future days when the war books of the present will be gathering dust.

Books dealing with antiques and collecting fall into two general classes. There are those authoritative treatises to which the collector refers for his facts and dates, which cover their subjects in an exhaustive and thorough if not always a readable manner; and there are books, like those of the Shackletons, which tell of personal experiences and the joys and sorrows of collecting. The present volume belongs in the latter class. It describes in interesting detail the processes by which one noteworthy collection of Sheffield plate was accumulated, and it gains in interest through this introduction of the human element.

But it is not merely a record of experiences; it is a record of things learned, and taken as a whole it tells about all the average collector needs to know about this particular hobby. Sheffield plate was the plated ware used by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers for the same purposes that plated ware is used for nowadays—as "second best" or by families who could not afford solid silver. It is now rare enough to stimulate the collector's desire for acquisition. It was made at a time when the silversmith's art was at its height and much of it exhibits rare grace and beauty of line, proportion and ornamentation. Unlike our modern electroplated ware, it was the product of a laborious process of welding, pure silver being applied to copper plates. For the collector and the connoisseur it combines the charm of the antique

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with inherent artistic quality. How it was made and when and where and in what forms, are matters which Mrs. Torrey has woven into the web of her narrative.

Collecting is still going on, and I fancy that there will be not a few enthusiasts who will be delighted to add this volume to their shelves. It is luxurious in appearance and richly illustrated and is issued in a limited edition. It makes no claim to being the final word on the subject, and in her preface the author refers to two genuinely authoritative works on the subject which her volume does not attempt to supersede—"The History of Sheffield Plate" by Frederick Bradbury, and "Sheffield Plate" by Henry Newton Veitch. To this brief list should perhaps be added Bertie Wylie's book, also entitled "Sheffield Plate".

Old Sheffield Plate. By Julia Whittemore Torrey. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A BOOK BY FOUR DISTINGUISHED SCHOLARS

By Stephen P. Duggan

The high expectation aroused by the announcement of a book written by the four distinguished scholars who are the joint authors of "The Balkans —A History of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey", is in every way fulfilled. In the introduction we are informed that the authors did not write in conjunction, had no opportunity for interchange of views. Usually such collaboration is fatal. Not so in this case. Mr. Forbes's two chapters on Serbia and Bulgaria, Mr. Tonybee's on Greece, Mr. Mitrany's on Rumania, and Mr. Hogarth's on Turkey are in the first place complete in themselves; in the second place they are devoid of repetitions which would make it difficult to maintain interest. Each chapter might readily have formed a separate book; together they throw an interesting light upon one another.

To term the volume a history is to give a somewhat wrong impression. A most careful consideration of the ethnology of the Balkan peoples is presented and made additionally clear by an ethnological map. While this map is not nearly so good as the one drawn by the distinguished Serb scholar Cvijic and published in "The Geographical Journal" for May, 1918, it gives every evidence of an attempt at impartiality in a very difficult field. The influence of the geography of the Balkans in determining most of its history is never lost sight of. Moreover, although each chapter is primarily a political history, the influence of other factors in human affairs, for example the religious and the economic, are constantly referred to.

The book is a comparatively small book of 400 pages but in every one of its chapters is crowded more scholarship than is usually found in much larger works. Each author shows a fine knowledge of his subject and a complete grasp of the relations between the country of which he writes and the neighboring states. Although the major part of each chapter is devoted to the history of the country concerned during the last fifty years, nevertheless the mediæval background and the influence of the Turkish occupation are in each case adequately portrayed.

In every case the story evidences a sympathy with the legitimate hopes and aspirations of the people but in no case does the author write as a pleader. Condemnation is rather reserved for the Great Powers whose intrigues among the Balkan States have prevented the fine peo-

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ples who inhabit them from developing freely according to their own genius. One closes the book with the feeling that few writers have done justice to the Balkan peoples, that each of them has a fine future if external interference is removed and that with that proviso observed, confederation is not a remote possibility. With the reduction to impotence of the two military empires which have been the cause of so much evil to the Balkans, namely Russia and Austria-Hungary, the Balkan peninsula will probably enter a new period in its history. This book is not for beginners in the study of history. But for intelligent readers it is unhesitatingly recommended as the best short account to be obtained.

The Balkans: A History of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey. By Nevill Forbes, Arnold J. Tonybee, D. Mitrany, D. S. Hogarth. Oxford University Press.

THE PINKEST BOOK

By Brian Hooker

Miss Margaret Widdemer has written the pinkest book it has ever been our fortune to read. It is as feminine as a powder-puff, as delicate as the *frou-frou* of silken skirts, and as appealing as the passing of a faint aroma of orris. It is entirely concerned with the love affairs of a large family of sweet young girls, of whom one after another is gathered to the manly bosom of a husband, this happy consummation marking in each case the end of the chapter. There is one matrimonial squabble thrown in for good measure, it is true. But the general effect is of a book containing not one rhapsody of young love, but half a dozen such, one after another, and nothing else. And it is first love in every case, and usually love at first sight besides; and always perfectly nice and proper and as it should be. And yet, somehow, to read all at once of all these alluring girls in close succession wooed and won gives the reader a sort of polygamous sensation —if I may so express myself.

Of course, life is not actually like that. Life is not all courtship and romance. It contains other elements, as for example, beer and skittles. But the most hardened facer of the facts can hardly fail to be won over while he reads. Things do happen like that, now and then; and romance is truer, in its way, than realism; and there is such a thing as love at first sight after all, and once in a blue moon it turns out happily. So there is nothing in the book that might not well enough have happened.

The only impossibility is that it all happens together and all in the family. And that is at least an impossibility in the right direction. It is pleasant to enjoy in imagination some half-dozen delightful courtships without a single marriage; and to dream, during the two hours' traffic of the tale, of loves which actually may sometimes happen so, but hardly so much so. It is like having, for once, all the stuffed olives that you want. And the after-flavor is agreeable, too, a smiling pensiveness, a kind of "Grecian Urn" feeling—the reference is especially to the third stanza of that celebrated poem.

What makes and saves the book is that it is so well done. It would be no better than sheer syrup, if it were less deft and clever and amusing. It was worth while to have named the family cat Carrie Chapman. It was more worth while so to have varied the girls and their adventures that every reader may have the fun of choosing a favorite. And it is best of all that Miss Widdemer can really characterize, and make her people talk and act like people; and that she knows just when and how to put

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in the touch of laughter or of actuality that spices her confection out of danger of oversweetness.

You're Only Young Once. By Margaret Widdemer. Henry Holt and Co.

SOME BOOKS ON FRANCE

By Maurice Francis Egan

"Tales of Wartime France" are reprinted "to illustrate the spirit of the French people at war". They serve another purpose; they introduce to us some new writers, like Maurice Level, Frederic Boutet and Madame Lucie Delarne-Madrus, whom we might not have known during the war. They likewise remind us of the existence of the charming Jean Aicard. These stories are reprinted from the New York "Tribune", and Mr. Coudert, in a very touching foreword says: "One derives from them some idea of what the sacrifice has meant to France, how it has been borne, and what multiple forms it has taken. Who can forget Daudet's stories of the invasion of 1870? 'La Dernière Classe' leaves an indelible impression of the continued tragedy of Alsace."

It is rather annoying to find these stories starred, double-starred or triple-starred by the translator. By this method he shows that Frederic Boutet's "The Medallion" and "The Evocation" are the best stories in the collection. "The Evocation" is very pretty and unforced; but it has not the grip of "Under Ether". "The Medallion" recalls in treatment De Maupassant's "Parure"—one of the best of all short stories. "The Man Who Was Afraid" has just a touch of modern Rabelaisianism; it is delicious—probably by contrast with the tensity of the other stories. "At the Movies" is perhaps a little forced; but "The Messenger" has an atmosphere and a realism that makes one smell the flowers in the little shop. Maurice Level's "After the War", admirably done, carries a lesson and a warning. After the war will "business be business"? The translator has done his work with great sincerity and sureness of touch.

A book today runs double risks before it reaches the printer; it must be written and typewritten. To one of these risks must be put down the use of the word "Lutherans" for "Calvinists" in chapter six of Arthur Hassall's short history of France—the Calvinists of New Rochelle would have made short work of anybody who, in 1558, called them Lutherans; and, on page 197 we find, written of the critical years 1774-88: "Though England preserved her hold on India and Canada, and held Gibraltar, she lost the American colonies and Minorca. Her weakness forced her to give Ireland Home Rule". The pen or the typist makes this Oxford student say, speaking of the lamentable stupidity of Europe when Bismarck was permitted to take Slesvig, that Christian IV succeeded Frederick VII of Denmark. Christian IV was contemporary with Shakespeare and received the order of the garter from Queen Elizabeth. The typist changed IX to IV.

"France" is a good book for reference; it brings the story down further than the recently published "Short History of France", which stops at Waterloo, but it is not such good reading. Nevertheless it fills "a long-felt want". The maps and genealogical tables are good, and Mr. Hassall is careful of his dates; it is evident that he knows French history, but not France; but, after all, it is not "color" or fine writing we need in a book of this kind, but accuracy and a good index.

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Still, one feels that the author might have proceeded more slowly and been less allusive. If you are hazy about the position of Necker and Turgot, if, at a stroke, you want to find the real defect in the policy of Louis XIV, Mr. Hassall is on the spot and at your service; but when he tells you that "in 1785 Lord Buckingham drew a gloomy picture of all that was going on in the House of Commons" and when he compares "it" to the affair of the Queen's necklace, the average reader wants to know what was going on in the House of Commons; but he does not find out. On page 279, one—that is, the average reader, of course, —feels like saying, *"cherchez la femme"*, when one is told: "One notable Frenchwoman had endeavored to induce Gambetta to *revanche* in the forefront of her programme, but about 1880 she realized that those who advocated that policy were a constantly dwindling majority"! On the other hand, Mr. Hassall gives us the Revolutionary Calendar, which other short historians have seemed to believe we know; think of the pleasure of being able to read into the haughty novelist's "Claire met her lover between Ventose and Floréal", the months of February and April! Mr. Hassall enables us to do this.

"This cruel, pagan war which Germany has forced upon the world", says Henry van Dyke, "has deepened the sense of true religion in every heart that owes allegiance to a holy, righteous, loving Power above itself. No faith, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Socialist, is worth holding unless it can meet the test of self-sacrifice." To "The Faith of France"—the belief of France in God and her soul—Maurice Barrès has brought all the resources of an almost perfect manner of expression, well-interpreted English, and all the ardor of his heart. The old habit of religious hatred has died out in France. "There are sixty-eight Protestant chaplains in the army", writes Barrès, "and there are scattered through the ranks as officers or soldiers three hundred and forty more, who, without enjoying either official recognition or facility, are, nevertheless, permitted to speak freely when the occasion presents itself." "Let us draw near", writes the Catholic Barrès, "let us try to penetrate the profound and beautiful moments which determine the spiritual life of these Protestant who are soldiers." And he does this with exquisite sympathy and reverence. Of the Jews, he tells the burning story of Roger Cahen. In the face of the sacrifice of death, all divergences disappear. "We separated, having said an evening prayer together!"

Of the Catholics, there are about twenty-five thousand priests in the French army; all except about three hundred are fighting men. They take every advantage, though they have no official standing as priests—they are *poilus*—to console and inspire. Dogma is not forced on the Free Thinkers. "The greatest difficulty", writes one of these priests, "is to remain human, to avoid set phrases in an endeavor to touch the heart." . . .

It is a poor heart that never rejoices, says an old proverb; it is a poor heart that is not gladdened, exalted, touched to tears by "The Faith of France" in the things that make for the highest life. At the end of the book, one feels that there is indeed hope for a world of such men as these French are!

Tales of Wartime France. Translated by William L. McPherson. Dodd, Mead and Co.

France. By Arthur Hassall. Oxford University Press.

The Faith of France. By Maurice Barrès. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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ALL SORTS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

Out of the—I am afraid to count how many—year-end novels duly devoured or tasted by this deponent, a few have "stayed by", whether because of a certain freshness of substance or flavor, or because their workmanship was exceptional, or what not. The two new war books that seem to stand out for me are "Fields and Battlefields" and "A Dreamer Under Arms". They are rather alike in some ways. The title of the second might have done very well for the first.

"Fields and Battlefields" is a book that very agreeably defies the categories. It is the record or commentary of "No. 31540", a Sergeant in the British Medical Corps during the early years of the war in France and Flanders. An open question for the reader all along is how much is document and how much interpretation. A quaintly "literary" accent is afforded by the erudite and often recondite mottoes prefixed to the chapters, or tales, or homilies, or sketches, or whatever these diversions may be. But one feels that the humanities have only served to make the writer more richly human. All things are grist to the mill of his sympathetic understanding. As Orderly Sergeant he is absorbed in his job; as "Bags" he is the unaffected comrade of Staff-Sergeant Bill, Chatham the dresser, and the rest; and as a cultivated Englishman abroad he is full of response to the color and drama and humor of the new war.

But above all these is the spirit of the dreamer, seeing the whole spectacle and brooding upon it: now and then finding utterance in a swift phrase or two, as in this comment inspired by a glimpse of the interior of a French church: "Here also is a pageant, also one of many to be found at that moment all over Europe. Consider it well. It is not unrelated to that other noisy pageant outside. Indeed, without this within, perhaps that without would be impossible. Without, we soldiers, politicians, drinkers, journalists, blowers of mouth-organs, all of us eternally engaged in fighting, in interpreting, in inflicting wounds, in binding them up, in sacrificing ourselves, in all forms of quixotism, which we are pleased to call reality. Within, Humanity eternally compensating itself for its own follies, already united in a community of sorrow."

"Gentlemen at Arms" is a war book that stands out for me in a different way. We are permitted to know that "Centurion" is a British army officer who has seen service in France. His preface is extremely modest, not to say deprecatory. He "makes no claims—and possesses none—to be considered a writer of fiction". He simply has certain things to record, scenes and episodes based on his own experiences or on those of his fellow officers. For the rest, one would suppose, he "speaks straight on" without art or artful intent. We have had plenty of other prefaces like this which were amply justified by what followed. For two or three years the

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world has been flooded with clumsy chronicles from the front which we have read eagerly for their ingenuous human interest.

Signs appear that we are growing less responsive to this kind of thing, finding a sort of monotony in its ingenuousness or its clumsiness, and wanting to have all this material taken hold of by people who know how to handle and interpret it in a large way. And it is to this demand that "Centurion" is really responding. His preface can be taken only as the always useful disclaimer of the ingenious story-teller that he is doing anything more than record plain fact. It is impossible to believe that he has not had a great deal of experience with the short-story, if not as a writer, certainly as a student of its methods and effects. These are highly finished and technically admirable pieces of work. Their tradition is that of Kipling; they show traces of his manner, his brusque dialogue, his technical detail, his dry vividness and dispatch.

On the whole, we take "Centurion" to be an officer of artillery, but his "gentlemen at arms" are in all services, and he presents with almost equal vividness the work of the bomber, the balloonist, the infantryman, the submarine-hunter. In each of these brief tales he focuses and fuses the experience of a whole service or a whole class—and by way of telling a good story. In short, as "Fields and Battlefields" represents high excellence in a species of composition that hangs on the border of essay, sketch, and tale, "Gentlemen at Arms" represents it in pure fiction. Both books are worth reading at least twice—which I take to be one sensible test of literature, in the sense of a possession rather than a mere commodity or convenience.

I doubt whether from this point of view "Joan and Peter" would pass the test. Certainly it would not as a story. Mr. Wells is always immensely brilliant, and suggestive, and stimulating—but I wonder how many people read his so-called novels a second time? I confess to having succumbed to Mr. Polly, and have always had a notion that I might get through "Tono Bungay" once more. But books like "Joan and Peter" have no solid action or characterization to tie their pages together and make them a something to be cherished and gone back to. They are simply fresh effusions of the most active and irresponsible mind of this age. Anywhere on the six hundred closely packed pages of "Joan and Peter" you may find Mr. Wells talking brilliantly, suggestively, incontinently, whether frankly in his own person or under the thin disguise of one of his "characters". A great many of us do not care to miss such talk. But we haven't the least conceivable desire to hear it over again. Why should we? In a month or two our great talker will be around with a fresh "spiel", as amusing, as suggestive, as momentarily stimulating and comfortably inconclusive as anything he has got off in the past.

Mr. Britling is dead—long live Mr. Wells! Just now he has chosen to busy himself with what he calls "the story of an education". It is, of course, a whimsical exposure of the post-Victorian educational system, or hodge-podge, with which England has thus far muddled along. Poor old Victoria—she cannot, must not be forgotten or forgiven. Hers were the fussy morals of domesticity, the bad art, the stupid traditions and methods of the public schools. . . . Mr. Wells and his disciples, however far they may leap toward the future, seem

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fated to return to her coffin for every fresh take-off.

Something or other is said to have been won on the playing-fields of Eton, before Kipling threw the limelight on her flanneled fools. More consistently than Kipling, Mr. Wells believes England has done what she has in the world in spite of her public school methods and standards, not because of them. Here we have our "Cousin Oswald" taking up the White Man's Burden with a very vague notion as to what it is all about. He makes himself useful in the army and, blasted out of active service by a shell, finds a new job as an empire-builder in Africa. But there is a touch of the dreamer in him. He takes a high (if Teutonic) view of England's function, and when Joan and Peter become his wards he determines that they shall have right preparation for their work as servants of the future.

But they can't get it, in England; and here is our text for a spirited and thoroughgoing condemnation of the kind of education England does offer them. They are eager Wellsian youngsters, and with the Wellsian Oswald as guardian angel, they are supposed to work out their own intellectual salvation. As a matter of fact, they are quite helpless in the hands of their creator, and almost pathetically ready to do or say anything he likes. We fetch up at the war presently, and as far as we can make out, the upshot of all their education has been to convince our Wellsians (for the moment) that war is a tremendous and necessary stimulant and far better than a passive peace; and that the only wholesome outcome of the present war will be not Peace, or a world made safe for democracy, but "the Great Game", "a world made one for the adventure of mankind".

To be seeking, to be doubting, to be making, to be on our way it doesn't so much matter whither—this is Mr. Wells's ideal and practice of life. It makes him happy, seems to him the real thing, and he is touchingly anxious that the rest of us should be made happy by the same formula.

"Drums Afar" is a book of fresher quality, perhaps because we are less familiar with its author and his kind of thing. He has written another novel, the story of a Scotch artist in Paris. "Drums Afar" is subtitled "An International Romance". Its chief scenes are Oxford, London and Chicago, and its chief persons a young Briton of conventional breeding and certain Americans from Chicago. Its action is slight but sufficient for a comedy of the graver sort, which throws stress on humorous characterization rather than incident.

There is one very unusual thing about this story. I should not be sure on the strength of it whether the writer was an Englishman with an extraordinary knowledge of middle-western America, or an American of the Middle West with an extraordinary knowledge of England. Perhaps the common denominator of the Middle West betrays the fact. Our novelists of that region would not present a Mike Kelly or a Madeline Raymond as examples of the best people of Chicago —much less as typical Americans. And they would probably make our Oxonian, Charles Fitzmorris, considerably less human and lovable. But we are so accustomed to find the President's American murdered by English novelists, the best of them, that it is startling to find among them one who can think in the ultra-slang of our man in the street.

As the title (after the event) suggests, this is a story laid mainly in the

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years leading up to the war. Here once again, lightly but vividly, is the picture of a twentieth century world overcivilized, overfed and overstimulated, feverishly pursuing false gods of pleasure and modish goddesses of change. Oxford is a place of mellowed and slightly mouldering beauty, busy making gentlemen for the glory of England, and offering as little as may be to those who may come to her for learning. London is a city of tango teas, night clubs, and female militancy. Charles Fitzmorris drifts not unintelligently through Oxford and into London journalism. His warmest contacts with life, however, are to be made through his friendship with Kelly at Oxford, and his romance with Kelly's compatriot, Madeline Raymond.

Kelly is a delightful if more or less "fancy" portrait of the staving, slangy, irreverent but beauty-loving American, who has made his pile and has leisure to sound Oxford and Europe for whatever may concern him. He is credited with good taste in art and good sense in conduct, apart from an exuberance of manner and speech which we take to be his duty as an American. He has no end of money, and so have the Raymonds; Madeline is a promising singer and something of a beauty. Fitzmorris follows her to America just before the war breaks out. Her father accepts him and offers him a snug berth. But England calls and he has to enlist. This involves a break with the spoiled Madeline; but she presently sees that he is right, herself (a trifle conventionally) joins the Red Cross, and they are duly reunited in a British hospital.

What gives this book its freshness is after all a matter of savor and gusto rather than of anything that can be analyzed. It is written out of something instead of for something.

Two or three other international romances are before us at the moment. It may be noted that they all have Southern heroines. "On Furlough" is a romantic episode with the war in the background. This, also, is a piece of romantic comedy, though of a slighter and lighter sort than "Drums Afar". To a quiet Southern village in search of good air and health, comes Lieutenant Wrexham of the Irish Guards, a nervous victim of the early campaigns in France. He is a "decent sort" really, as well as the grandson of a peer, but badly brought up and unweaned by the war from his man-about-London point of view. In the little Southern village he finds some nice people and especially a pretty American Molly who charms him in spite of his cynical standards and trifling habits. He is, to be sure, less trifling than he likes to seem. But even after he has won his Molly in a preliminary way he is unaroused; prepares to drift into an easy billet in London; it is because of her that he returns to the front, to make himself worthy of her by doing not only his bit, but his utmost, for the world's need. What "makes" the book for me is the Lieutenant's uncommonly amusing Briticism of speech and manner—heightened no doubt, but only as they legitimately should be for the purposes of comedy.

"The Ghost Girl" and "Camilla", our two other international stories, are as modern as they can be without touching on the war. Perhaps "international" is too strong a word for Mr. Stacpoole's tale. Phylice Berknowles's father is an Irish squire; but her mother was a Mascarene of Virginia and the Carolinas, more especially of Charleston. In an unusual sense

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Phylice is coming home, when on her father's death she comes to Charleston as ward of a distant (and youthful) cousin, Richard Pinckney. The situation is much the same as in the recent "Ghost Garden" of Amélie Rives—the pair of modern lovers reincarnate a pair out of the past, whose unhappy romance has taken place in the very place and setting. The idea is far more lightly handled in this book, which may be called a psychical comedy, if anybody cares to find a category for it.

"Camilla" is a novel of graver pretensions, an ambitious piece of portraiture. Camilla is a girl of an old Florida family who has married a handsome American scapegrace and egotist and been forced to give him up. As a divorced woman she has lived in Europe for some years, well-received in various quarters by virtue of her charm and evident "niceness". Then she meets again a young Englishman, Michael Nancarrow, whom she has known in America during the last days of her marriage. They love, and she is accepted by his proud "county" family after he has made it clear that he means to have her. But on the eve of surrender she somehow revolts from his passion. Memory is too strong in her, and she cannot help feeling that she still "belongs" to the Leroy Trenholme from whom she has been formally parted for so many years. She pleads for time, and virtually flees to America, as the only place in which she can naturally adjust her future.

On her arrival, in a moment of revulsion, she cables Michael to come. Then a natural chance brings her and Trenholme together, and the old bond asserts itself, for her. For him it is gone except as a physical memory; but he sees his power and is disposed to exert it, till she discovers that his purpose is idly wilful. Then indeed she is done with him, and escapes to her old Florida home. Whether she is done with Michael or not, is left to our surmise, with the presumption in the negative. The book, as I have said, must stand or fall as a bit of portraiture. Mrs. Pennell's method is not free from conscious artifice, and her manner is ultra-polite; but for better or worse she has painted a woman; and the book stands.

"The Magnificent Ambersons" is another of those American chronicles running from the 'eighties well toward the present of which (as I was saying a month or two ago) there have been so many during the past year. "On the Stairs" (by H. B. Fuller), "The Boardman Family" (by Mary S. Watts) and "The Magnificent Ambersons" have a strong family likeness in several respects. They are studies of the third and fourth generations in the Middle West; of the transformation of the small town from primitive democracy to a community virtually ruled by a few families descended from the original settlers and now held as a sort of aristocracy; and of the later submergence of that provincial social order by the influx of progress and commercial expansion. The three books are singularly unanimous in their presentation of the comedy of the downfall of the aristocracy, the Boardmans and the Ambersons, from their supreme but brief eminence.

Mr. Tarkington, of course, tells the story in his own way. His scene holds three generations of Ambersons at once. This does not take us back to the original shirtsleeve Amberson who did his part in settling our "Midland town"; we see the fam-

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ily magnificence founded by Major Amberson, who in the early 'seventies opened up, developed, and profitably sold a large tract on the outskirts of the town. He built a noble "mansion" of his own there, and reared his offspring in it as princes of the land. His sons are none the better for this rearing, but it is in his grandson, George Minafer, that the pride and glory of the family consciousness reach their zenith. George is not an Amberson in name, but as the only son of the Major's daughter Isabel he is bred in the tradition, and bears himself as the supreme heir and representative of "the family". The truth is, young George is an insufferable ass, not an amiable ass like William Baxter of "Seventeen". The folly of youth is an endearing thing in the one case; in the other it is a crime. Mr. Tarkington's leaning towards caricature has not seldom interfered with his powers as an interpreter. It did in "The Turmoil" and it does here.

His method is to make young George an intolerable sinner so that we may rejoice the more when he is saved. We are invited to hate and despise him as hearty as possible. He is a ridiculous young snob; we readily agree with those of his fellow-townsmen who hope to see him "get his come-upance". The hard thing is to understand why anybody, least of all Miss Lucy Morgan, endures him for a moment. We, to be sure, have to take on credit the physical beauty which is a real thing to his mother and his Lucy. But it is a long road to his "come-upance" and that species of conversion which makes him fit to live with in the end. I take pleasure in the book, I suspect, because it covers vividly the range of my own generation and yields the atmosphere of and color of that "middle distance" which, as one emerges from it, is wont to be so blurred and insignificant to the backward eye. And I close the book with the queer feeling that everything about it is true except the central figure.

"The Manse at Barren Rocks" is a more ingenuous sort of chronicle. For recent analogies I might name "A Country Child" by Grant Showerman, and "Boone Stop" by Homer Croy. But it has a savor of its own, quite unlike Mr. Showerman's slightly studied artlessness or Mr. Croy's twinkling realism. The nearest thing I think of is that extraordinary pioneer among American novels of rustic life, which has recently been reprinted, Howe's "A Country Town". This simple story of a country boyhood is told with like fidelity and gravity. The style is bare and rough-edged with vernacular. It is plain that the writer thinks American instead of recalling it now and then for decorative purposes. For the time, at least, he *is* Ben Rhodes, son of the frontierman and Baptist preacher who attends to his man's job in the West Virginian hill village of Barren Rocks.

Of action in the "fictional" sense there is none. This is literally a chronicle, beginning with the earliest vivid memories of the child Ben and going on to the end of his boyhood and his departure from Barren Rocks. But it is a chronicle of extraordinary vividness and charm. We live with this household, this little community, till we know them all like friends. The parson, with his physical strength and his religious ardor, suggests the father in "Boone Stop". But his sense of fun keeps him free from the other's fanaticism, and his tenderness for his family is under no puritanical cloud of concealment.

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Life is full of beauty for him and for his gentle mate, so that the household at Barren Rocks with all its limitations is on the whole a place of happiness. These covers hold very much that is of value as a record of place and time; and their localism passes the higher test in revealing a microcosm of human qualities and relations.

To Miss Cather's new story, "My Antonia", the same tribute must first of all be paid. It is true to the Nebraskan soil of her own childhood, and therefore true to America and the world. On the surface it also might be called artless and deficient in action. But here in fact it differs sharply from a chronicle like "The Manse at Barren Rocks". Miss Cather is an accomplished artist. Her method is that of the higher realism; it rests not at all upon the machinery of dramatic action which is so right and essential for romance. Her "Song of the Lark", a triumphal story if there ever was one, lacked the rounded artifice that lures a big public—lacked, above all, the conventional "happy ending". So does "My Antonia", which, even more frankly a portrait than its predecessor, is a portrait of a woman.

Miss Carther has owned as among the most vivid of her experiences on the Nebraska ranch of her childhood, her impressions of the Scandinavian and Bohemian settlers who were among her neighbors. Thea Kronborg in "The Song of the Lark" was of Swedish parentage. Antonia is a Bohemian girl on a Nebraska ranch. Her father, a musician and dreamer, has no heart in the new life and presently kills himself as the only way out. The mother and the elder son are ambitious and unscrupulous. Antonia is the one well-rounded member of the family: somehow she joins her father's sensitiveness to the sturdiness of her mother, and contributes that magic something of her own that is necessary to transmute mere characteristics into personality.

She is not infallible or protected by a special Providence, does not push forward to an obvious success or happiness. On the contrary she passes her first years of grown girlhood as a farm worker, becomes a "hired girl" in the neighboring town, runs away with a flashy drummer who deserts her before the birth of her child, and later marries an undistinguished and not especially successful farmer of her own race. But she is unconquerable; and she lives through everything to transmit that superb health and courage of mind and body to a great family who are bound to make their worthy contribution to America. It is in this guise, as "a rich mine of life, like the founders of early races", that we see her fulfilled and justified.

Clearly, the effectiveness of such a portrait depends in an unusual sense upon the skill of the painter. Casual as her touches seem, no stroke is superfluous or wrongly emphasized; and we may be hardly conscious how much of the total effect of the portrait is owing to the quiet beauty and purity of the artist's style.

Fields and Battlefields. By No. 31540. Robert M. McBride and Co.

Gentlemen at Arms. By "Centurion". Doubleday Page and Co.

Joan and Peter: The Story of an Education. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co.

Drums Afar: An International Romance. By John Murray Gibbon. John Lane Co.

On Furlough. By Florence Olmstead. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Ghost Girl. By H. DeVere Stacpoole. John Lane Co.

Camilla. By Elizabeth Robins. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Magnificent Ambersons. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday Page and Co.

The Manse at Barren Rocks. By Albert Benjamin Cunningham. George H. Doran Co.

My Antonia. By Willa Sibert Cather. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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MAETERLINCK'S WAR MOOD

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

No one is more surprised over his war mood than Maeterlinck himself. He who has, heretofore, been addicted to the exploitation of every virtue, with the calmness of a serene and almost disembodied mystic; he who, counted among the sages, has always championed a life of quiet and seclusion, and has deplored acts of violence, is now appareled as a warrior, a champion of his country, and flings forth words of hate against the enemy. Then, with the reticence of philosophers—at least of philosophers not German—his soul takes fright, and he subjects his hatred to a scrutiny which is typically Maeterlinckean.

His recent book of essays, "The Wrack of the Storm", reveals him as speaking a new language. The war has swept over him with the horror of its sweep over Belgium; it has made him conscious of his nationality as a Belgian, and has given him a host of spiritual thoughts with which to contend. He has had to substitute other value for old thoughts. The titanic struggle, which has nearly annihilated his country, and which has turned him into a refugee, has made him analyze afresh the innate excellencies of mankind, and has succeeded in drawing him from his solitude; it has brought him bodily amidst his fellow creatures. Though he is still reticent about himself, yet this book, which has only just been issued, reveals clearly to us what Maeterlinck has been doing, where he has been going, what he has been thinking, since the fateful August, 1914.

It would seem, from statements now made, that during the years Maeterlinck has been writing of wisdom and destiny, and has been weighing the power of the human will to solve the mysteries of fate, he has had doubt in his soul as to the world's ability to face a crisis. He has thought, and shared his pessimism with no one, that with all the creature comforts crowding in the wake of modern civilization, mankind would forget how to use the cardinal virtues, and would fall into the slough of indifference. But suddenly the war broke, and with it came the renascent assertion of the sublime in every man at the front, fighting the blond beast before him. Maeterlinck, facing what he considers to be the supreme moment in the history of the universe, has donned his bellicose trappings of the propagandist writer, at the same time reserving for his own exercise the qualities as physician of the soul that he has always upheld.

This mystic, of the traditions of Novalis and Emerson, has often in the past irritated us by the impatient way in which he has brushed aside personality and event. He has, in his numerous books, stripped history of its statement and laid bare its inner secrets. Sometimes we would have welcomed some direct impressions of the problems which deal,

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not with our inner life, with our buried selves—to use an Arnold phrase—but which affect the outward relationships the majority of us identify with the life of individuals and of nations. Comes now a moment when the accumulation of material treasures is being attacked and destroyed from the outside—when the bandit, the beast, the outlaw, the foul invader, the butcher—epithets used by Maeterlinck, whose nature is eminently given to the practice of sweetness and light—is attacking the material expression of Belgian and French tradition, not understanding that to conquer cities for the moment, through the exercise of what Maeterlinck calls the will of the earth, does not mean to conquer, but only to fortify for longer struggle the soul awakened to its destiny.

Maeterlinck has not withdrawn himself, as has heretofore been his wont; he has gone into the midst of the turmoil, speaking his thoughts aloud to hosts in Paris, Milan, Rome, London. I can tell you more of this quiet man from his book, "The Wrack of the Storm", than from any other book he has written. From the moment, as a gatherer of the harvest at the outbreak of the war, to the time when he took up his residence in Nice, he was the same retiring philosopher of yore; but soon his duty became apparent to him; he mobilized his strength on the side of the men with missions, and in his essays he has been the spokesman for regenerated humanity. Here he uses the personal pronoun freely, though he says he is but a voice in the crowd. He speaks of "we Belgians" as though nationality were hallowed by unprecedented sacrifice. He relies on the testimony of his own presence. Oftentimes he says with pride, "I was a witness of these things".

Never before has he cursed any part of humanity. But now he has found it necessary to preach the doctrine of being merciless in order to be just. He has joined those philosophers who, in the words of Horace J. Bridges, in his essay, "The Duty of Hatred", have analyzed their position thus: "I must both feel and express the detestation inspired in me by their [the Germans'] deed, and by themselves so long as they remain identified in will with their deed." Then, for an instant Maeterlinck falters. Maybe in the days to come, he argues, we will be judged as in fault by those who will have attained a higher plane of justice than we at present can see. Loftier souls will recognize our failing. For at least, so he thinks in his essay, "When the War Is Over", the German soldier, according to testimony, has evidenced elements of heroism, has shown the spirit of tremendous sacrifice. He recalls that the Allied soldier does not hate the individual German as a man. The question to him for the moment is one of trust, not one of hatred. We cannot trust the German armed; therefore we must disarm him. It is only then that the German, individually, becomes human.

Maeterlinck is in a quandary; he tries to find some basis for future intercourse and forgiveness, and he cannot. So I judge from "The Wrack of the Storm". Unlike his fellow countryman, Emile Verhaeren, whom Maeterlinck would have had elected to the French Academy instead of himself, he suggests that time may solve the German's plight. But Verhaeren is outspoken and tenacious. "Germany is the dangerous nation because it is the un-

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civilizable nation, because its castles, its fields, its barracks, have remained the inexhausted and perhaps the inexhaustible reservoirs of human ferocity." So wrote the author of "The Dawn" just a short while before he was accidentally killed by an onrushing train. Elsewhere, Verhaeren avowed: "Frankly, I do not think the German soul is very susceptible of improvement".

This is the natural psychology of the moment. Even Maeterlinck cannot get it out of his heart that we must not be lenient. Analyze, as he does, every avenue by which the German might escape the inevitable judgment of the future, he returns to the identification of the beast with the deed. In "The Hour of Destiny", he says, "if we do not destroy, root and branch, the military power of an enemy who is in secret alliance with the evil influences of the earth; if we do not, here and now, by an irrevocable compact, forearm ourselves against our sense of pity and generosity, our weakness, our imprudence, our future rivalries and discords; if we leave a single outlet to the beast at bay; if, through our negligence, we give it a single hope, a single opportunity of coming to the surface and taking breath, then the vigilant fatality which has but one fixed idea will resume its progress and pursue its way, dragging history with it and laughing over its shoulder at man once more tricked and discomfited." Surely he reaches Verhaeren's conclusion when he writes: "Let us know how to be pitiless, that we may have no more need for pity".

Maeterlinck does not speak in the terms of President Wilson, when the latter pleads for the unswerving exercise of social justice. His machinery is of another sort. His terms are spiritual, but they lead to the same human results. He does not state it as Wells states it, for the latter claims the circle of isolation for Germany is being so distinctly drawn that if she does not give up forever her dream of world domination after peace is declared, such a port town as Hamburg will enjoy the peace of a blockaded city, caught in the vise of an economic prison.

"The Wrack of the Storm" reveals Maeterlinck exultant that his distrust of humanity's ability to bear the strain is dispelled. The strain of virtue has been met by every response on the part of Belgium, of England, of the disinterested nations, against the onrush of the heathen hordes. All he has written in the past about man's heroism has been incomplete and inaccurate. He must mend his conceptions to accord with the hour. Ancient heroism has no peaks as high; it is not so insistently identified with the spirit of self-sacrifice. Forever there has been removed from civilization the criticism that it has corrupted the eternal font from which true heroism is drawn.

He says: "The greater his [man's] progress in the conquest of nature, and the greater his apparent attachment to material welfare, the more does he become capable, nevertheless, unconsciously, deep down in the best part of him, of self-detachment and of self-sacrifice for the common safety, and the more does he understand that he is nothing when he compares himself with the eternal life of his forebears and his children." Nations have revealed unexpected virtues; individuals, no matter how lowly, and how little they have had to gain, have neither wavered nor faltered. There is an essay

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of his called "On the Death of a Soldier", which pays touching tribute to his boxing master at Nice—a human study emphasizing this point—the humbleness of heroism such as that of Corporal Bon.

But despite all this contemplation of humanity attacked from the outside, Maeterlinck refuses to recognize the event. When he speaks of cities that have been trampled under heel he exalts the ruins and masses the treasure under the symbol of an accumulated richness of the spirit of the past. Only once does he mention the Marne, and then no other battle-field. Only once does he draw in definite terms a personality—when, for example, he describes the orator, M. Jules Destrée, author of "En Italie", and his magical power over the crowd. But when he writes of King Albert and Edith Cavell he is as persistently oblivious of their simple characteristics as he was of the human traits in Emerson and Ruysbroeck and Novalis, in his essays on these mystics. He takes them as symbols of the moment, symbols which will live as the symbol has persisted of King Arthur. That is the way Maeterlinck defies the ravage of the German. The symbol lives despite them.

In this book, however, one discovers further concrete evidence of the extent of Maeterlinck's reading. He never ignores fact, he merely discards it in full knowledge. There is ample indication that this mystic has read closely and weighed carefully the progress of events. He knows the happening and judges the consequences. Yet he is more historical than he has ever been. In fact, I believe we all are that. As Maeterlinck might say, the quotidian event is pregnant. But nothing dazzles him. He is as calm in his search for the transcendental in the warring nations as he was when, changing his theory of the marionette drama for a more full-blooded theatre, he refused to read the true meaning of drama in violent situation, in excessive passion, but championed the forces of life beating about the figure of an old man sitting quiescent about a lighted lamp. So was it with Edith Cavell. Destiny did not select a dazzling and warlike heroine. He declares in his tribute: "The beauty which we find so touching has grown simpler; it makes less stir and wins closer to our hearts".

The vivifying, the heartening quality of Maeterlinck's warlike mood is not its martial note, but its desire to apply what it has gleaned from the present to the future and to the past. Anyway, he could never be vindictive. He is so sure of the justice of spiritual forces that his warring becomes a matter of finely balanced states of soul. You will recall his essay, "In Praise of the Sword", in "The Double Garden", where the weapon's use is as finely tempered by the flame of spiritual considerations as the steel is itself by fire. Like so many of us, Maeterlinck has been rereading history, and he has selected in accord with his own nature. It is significant to compare his re-estimate of Thucydides with that of Professor Gilbert Murray, who, in 1914-1915, proclaimed that the struggles of Belgium duplicated many pages in "The Peloponnesian War". The translator of Euripides's "The Trojan Women" takes the historical event, the dramatic situation. The author of "Wisdom and Destiny" turns to the address of Pericles, and applies it to those who, on the field of death, must

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show the unswerving fortitude which has borne the strain for over four years. To Maeterlinck history does not repeat itself, but the soul of mankind persists in acting in the same channels.

Day by day and year by year there has been manifest in this war the ascendancy of the spirit above the corroding substance of flesh. We have had monumental evidence that in the accumulated dead death has been annihilated. We have seen visions, have had premonitions of approaching events. If you ask where Maeterlinck has been these years past, I would say following the old trail along which many have followed him in his "Our Eternity" and "The Unknown Guest". Like Maurice Barrès, he has gathered evidence from countless French and Belgian homes, of that intercommunication which this war has revealed of the spirit of the dead and the living who have risen above grief. Winifred Kirkland has grappled with the subject in "The New Death", a brochure full of what the accumulated slaughter on the field has produced. In "The Wrack of the Storm" Maeterlinck resumes his quest, in the hope of clearing away for that time when man will be able to throw off his mortality, even in life, and put on immortality, where all things will be understood.

I would not have Maeterlinck in any other way approach this war. He has written a play, "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde", in which he has followed almost realistically the trail of Germany across Belgium. It is commonplace because it has none of the mystic quality which is his, and which belongs to no other writer of these times. It is such a drama as the German playwright might have executed from a different angle. It sees too much with the eye and too little with the inner consciousness of moral issues. It has none of the vividness of the little sketch which Maeterlinck wrote in 1886, called "The Massacre of the Innocents", and published in the journal "La Pléïade", and which is reproduced in "The Wrack of the Storm". It is theatrically terrible, but it has not that which brings revulsion to the soul.

Maeterlinck loses much when he deserts his *métier*. But he avoids war *per se* in his mystical work; his fancy does not seem to have been stilled by the thunder of guns. From Nice, amidst the turmoil of uncertainty, he has evolved his sequel to "The Blue Bird", called "The Betrothal". And even though there is, in the recent volume of essays, a vocabulary of hate such as we find nowhere else in his works, Maeterlinck is still himself, and still constant to what has always interested him.

"The Wrack of the Storm" has convinced me of this: that it will be understood by a larger body of readers than has heretofore welcomed a volume of Maeterlinck essays. For the simple reason that the German has made us conscious of our souls, and that there are loose in the world at present mystic forces which sustain us in our sorrow, and make clear to us that kind of victory above the victory of arms which the German, in his present imperviousness, cannot understand. There are books about this war of historical fact and of spiritual fact. Maeterlinck was destined to choose according to his nature.

The Wrack of the Storm. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead and Co.

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THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN OPTIMISM

YONE NOGUCHI

When I was shown by Sir Owen Seaman of "Punch" a large, round table in the office (with the carved names of Thackeray and my beloved Du Maurier and many others) where once a week those English professional laughter-makers or, more true to say, the smile-makers, serious and silent in face perhaps more than Lamb's Quakers, used to sit for the manufacture of humor or merriment, I at once felt as if I had discovered the true reason why the English humor was rather unnatural, forced, always reflective and even philosophical, but not impulsive; it is, unlike the huge laughter of American humor, a smile decidedly sardonic, which is still afraid to lose its pride of aristocratic scholarliness; its fear of democratic open-mindedness makes it unnecessarily lonely and sad.

I have many a reason now to say that the importation of the so-called American humor into other countries will do a great service in brightening up their lives, which have been depressed and darkened by the present war. And at the same time I should say that it is the very time for the American humor at home to learn to stop its laughter or joke; this is the time to remind the Americans to free themselves from the illusion of an age of optimistic extravaganza. America should also enter into the age when no absolute independence in action is to be tolerated in the solution of the problems of humanity and the world; how can the American humor alone hold its own old masquerading?

It is far from my idea to say that the American humor of the present time is nothing but a sort of recreation; but I should like to say that it is always fed by the unreality of the American optimism, and it has, naturally, no footing on life's inevitable realism. I find it, in eight or nine cases out of ten, to be merely a joke or horse-laugh not backed by life's tragedy or tears; while such a humor, unlike the English humor which, as somebody said and I, too, believe, was officially created by "Punch", has an agreeable aspect of not patronizing the readers, it shows, on the other hand, quite an American-like character in forcing them into its personal comprehension or confidence. It is simple-minded because it rarely claims more than laughter; it is again simple-minded because it merely looks, as anything else in America, upon the quantity and not on the quality.

What I want to say is shortly that the American humor needs to be aroused to consciousness of itself, and to be taught a real proposition toward life. Even in America the age of irresponsible laughter and optimism is already passed; the time has arrived when humor also should act a true part in life. The American humor is strong enough to cast off its superficial exaggeration, which as literature is really old-fashioned and cowardly; and it is old enough to learn, as Meredith was happy to say, the smile of the mind.

I am fairly well pleased to believe

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that the humor (or shall I say fun, accepting Ollier's definition, the "creation of animal spirits and health"?) is the pride of American hearts, and that it is the greatest distinction of the American literature. From such a point of view I make the Japanese students read "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" in my university class. I cannot help seeing the difference of national temperaments between America and Japan, when I notice that these young Japanese minds often fail in reading this brilliant book to appreciate a sense of laughter bordering on the painful incongruity, and so reveal the sad lacking of sufficient vigor to forget themselves and to look upon everything round as built for their self-satisfaction or amusements.

If there is a nation short of the sense of humor, that is Japan. But strange enough to say is that we (while, as I said now, lacking sadly in the humorous sense as an individual) always express quite an admirable amount of humor as a nation. I see, among many others, one example of it in "The Question between Japan and America". I used to say, "What a lack of the sense of humor is in the Americans", when we had been told before quite periodically of the war and the Japanese peril in American papers, yellow or what not. I was reading the other day the first part of the article, "The Mission of Humor", by an American lady, and came across the following words: "Just as the most effective way to disparage an author or an acquaintance—and we have often occasion to disparage both —is to say that he lacks a sense of humor, so the most effective criticism we can pass upon a nation is to deny it this valuable quality."

Indeed the sense of humor is the most valuable quality of one's life or nation; but why do or will some Americans at least forget their pride of humor toward us Japanese? Why does their sense of humor fail to appear when it should appear? Perhaps that is because the Americans are far more Elizabethan, therefore romantic, than any other people, and delight often in self-satisfaction or absurdity, and even please to play, in spite of themselves, with some cruel feelings toward others. Yes, the Americans are all Elizabethan; their merits and demerits will be understood through this very point.

As a piece of literature the humor, I dare say, should be ruled by the meaning of modern literature, which has left romanticism even for the realism of Russian fashion; and to become the best literature, of its own kind, it should leave the quantitative standard and aim at the true quality. (I say this as if I were speaking on quality before quantity for any other phase of American life.) I say that the days of Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, even the days of Mr. Dooley and George Ade, are already passing, not because they did not, as Chesterton desired in his "Defense of Nonsense", represent the allegorical view of the whole universe or cosmos, but because from the very weakness of their being too optimistic they did not help much for life's spiritual development; in another way of saying, from being rather outside of real life, they did not make the American life either richer or intenser.

The new humor of America should not become a thing to play with, but it must be a true literature built with human blood and soul; and it should act to strengthen life's conscience and force, keeping the belief that a literature grows more perfect and true as it

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grows simpler. It should not, as in the olden days, be its office to amuse people, but to back humanity and life (the nation, of course) with its own belief should be its greatest aim. You must not think that I wish to make humor a symbol of wisdom; what I want to say is that we wish to make ourselves wise enough by its thrice blessed quality to laugh or smile, as somebody said, when we should otherwise be in danger of crying.

As I said before, I do not believe in the American humor of the present form because it has not realism for its background. I never mean to break the democratic aspect of the American humor from any point; but as the meaning of American democracy has changed today from the country's losing the absolute solitariness in contact with the inevitable disillusionment of the modern age, the American humor too, as a literary demonstration, should undergo the proper change quite natural to the nation.

I should like to remind the American humorist that life and the world are not so light-hearted as it often supposes; the true humor is but another phase of the real tear laughingly interpreted, and is, let me say, a twin sister or brother of the tear differently born by a twist of evolution. I would advise the world-famous American humor that it should be more serious if it wants to act, with other phases of American literature, in solving the destiny of the nation.

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POEMS TO HIS MOTHER

BY JOYCE KILMER

Valentine Written for His Mother, 1913.

I will send my heart to England, and will make it learn to act,
Like a vacant-minded vicar, or a curate full of tea.
I will make my heart talk Cambridgese, or Yorkshirish, in fact.
I will make it be as British as a human heart can be.
I will dress my heart in roses, roses red and ever gay.
I will steep my heart in scarletest of wine.
I will teach my heart to bow, and smile, and sing, and dance, and play—
Just to make you take it for a Valentine.

To An Adventurous Infant
On her Birthday, August, 1915

"England", she said, "is surely England yet;
Therefore it is the place where I should be.
In spite of war, I know that tea is tea,
A cigarette is still a cigarette.

"Why should I worry over Wilhelm's threat?"
And thereupon she said goodbye to me,
And gaily sailed across the dangerous sea,
To where, among the Zeppelins, tea was set.

What if the sea foam mountainously high
With waves that had in Hell their fiery birth?
What if black peril hover in the sky,
And bursting shell wound deep the trembling earth?
All evil things must harmlessly pass by
Her who doth bear the Talisman of Mirth.

To My Mother, October, 1915

There fell a flood of devastating flame
On half the world, and all its joy was dead.
The sky was black, the troubled sea was red,
And from all mouths a lamentation came.
But you, in calm and hurricane the same,
Went with gay lips, brave heart and unbowed head.
What was the charm, from which all danger fled?
What did you say, what cabalistic name?

It was my love that sent its quickening breath
On all the waves that bore your ship along.
My love held out, against the flying death,
That clove the sea, a shield than steel more strong.
Bringing you back, where no war harrieth,
Stars in your eyes, and in your heart a song.

August Fourth, Nineteen Sixteen

The Berkshire Hills are gay
With a gladder tint to-day,
And Mount Greylock rears his mighty head in pride.
For the lady that they knew
Long ago, to them is true,
And has come within their shadow to reside.

And across the troubled sea,
Yorkshire hill and Cambridge lea,
Send their love to you by every wind that blows.
And a greater love than these
Hurries Northward on the breeze
From the little hills they call the Ramapos.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

The appearance, the other day, of a new volume by Arthur Symons, "Colour Studies in Paris", suggests some very nice points in the matter of books.

Wilbur Cortes Abbott, Professor of History in Yale University, has recently had published a work called "The Expansion of Europe (1415-1789): A History of the Foundations of the Modern World". It is a ponderous affair in two volumes, and weighs, one would say, about six pounds. One has an awesome impression that no mere human being could possibly have written it. Perhaps by forty years' labor a titanic intellect resident in an uncommonly robust physical frame could have done it. At any rate, it is evident that this work contains a prodigious amount of information, and doubtless is of immense value to the mind.

Several years ago, a young man of the name of Max Beerbohm, on retiring from Cambridge at the ripe age of twenty-one years, issued a small volume of collected papers from his world-weary pen which he pleasantly called his "Works". These papers could quite easily all have been written within the space of a week. The book contains no drop of anything in the remotest resembling information, and cannot possibly be regarded as of the slightest practical use to anybody whatever.

If you desire to obtain a set of Professor Abbott's history, and cannot afford to pay the rather considerable price in justice placed upon it by the publishers, the thing for you to do is to wait as patiently as you can until a second-hand set finds its way into some old-book store, when you can get it for decidedly less. Doubtless, too, numerous errors have crept into the first edition, which will be corrected in later editions, so that the first will not be so desirable to the original purchaser, and he will be inclined thereby to dispose of it.

If, however, you did not buy a copy of the "Works" of Max when the book was published, and have a fancy for obtaining one of these first editions now, you get fined, so to say, about a dollar a year for your delay in the greatly increased value of the book now. So it is with Arthur Symons, another "collectors' author", whose early books are in the catalogues of the dealers in rare books at greatly increased prices.

One may meet literary friends much more easily in Dublin now than in London, is the report of Clement K. Shorter. James Stephens, author of "The Crock of Gold", is a recent arrival there. He holds a pleasant post in the National Gallery.

A regular Dickens carnival was recently held at the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, when there was given the Dickens Fête and Fair in aid of the Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, to be established at St. Leonard's under the joint auspices of the Dickens Fellowship and Sir Arthur Pearson's Blinded Soldiers and Sailors' Hostels.

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Many well-known people of society and the stage took part in the proceedings, which the London "Sketch" reports was a great success. Nearly all the familiar characters were represented. Especially prominent were the Pickwickian episodes by members of the Eccentric Club, and the legal proceedings at "The Court Now Sitting".

Stephen McKenna, it is reported from London, has chosen the title "Midas and Son" for his new story. We are told that the period covered by the tale is the two years ending on the day on which war was declared, and the theme is the effect on a father and son of gigantic wealth unexpectedly acquired. Many of the figures which appeared in "Sonia", it is said, reappear in "Midas and Son".

Frank Swinnerton, whose reputation took an immense leap with the publication of "Nocturne", has written a new book, "Shops and Houses", which is said to be a minute and absorbing story of life in an English suburban town near enough to London to be the home of city men.

The good word has come that Captain Frederick Stuart Greene, the editor of that collection of stories "The Grim Thirteen", has been made a Major for gallantry in leading the second battalion of the 302nd New York Engineers in their attack on the Aire.

Great careers from small beginnings grow! Who would suspect that the famous Elizabeth Robins, whose latest novel "Camilla" has just been published, first came before the public as an actress delivering a few lines in that immortal drama "The Two Orphans"?

Robert Whitney Imbrie, the author of "Behind the Wheel of a War Ambulance" has had, perhaps, more than a fair share of adventure in his life. After graduating from Yale he spent several years in out-of-the-way corners of the world. In 1911 he was associated with Richard L. Garner on a scientific expedition into the interior of the French Congo. In December, 1915, he volunteered for service as an ambulance-driver and underwent the experiences in France and the Balkans which led to his book and to a *Croix de Guerre*.

Brentano's are publishing a new edition of "The Halo of Grief", by Bolton Hall. This book is peculiarly treasured by the author because of the stress under which it was conceived. He wrote it, at the time of his son's death, and in an effort to assuage his own and his wife's grief, but it was several months before he could interest her in the manuscript. The comfort which it then gave her was such that she distributed many copies of the manuscript to friends. The insistent interest of those who had seen and read the book led to its publication, and the first edition was speedily exhausted. In view of war conditions a new Christmas edition was deemed a most timely publication.

Why has no one compiled a list of the likes and dislikes of famous authors? If put to it, could not some promising disciple of Freud find this method as transparent a window to the inner personality as the analysis of dreams? Take, for instance, the likes of Lafcadio Hearn as they are

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shown in the little book that has just come from the pen of his Japanese wife ("Reminiscences of Lafcadio Hearn" by Setsuko Koizumi). They include the West, sunsets, summer, the sea, swimming, banana-trees, lonely cemeteries, songs, insects, ghost stories, beefsteak, plum-pudding, smoking. And the list of his dislikes is no less remarkable—liars, abuse of the weak, Prince Albert coats, white shirts, the city of New York. Here is food for thought and material for a monograph on the psychology of that strange, shy, fascinating creature who has preserved for us the soul of Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Doran of New York and Belleport, L. I., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Noble Doran, to Lieutenant Stanley M. Rinehart, Jr., U. S. A., eldest son of Major Stanley Marshall Rinehart, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rinehart. Lieutenant Rinehart's mother is Mary Roberts Rinehart, the novelist. Lieutenant Rinehart is in France.

East and West collaborated in writing "Esmeralda". Mrs. Nina Wilcox Putnam is a native of New Haven, and long a resident in New York, while Norman Jacobsen was born in a log cabin, the first within one hundred miles of what later became his home town in Wyoming. Jacobsen Senior brought from Denmark some appreciation of art, so that when his son, from champion lariat thrower and cow-boy, at twenty-one wished to become an art student in Chicago, the father was able to accept the idea, justified by the young man's subsequent success as an artist in New York. He portrayed the spirited western girl heroine, in the society setting furnished by Mrs. Putnam, both being studies from life.

Captain Bertram M. Bernheim, author of "Passed as Censored", shortly to be published by Lippincott's, has written the Odyssey of that vast movement in the background of the war, the S.O.S. (Service of the Rear), in his vivid relation of the experiences of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Unit in France. Captain Bernheim is a Baltimore surgeon of reputation, still young, leaving a wife and four children at home when he entered upon overseas duty. His book mirrors with lifelike fidelity the people, scenes and events connected with almost all phases of the S.O.S.

Major Carroll J. Swan has just come from the great Allied victory drive, brimming with the news of how the boys are getting on in France, and just what part they played in the German defeat. His book, "My Company", is the first to be written by an American army officer describing the recent fighting.

Kathleen Norris, whose latest story, "Josselyn's Wife", has just been published, has gone to Washington for the winter. Mrs. Norris has been living in Mount Holly, N. J., in order to be near Major Charles G. Norris who is stationed at Camp Dix.

Following the production of Mrs. Norris's earlier novel, "The Heart of Rachael" in motion pictures, several other of her popular books, it is expected, will soon be seen in the films.

June Richardson Lucas, author of "The Children of France and the Red Cross", is now turning her

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abounding sympathies and energies to Red Cross service on this side of the water. She is at Headquarters in Washington, where her story is being used in the Red Cross program for enlisting Junior members.

A. Radclyffe Dugmore, author of "Adventures in Beaver Stream Camp", who was the only surviving officer of his company after the battle of the Somme where he bore the rank of Captain, has just heard that he was made Major nearly a year ago. His notable account of his war experiences is contained in the volume "When the Somme Ran Red". Major Dugmore is now on his way to the Coast on a lecture tour.

"The New Freedom", by President Wilson, has recently been translated into Swedish. The same is true of O. Henry's stories.

Several of the playwrights represented in the "Harvard Plays" are now winning fresh laurels in their chosen field of endeavor. Captain Kenneth Andrews, U. S. N., not only collaborated with Louis Calvert in his book on acting but also in a play of country life now under consideration by a well-known western manager. Rachel Field has completed arrangements for an early New York production of "Three Pills In a Bottle". Rumor also has it that Hubert Osborne has sold a new play to David Belasco and has refused contracts with several other managers.

Elizabeth Myers, author of "The Social Letter", is forced to do her own writing by starts and snatches. As volunteer nurse she has given all her time to the Red Cross, and during the recent influenza epidemic she has worked overtime at Bellevue Hospital. In her spare moments she completed many short-stories which have been sold to various popular magazines. She is finishing for Brentano's her new book, "The Social Secretary".

"Nowadays whenever I forsake the pig for the pen", writes Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams in "Collier's", "it is in the conscientious endeavor to earn the dollar a year the government recklessly pays me, or to write on the all-engrossing subject, the war. But as soon as possible I revert to the job of raising food to Mr. Hoover's order." Those pigs must have endured a good deal of neglect when Mr. Adams was producing "Common Cause", his novel of love and patriotism.

Sergeant Preston Gibson, author of "Battering the Boche", has won a commission as Lieutenant. Lieutenant Gibson was one of the first Americans to volunteer with the French Army, and was twice cited for bravery and received the French Cross of War. He returned to this country, refused a commission in the Signal Corps and enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps. He was assigned to recruiting duty and broke all records, gaining 3,200 volunteers in thirteen days. He is a descendant of Patrick Henry, a son of the late Senator Gibson, and nephew of Chief Justice White.

Bessie Beatty, author of "The Red Heart of Russia" and recently appointed editor of "McCall's Magazine", has for several years been prominent in the struggle of the women of the West to better the conditions of women and children. She is one of those responsible for the

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passage of the eight-hour law for women which California regards as its most progressive piece of legislation.

Though born in California she is a member of an old Irish family most of whose members have seen service as officers in the British army and navy. Miss Beatty has one brother in the United States army and another in the British service in India. Lord David Beatty, the British Admiral in command of the Grand Fleet, is a relative.

William A. Wellman, formerly of the Lafayette Flying Corps, author of "Go Get 'Em!", who was the only Yankee flier fighting over General Pershing's boys of the Rainbow Division when they first went "over the top", has recently been commissioned First Lieutenant in the American Aviation Corps. He has been appointed Advisory Instructor at Rockwell Field, San Diego, California, where he is instructing experienced fliers in battle formations. His publishers announce a second printing of "Go Get 'Em!"

Professor Whitehead, author of "Dawson Black: Retail Merchant", was born in Birmingham, England. When he applied for his first commercial job, he was asked in connection with the route and territory, "At what hotel do you stop in such and such a city?" He thought fast and remembered that almost every English town boasts a King George Hotel, so he replied—"At the King George, sir!" "Good", replied the employer, "all the leading salesmen stop at that hotel. You can have the job and start right away." His mistakes and struggles in the hardware business, added to experience gained in later years which fitted him for his position as Professor of Business Administration at Boston University, furnish much of the material for his new book.

Mary Heaton Vorse, the author of "The Prestons", has just sailed to England on a confidential mission for one of our leading magazines.

Randall Parrish, author of "Wolves of the Sea", "The Devil's Own", and many other stories popular with the fiction-reading public, has had a varied and eventful career. His life has been spent for the most part in the South and in the far West, when that country was "wild and woolly" in fact. He is now a staid resident of Kewanee, Illinois, where aside from his literary pursuits he has many business and social interests. His early adventures are in a large measure responsible for the touch of realism which has been characteristic of all his stories.

Since the publication of Romain Rolland's "Au-dessus de la Mêlée" and the storm that centered about it, many rumors have been current regarding the author. Chief of these was to the effect that he was living in retirement in Switzerland and was utterly "crushed". But a recent letter from M. Rolland to Barrett H. Clark, whose translation of Rolland's "The People's Theater" is just off the press, dispels this illusion. He is living at Villeneuve, Switzerland.

"Crushed!" he writes, "Not in the least, my dear sir. I have never felt so alert and combative as at the present moment. I am merely *gagged!* It is quite impossible now for me to

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make public my ideas, because they are too liberal. During the past two years of the war I have written an Aristophanic, satirico-poetic comedy on the events of the day, called 'L'Ane de Buridan'. I am writing two novels, likewise inspired by present-day events and dealing with characters of the epoch. One is a 'novel of meditation' entitled 'L'Un contre Tous'. Many Swiss papers have published extracts from it, though it is not yet complete. The other is a novel of young love.

"Add to these a Rabelaisian novel, the hero of which, a native of Burgundy, like myself, gives his name to the book—'Colas Brugnon'. This is finished, and was even printed in July, 1914; it awaits publication in the office of Ollendorff, my Paris publisher, until the end of the war, for I am loath to have its gaiety made public amid the sorrows of the present time. And, finally, I am writing numerous literary and philosophical articles, as well as essays on current events. These appear in the Swiss magazines—which do not reach America. Whatever the value of these various efforts, you will agree, when you read them, that the war has not in the least depressed me. On the contrary, my ideas differ from those current nowadays, but that does not bother me. I am only the freer to judge all things, and freedom of soul is dearer to me than happiness itself."

"I am no mountaineer", writes Roy Helton, author of "Outcasts in Beulah Land", "but I know the mountains from my father and I have heard all the old store of legend of that romantic past that few save him have lived through and remembered." Mr. Helton's book is a collection of poetry, a part of which deals with mountain folk and stories, and is written in the ballad form still current among the mountaineers.

The publishers of the Modern Library who have given five different definitions of a "stagnuck", one of which is a person who thinks Balzac is the name of a mining stock, have asked the public for their definitions. They report that they have received about six hundred suggestions, the best of which, in their opinion, is that a "stagnuck" is a person who thinks that George Eliot was the father of ex-president Eliot of Harvard. A list of the hundred best suggestions will be printed in booklet form and distributed in the near future.

Certain passages of "The Education of Henry Adams" ought to serve as startling pin-pricks to the lethargic self-satisfaction of the confirmed Bostonian. When Henry Adams was appointed Assistant Professor of History at Harvard University, he hesitated before accepting the position, for he had no great love of Boston in which only a small part of his life had been spent. "Only Bostonians can understand Bostonians and the inconsequences of the Boston mind," says this man with a pure and far-reaching Boston pedigree!

Laurence LaTourette Driggs has written in "Heroes of Aviation" thrilling stories of the careers of the most famous Allied aviators. More absorbing than Jules Verne or any other imaginative writer could have produced are the vivid accounts of the battles in the air of such world-renowned flyers as Captain Georges Guynemer, the most famous of all

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aces, who achieved 53 victories; of Lieutenant Rene Fonck, the foremost living one of France, who brought down six enemy planes in one day; Captain Albert Ball, the twenty-year-old English boy who had accounted for 43 German flyers before he was killed; Major William A. Bishop, the Canadian in the Royal Flying Corps, who has destroyed 72 Hun planes and still lives; and Major Raoul Lufbery, the intrepid American ace whose official score was 18 when he was brought down.

Kate Bates, the heroine of Gene Stratton-Porter's new novel "A Daughter of the Land", whose theories on corn-growing resulted in the easy winning of the blue ribbon for the banner crop of corn at her county fair, has been taken as a model in agriculture by some of the members of the Woman's Land Army.

Among the dramatic events of history given delightful literary form and setting in Rafael Sabatini's "The Historical Nights' Entertainment", are the murders of Darnley and Rizzio, St. Bartholomew, Casanova's escape from the Piombi, the thrilling stories of Lady Alice Lisle, Antonio Perez and Philip II of Spain, Charles the Bold and Sapphira Danvelt, and others not less fit to prove that truth is indeed stranger than fiction and more heart-gripping in interest.

It is interesting that almost of a sudden Thorstein Veblen should attract rather wide attention. It is almost twenty years since the publication of his "The Theory of the Leisure Class". Besides being authoritative in economics it ranks high as satire.

Jean Starr Untermeyer, the wife of Louis Untermeyer, has written verse, which, though slight in volume, has evoked high praise. Mrs. Untermeyer resists the demand to write more freely and limits herself to those thoughts and impulses that cannot be gainsaid. The poems may be interpreted as a record of spiritual struggle and development; thus the volume comes honestly by its title, "Growing Pains".

When Uncle Sam declared war, Annie Fellows Johnston had just completed her manuscript, "Georgina's Service Stars". Thereupon she promptly enlisted and has given her time since then to matters which women could do in aid of the war. Among other things she wrote a series of children's stories to offset enemy propaganda already inculcated in the minds of youthful Americans through text books and certain juvenile publications.

In his latest book, "Making Life Worth While", Douglas Fairbanks threatens to write a novel in order to spur his imaginative powers. For full efficiency he believes that mental and physical pep must travel together.

Among the illustrations in George Leland Hunter's "Decorative Textiles" are many of modern American manufacture, such as damask, from an old Italian original; and beautiful examples of brocaded velvets, tapestries, laces, embroideries, painted linens and cottons, printed wall-hangings, painted Chinese and French wall papers, and painted and illuminated leather from many countries and ages. The rug section includes many fine and unusual examples, such as Chinese rugs of several

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dynasties, and remarkable rugs of Persian and Indian types.

"Tales of the War" by Lord Dunsany, the Irish playwright and soldier, is a volume of vivid stories of the war, written in his characteristic style.

The hope of literature through sound criticism is implicit in Francis Hackett's "Horizons" and the creation of leadership through literature is the theme of "Letters and Leadership" by Van Wyck Brooks.

"Clear the Decks" is a tale of the American Navy today, truth in the guise of fiction spiced with humor; "The Romance of Old Philadelphia" is by John T. Faris, who depicts the life of the American Colonist in all its romantic aspects; "Keineth" is Jane D. Abbott's breezy and cheerful story for girls; and the new Farm Manual, "Productive Sheep Husbandry", by Professor Walter C. Coffey of the University of Illinois, is a richly illustrated guide to this rapidly growing industry in America.

Booth Tarkington was asked recently to write a play for overseas use which could be acted by Y.M.C.A. secretaries "in uniform". It will be interesting to see what Mr. Tarkington's invention produces.

Among publications of this week is "Joseph Pennell's Liberty Loan Poster". The French war poster is a work of art. The American posters have been very effective in many ways, but Mr. Pennell believes that the knowledge of how to produce such work as the French produce is not general in America.

"How Germany Does Business", by Dr. P. P. Gourvitch, tells the story briefly and interestingly for the benefit not only of American exporters but for all those who study the psychology of the German.

Mayor Frederick W. Donnelly of Trenton, N. J., is an ardent admirer of "The Man Who Won", by Leon D. Hirsch. J. Murray Hurlbert, Dock Commissioner of New York City and a former Congressman, began the book at Mayor Donnelly's suggestion and "finished the reading at one sitting".

"With Old Glory In Berlin" is written by Josephine Therese, an American girl who went to the capital of Hunland to study music, and who was obliged to stay there for six months after America entered the war before she could escape.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, author of "The Doctor in War", is now offering to the public a series of lectures on such opportune subjects as "Woman as a Warrior", "The Land of the Cheerful Wounded", and "The Happy Hooverite".

Peter B. Kyne, author of "The Valley of the Giants", has gone to France as the Captain of a California battery. Before he sailed he wrote his publishers, "I have a fine soldier book in mind already".

The author of "Keineth", a new book for girls, is a Congressional leader of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party. She organized several troops of Girl Scouts, she is the author of several plays for children, and an editorial writer.

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Captain Alan Bott of the British Royal Flying Corps, and author of "Cavalry of the Clouds", is now a prisoner of war in a Constantinople hospital.

It is more than hinted at that the publication of Thorstein Veblen's book, "The Higher Learning in America: A Memorandum on the Conduct of Universities by Business Men", will have the effect of a depth bomb in the educational sea.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, whose "Home Fires in France" is now in its third large printing, writes her publishers that she has left the two children's homes she organized at Guethary in the south of France to the care of assistants, and has gone to Meudon near Paris, to organize a new home and day nursery for the care of munition workers' children. The two homes at Guethary are caring for more than 200 tubercular and refugee children who are suffering from malnutrition, shell-shock, and general war-strain.

Lieutenant A. Newberry Choyce, author of "Memory: Poems of War and Love", was at Nottingham University, preparing for Oxford, when the war began. Although he was in an officers' training corps and would have gained a commission shortly, he hastened to join the Royal Fusiliers as an enlisted man. In 1917 he was wounded in the arm and leg while leading his men in an attack against the Hindenburg line, and was ten months in a hospital. Six months ago he was assigned to the United States by his government for a war lecturing tour.

"An American Crusader At Verdun" is written by Philip Sidney Rice who drove an ambulance in and about Verdun when the Crown Prince was hammering at it; he spins a yarn which, though not aiming at literary merit, yet attains considerable literary excellence by its simplicity and sincerity.

"Not long ago, at one of our warehouse centers, I saw in operation the second largest ice factory in the world, and at the same place I saw one thousand German prisoners at work, helping build new warehouses, together with four or five thousand Chinese and various other Eastern nationalities", writes Burton E. Stevenson, European representative of the American Library Association in France. Mr. Stevenson is well known as the editor of the "Home Book of Verse" and as a writer of stirring mystery stories.

"The Future of German Industrial Exports" by S. Herzog, is of special interest and has very definite value from the editorial writer's standpoint. Smuggled out of Germany by an American Secret Service agent, this book outlines the trade offensive by which the Germans are to strangle competition after the war. It has an introduction by Mr. Hoover.

The manuscript of Mildred Aldrich's new book has just reached her publishers. It is entitled "The Peak of the Load" and the sub-title, "The Waiting Months On The Hill Top From The Entrance Of The Stars and Stripes To The Second Victory On The Marne", explains what it is all about.

"Canadian Wonder Tales", by Cyrus Macmillan, have been taken from the lips of Indians, sailors and in-

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habitants. They bear the hall-mark of the folk-tale in every sentence; the style is simplicity itself, exactly what is necessary for the setting forth of a folk-tale. The illustrations, thirty-two, in color, are by George Sheringham.

"Benton of the Royal Mounted", by Sergeant Ralph S. Kendall of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, is the story of "Benton", embodying the author's personal experience of bygone life in the "Old Force". It is founded on facts, and is alive with stirring adventure.

Maria Thompson Daviess, author of "The Golden Bird", was born in the blue-grass region of Kentucky and later became an adopted Tennessean. After her early school days in the South and a course at Wellesley College, Miss Daviess began the study of art in Nashville and subsequently went abroad. She worked in Paris schools of art and went on sketching tours in Holland, Italy, England, and Germany. Several of her miniatures were hung on the line at a Paris *salon*. Returning to America Miss Daviess opened a studio in Nashville. Her first literary work was some short-stories which were inspired by her art student experience abroad. Miss Daviess's first novel, "Selina Sue", was accepted and since that time she has been able to find few minutes for art work. Quite a number of Miss Daviess's books and stories have been dramatized and filmed, and in a number of instances the author has been herself the successful dramatist and scenario writer. Miss Daviess is, in addition, an experienced farmer and authority on domestic science.

John Lane Company are issuing new editions of Muriel Hine's "The Best in Life"; Stephen Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches"; W. J. Dawson's "The War Eagle", and Lawrence J. Burpee's "Among the Canadian Alps".

Among the essays of Winifred Kirkland collected under the title, "The Joys of Being a Woman", is one that admirably anticipates her book "The New Death". The essay, called "Difficulties in Doing Without Eternity", written before America's entrance into war, is a satirical study of the logical conclusions of a belief in materialism. "It hardly seems worth while", it says, "to be overfond of relative or friend whom a breath of wind may snuff out like a flame. Why should beings more brittle than beetles go about loving each other as if they were gods?"

"Sketches In Duneland", by Earl H. Reed, continues the stories of the old derelicts living along the beach on the wild coasts of Lake Michigan. There are fourteen illustrations by the author.

Some months ago an officer on leave from the Western Front brought to England a document of peculiar and poignant interest. It was the love-autobiography of an unknown fighter which had been discovered in an abandoned dugout. Beyond the fact that "he" was an Artillery subaltern and that "she" was an American Red Cross worker with the French Armies, there was no clue to the author of the confession or to the identity of the girl to whom it was addressed. And whether he has been killed, wounded or captured no one knows.

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These papers, torn and mud-stained, were brought to Mr. John Lane, who once before, in the case of "The Ms. in a Red Box", was able to discover a missing author. Mr. Lane at once decided to publish this confession, not only on account of its touching revelation of the heart of this unknown soldier, but in the hope that it may reach and comfort the girl for whom it was intended.

A facsimile page of the manuscript has been included as a frontispiece to the volume, with the hope that it may lead to the unknown soldier's identification.

Before he "went over" Samuel Cranston Benson was an out and out preacher pacifist. But as an ambulance-driver he saw things he couldn't see on the lecture platform. One night in a muddy shell hole turned him straight round and started him with all his energy on the path of the "fighting gospel". He has written "Back from Hell". Mr. Benson doesn't mince words.

Zoe Beckley has written a novel, "A Chance To Live" she calls it, and all her friends and co-workers in the newspaper and magazine profession are having lots of fun seeing how one of their own number reacts under the literary third degree. "I thought I'd swoon", Miss Beckley avers. "The Interviewer Interviewed! But I lived through it, and am looking forward to the next one."

Hugh Walpole points to the special quality in "The City of Trouble", in which Miss Merial Buchanan, daughter of the former English Ambassador to Russia, pictures Petrograd since the Revolution.

"We have read now in many books", says Mr. Walpole, "accounts of the policy of the Tsar, the first magnificence of Kerensky and his later weakness, the disintegration in the army, the speeches and opinions of Lenine, Trotsky, and the rest, but what we have not read as yet are the things that the man who sells pies in Ellisseieff's, the provision-shop in the Nevsky, thought of it; how the ladies who collected tickets on the trams looked at the changing manners and customs of their passengers; what the boys who ran up and down the switch-back railway on the farther side of the Neva said when they saw a famous general shovelling the snow for a rouble an hour. I do not say that Miss Buchanan has actually informed us of those particular things, but I do say that she has given us a picture of human, private life under the pressure of vast historical events that is precious and permanent in its value."

Mary Carolyn Davies, author of "The Drums In Our Street", first wrote verse as a means of increasing the circulation of her high school magazine. The board of high school editors was finding it extremely difficult to interest the students in their publication. Miss Davies, who was then only in the first year of high school, hit upon a scheme which saved the day. She went from room to room writing rhymes on the blackboard.

"I suppose this was the beginning of my discovery of the power of words and rhyme", Miss Davies says, "though before that, when I was a child, I used to print by hand a newspaper for our dolls, using the wrap-

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ping paper that came around the groceries, and writing part in rhyme and part in prose. I still have some copies of that doll's newspaper, and I can well believe the theory set forth recently by an English writer that 'the reader is at the writer's end of the pen', when I remember the thrill that came to me from editing a daily for those uncomplaining dolls."

Miss Grace A. Turkington's new book, "My Country", has for its aim ideal citizenship, true patriotism, and an understanding love of country. From storylike incidents and illustrations the author, in simple and interesting style, gives the child an outline of our governmental system. The child's viewpoint prevails throughout.

In the October-December "Unpopular Review" the old fallacy about "the wicked town and the moral country" is pretty thoroughly exploded. It is shown that the God-made country often is not fit to live in until it has become man-made, and that the cities of the United States furnish far more than their proportion of taxes, soldiers and churchgoers while the rural districts lead them in homicides, suicides, divorces and congressmen, the last named repeatedly legislating in favor of the country and against the cities. In "The Wine-Bibber and the Pharisees" a writer calls the Women's Christian Temperance Union "a society engaged in inculcating the sinfulness of what Christ did . . . Prohibitionists are ashamed of Jesus", and elsewhere " 'The Pilgrims Progress' is not fit reading for Christians if the Prohibitionists are to establish moral standards."

S. G. Hanson, the author of "Commercial Egg Farming", went into the work of egg farming in British Columbia, where he had been for several years engaged in general farming. He decided to go into the specialized business because he thought the labor necessary in general farming out of all proportion to the results obtained. At the end of several successful years, when he was producing and marketing for cash $100,000 worth of eggs yearly, the labor situation in British Columbia became acute and he sold his farm there and went to England, where he has since been equally successful. The book describes in compact form the methods that he has found produce the best results. It has been edited for American readers by William A. Lippincott, professor of poultry husbandry in the Kansas State Agricultural College, who says in his introduction that the principles set forth in the little volume are as true for America as for England and that study of it ought to benefit the poultry industry of this country.

Mrs. Katherine Taylor Craig, whose "The Fabric of Dreams" was published in the latter part of the summer, died of influenza in her home in New York a few weeks ago. Mrs. Craig was one of the most widely known students of occult matters in the United States.

"Lanterns in Gethsemane", a book of poems by Willard Wattles, a new poet, is now ready. Mr. Wattles, who is a Kansan, presents a sequence of poems that aims to interpret the essential truths of Christ's teaching in terms of modern life and thought.

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